



No.104

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE

A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATIONS INC.

The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TEN CENTS OCT.

SKYLINE ADVERTISING CO.

BATMAN
AND
ROBIN
in the
BATTLE OF
THE
BILLBOARDS!



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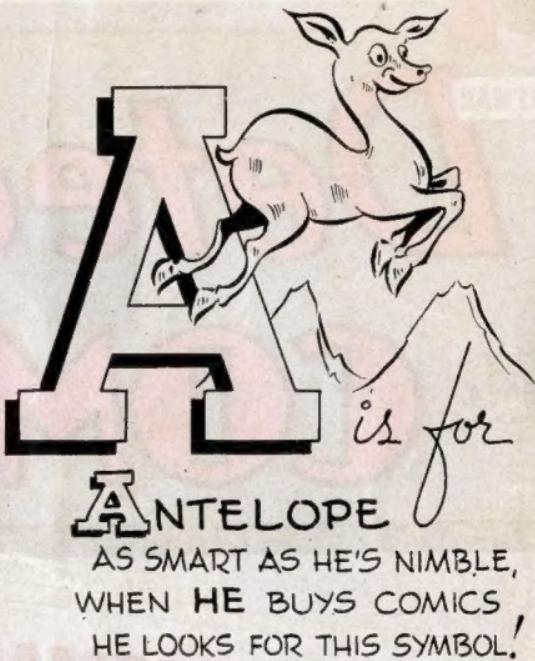
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IT'S YOUR
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BATMAN

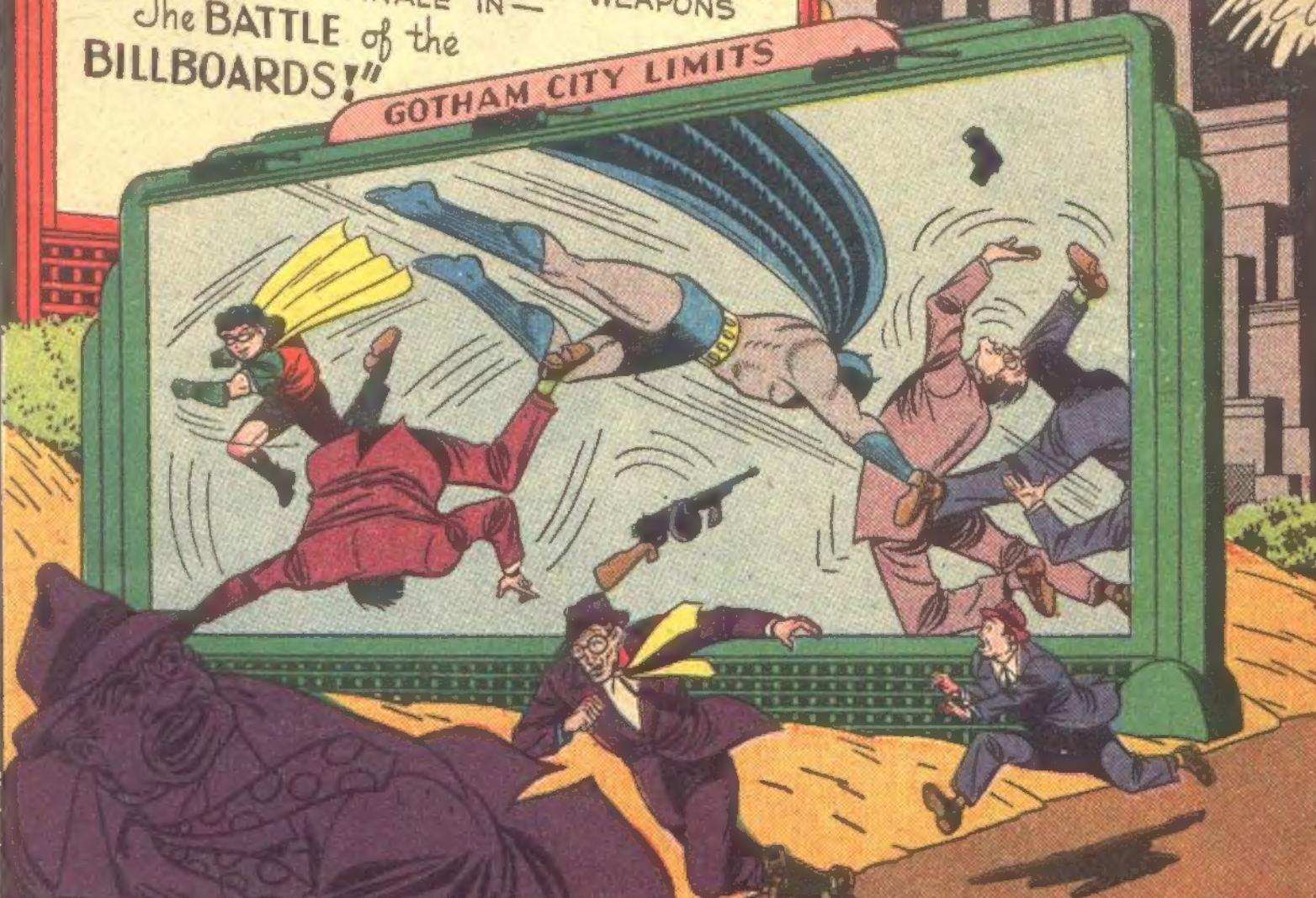
WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

EYE-ARRESTING -- ATTENTION-GATHERING -- THE GIANT OUTDOOR BILLBOARDS THAT DOT THE COUNTRYSIDE HELP FORM A NATION'S BUYING HABITS AND FIX ITS ATTITUDES. THE POWER OF SUCH PUBLICITY KNOWS FEW LIMITS! AND WHEN CRIME BURGEONS FORTH IN LETTERS TEN FEET HIGH TO CAUSE TREMBLING IN HIGH PLACES AND RENDER EVEN THE LAW POWERLESS, ONLY THE MIDNIGHT SHADOW OF THE **BATMAN** CAN DIM THE DEADLY MESSAGE BLAZONED BY CROOKED MINDS ACROSS A CITY'S SKYLINE! FOLLOW THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** AS THEY FIGHT THEIR WAY WITH CRIME'S OWN WEAPONS

"The BATTLE of the BILLBOARDS!"

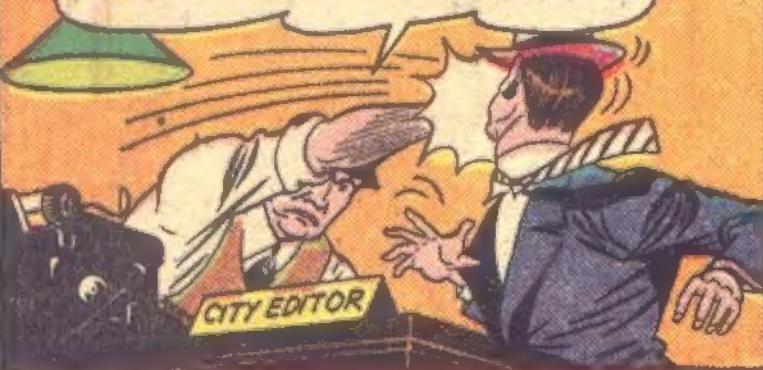
GOTHAM CITY LIMITS



DETECTIVE COMICS

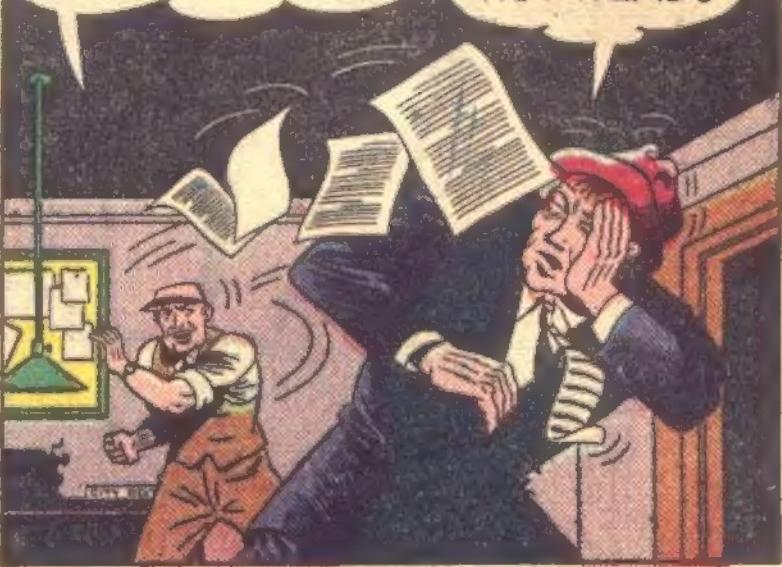
SKULLDUGGERY OFTEN INCITES THE MOST EVEN-TEMPERED OF MEN, AS WITNESS THE CASE OF EDITOR SEAVER OF THE GOTHAM GAZETTE...

AND THIS GOES FOR ANYONE ELSE WHO THINKS HE CAN USE THE GAZETTE'S COLUMNS FOR BLACKMAIL PURPOSES!



NOW GET OUT AND TAKE YOUR SORDID STORY WITH YOU!

YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME, HOT-HEAD!



LATER-A ROOM IN A LOCAL HOTEL...

THE ANSWER WAS "NO"! AND I GOT A TOOTH LOOSE!

OW! NOT AN EDITOR IN TOWN THAT'LL PLAY BALL. THAT WAS THE LAST PAPER.



AND THAT AIN'T ALL! THE INCHWORM IS QUITTIN' ON US!

HOW COME? YOU GOT A NEW RACKET, INCHY?

NAW! CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE MADE ME HONEST. I'M A SOLID CITIZEN, NO LESS!



MY UNCLE HOWIE HAS KICKED THE BUCKET AND I AM THE SOLE HEIR TO A 'TIDY LITTLE BUSINESS!'

YOU DON'T SAY? SAY, INCHY, MAYBE YOU CAN SWING A CUSHY JOB MY WAY?



PALS IS PALS-BUT IT'S NOT YOUR KIND OF BUSINESS. ADVERTISING! UNCLE HOWIE LEFT ME FIFTY BIG OUTDOOR BILLBOARDS AROUND GOTHAM CITY!

HUH? DID YOU SAY BILLBOARDS? INCHY-I LOVE YOU!



I CAN SEE THE DOUGH JUS' ROLLIN' IN-WHOLE TRUCKLOADS OF IT! INCHY-HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN TWENTY SUITS?

THE BUSINESS AIN'T THAT GOOD SAY-WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?





WHATEVER THE
FAT MAN'S ANGLE,
ITS FIRST EVIL
FRUIT IS BORNE
IN A SUBURB OF
GOTHAM CITY
SEVERAL NIGHTS
LATER...

GREAT
SCOTT!



MY SON
PAID FOR
HIS MISTAKE!
I WON'T
LET THEM
RUIN HIS
CAREER
NOW! I'LL
DESTROY
THAT
SIGN!

JEWELRY

Edward FARADAY-1937

OH-?

SKYLINE ADVERTISING CO.

JEWELRY

BT

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE
HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE...

WHO CAN BE
CALLING
AT THIS
HOUR?

ALFRED'S
OUT. STAY
WITH YOUR
STUDYING, DICK.
I'LL ANSWER.

KNOCK KNOCK

WAYNE, YOU-YOU
MUST FORGIVE THIS
INTRUSION, BUT I'M
IN TERRIBLE
TROUBLE, I-I-

GREAT SCOTT,
MR. FARADAY?
YOUR ARM—
IT'S SWOLLEN!



NEVER MIND MY ARM. I NEED A LOAN OF \$5,000 IMMEDIATELY! AS AN OLD BUSINESS ASSOCIATE OF YOURS, WILL YOU HELP ME OUT, MR. WAYNE?

LATER...

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT? HADN'T YOU BETTER REST UP A WHILE?

NO-NO— THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE. THANKS FOR THE LOAN, WAYNE. I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!

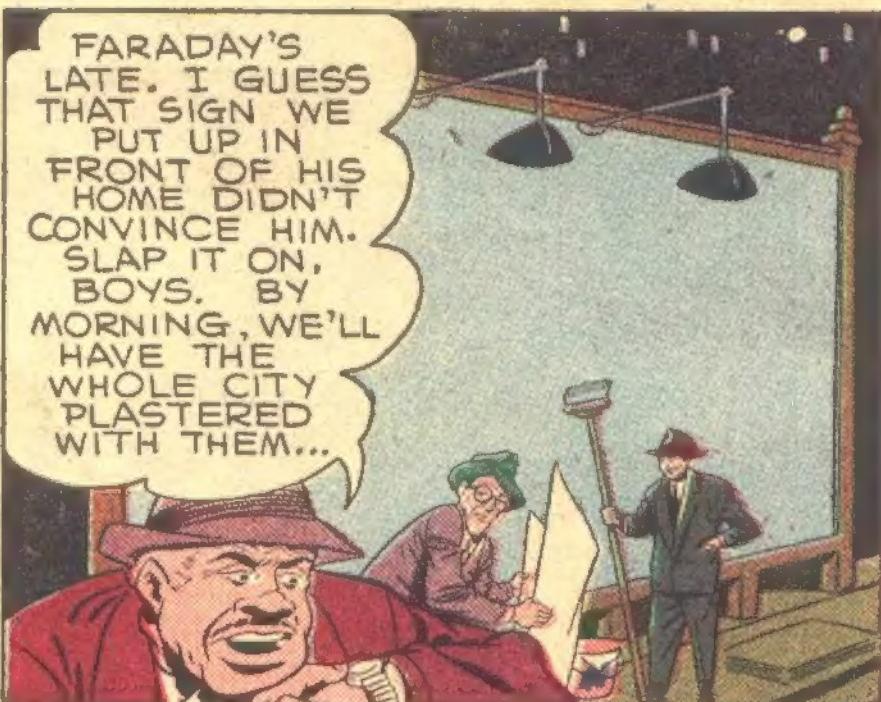


HE'S GONE! BUT WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT?

THAT'S FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN TO FIND OUT. FARADAY'S IN SOME KIND OF NASTY JAM AND FOLLOWING HIM IS THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN WHAT IT IS? HURRY!



FARADAY'S LATE. I GUESS THAT SIGN WE PUT UP IN FRONT OF HIS HOME DIDN'T CONVINCE HIM. SLAP IT ON, BOYS. BY MORNING, WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE CITY PLASTERED WITH THEM...



HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND WHEN THE WHOLE TOWN STARTS BUZZING WITH—

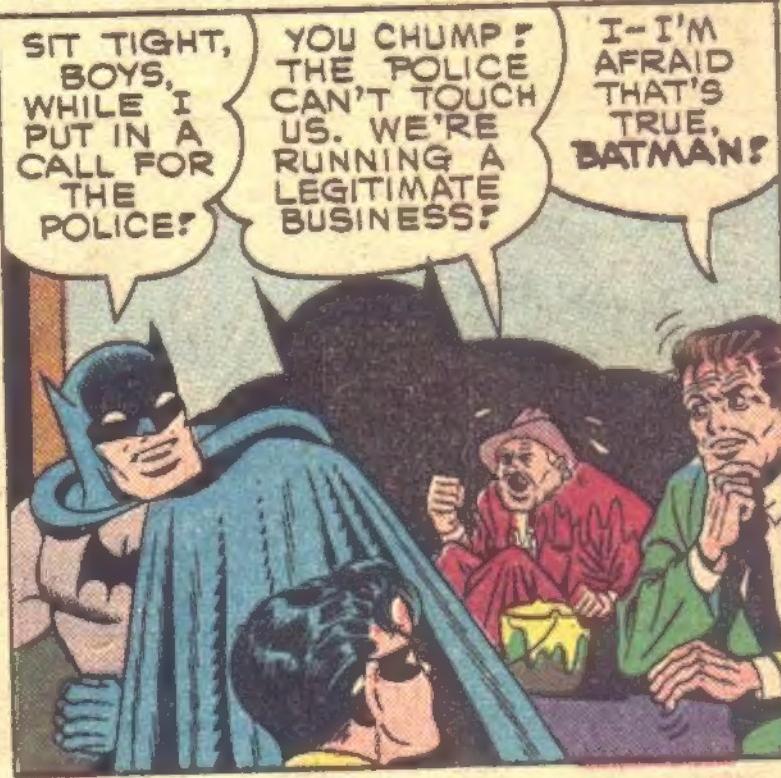
WAIT! HOLD IT! I'VE BROUGHT THE MONEY!



YOU WIN! HERE'S YOUR FILTHY BLACKMAIL MONEY. NOW STOP PUTTING UP THOSE SIGNS!

FAT FRANK AND HIS BOYS? IN A NEW BLACKMAIL RACKET?





ACCORDING TO THE LAW, FARADAY WAS PAYING FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

IF I HADN'T, A FOOLISH MISTAKE COMMITTED BY MY SON WOULD HAVE BEEN PUBLICIZED ON THESE BILLBOARDS AND HIS FUTURE RUINED!



EARLY MORNING, AS A PAIR OF PUZZLED CRIME-FIGHTERS RETURN HOME...

WE CAN'T LET THAT BLACKMAIL GANG FLOURISH, BRUCE. MAYBE THE LAW'S HANDS ARE TIED, BUT WHAT ABOUT US?

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.



UNTIL THE LAW CAN ACT, DICK, WE'RE GOING TO SMASH THOSE BILLBOARDS WHENEVER FAT FRANK PUTS A BLACKMAIL AD UP!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!



AS NIGHTFALL ONCE MORE SHROUDS GOTHAM'S CROWDED CANYONS, TWO AWESOME SILHOUETTES FLIT SILENTLY ACROSS DESERTED ROOFTOPS...



WE'VE COVERED TWELVE OF THE SIGNS OWNED BY FAT FRANK'S BLACKMAIL GANG AND FOUND NOTHING. THE NEXT ONE ON THE LIST SHOULD BE ON TOP OF THE CENTURY BUILDING.

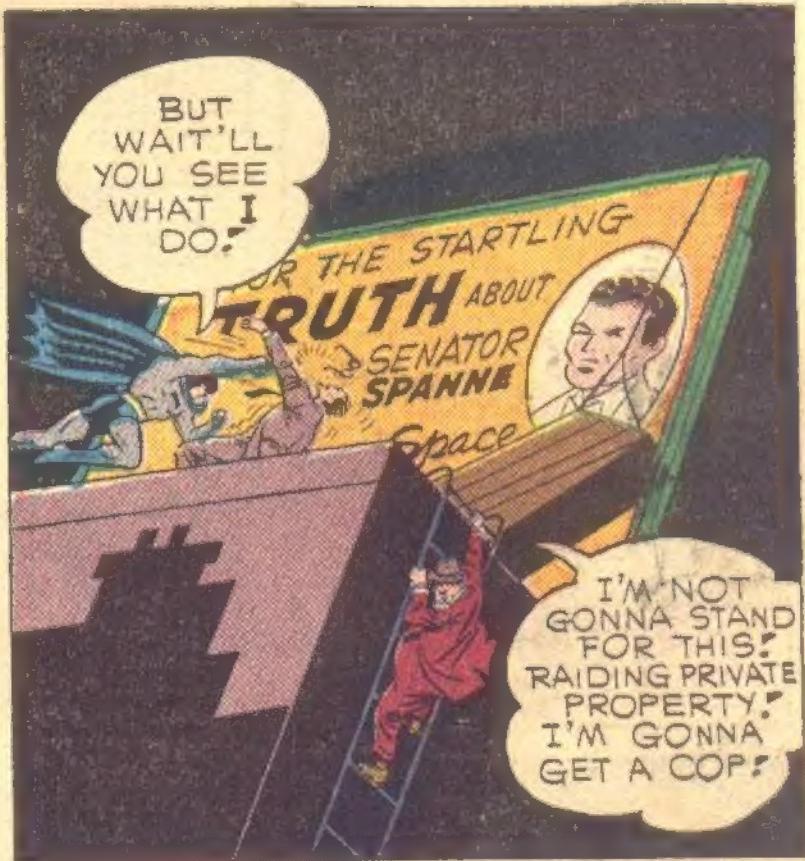
MAYBE THEY'VE DECIDED TO QUIT...

DECIDED TO QUIT, HAVE THEY? TAKE A LOOK THERE!

I'M LOOKING! AND I'M THINKING THAT WHEN WE GET THROUGH, THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY SPACE LEFT TO WATCH FOR THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SENATOR!



I'M WARNING YOU, BATMAN! IF I KILL YOU NOW, I'LL BE WITHIN MY RIGHTS! I'M DEFENDING MY PROPERTY!



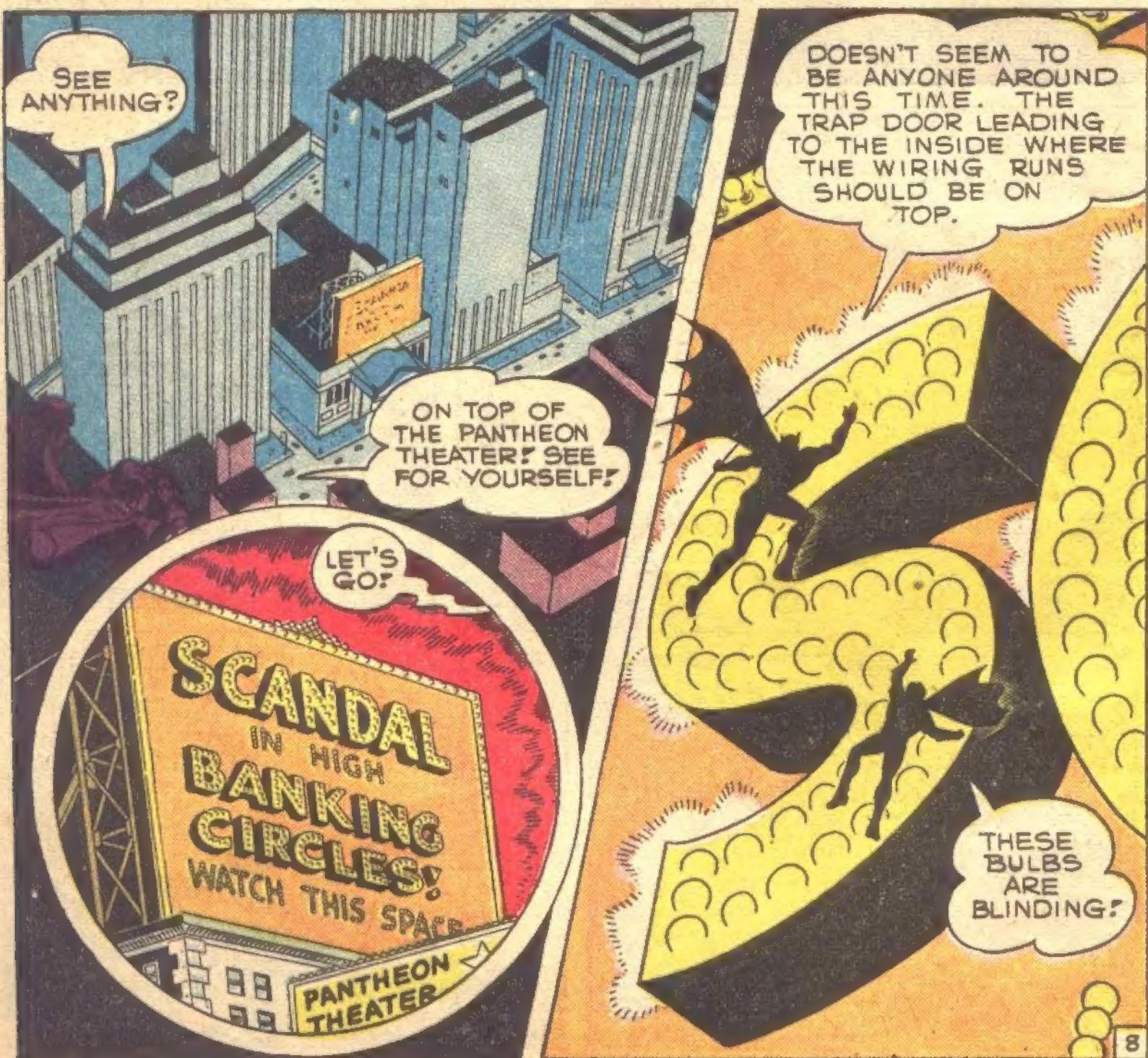
AT FAT FRANK'S HEADQUARTERS THE NEXT MORNING, THE WORRIED BLACKMAILERS HOLD A COUNCIL OF WAR...

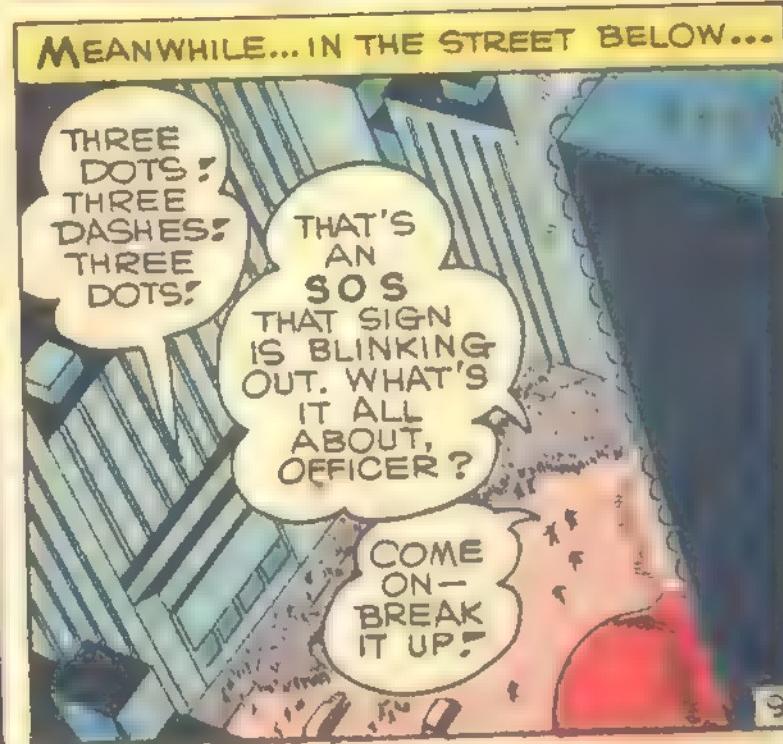
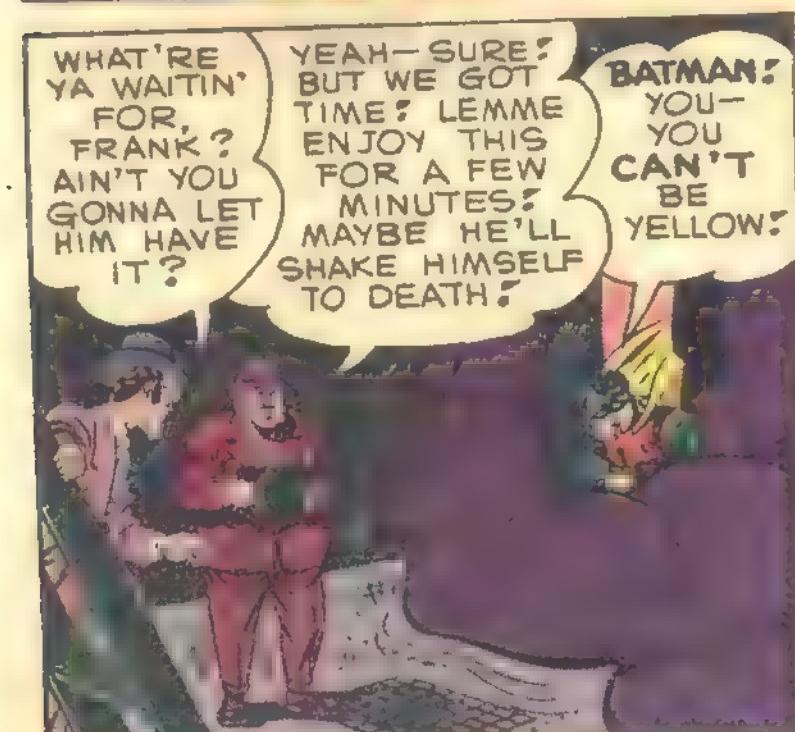
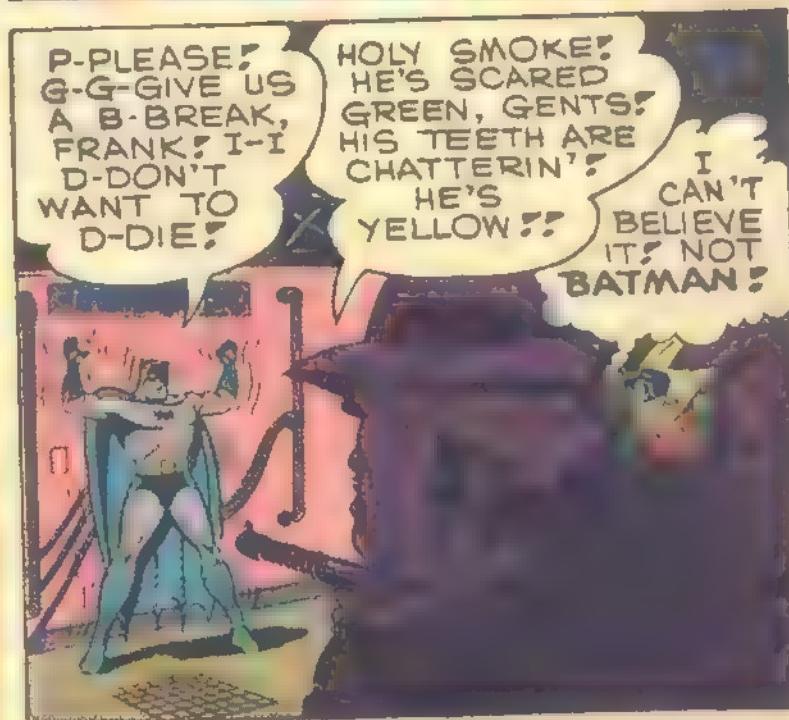
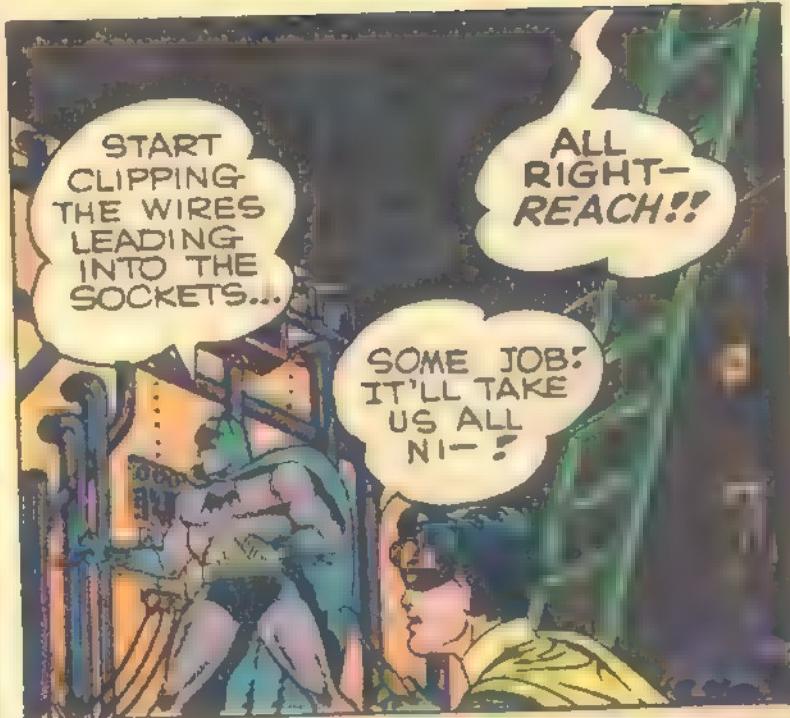


IT'S GONNA COST US ONE MORE BILLBOARD — THE BEST ONE WE GOT, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT. WE'RE GONNA SACRIFICE THAT GIANT ELECTRICAL SIGN ON TOP OF THE PANTHEON THEATER? AND HERE'S HOW...



AS NIGHT AGAIN SHROUDS GOTHAM, WHAT THREAT LURKS WITHIN THE GLOWING HEART OF ITS INCANDESCENT MIDTOWN FOR THE EERIE SILHOUETTES THAT MAKE THEIR WAY THERE OVER DARKENED ROOFTOPS?





DETECTIVE COMICS

WELL—I
GUESS I
SEEN
ENOUGH;
TIME TO
PUT HIM
OUT OF
HIS MISERY.

NO—
P-PLEASE:
D-DON'T!
DON'T
SHOOT!

I NEVER
THOUGHT
I'D SEE
THE DAY...



WE MUST'VE
GOT ABOUT TWO
HUNDRED CALLS
ABOUT THIS HERE
SIGN BLINKING
AN SOS! THE
THING CAN BE
SEEN ALL
OVER THE
CITY!

SO
THAT'S WHAT
THE SHIVERING
WAS ABOUT!
YOU WERE
JIGGLING THE
SWITCH WITH
YOUR BACK
TO GET
HELP?

BUT
BATMAN
AND
ROBIN
AREN'T?
I DEMAND
YOU
ARREST
THEM!

ARE
THEY
HERE?
NOW
ISN'T
THAT FUNNY?
CASEY—DID
YOU SEE
BATMAN AND
ROBIN?

NO,
SERGEANT—
I AIN'T
SEEN 'EM.
WHY?



BUT SUDDENLY—

DROP THOSE
GUNS, RATS!!
YOU'RE
COVERED!

HUH;
THE COPS;
BUT
HOW?

I—I
DIDN'T
DO
NOTHIN'!

WHAT A SAP I WAS;
I SHOULD'A KNOWN
BATMAN WAS UP TO
SOMETHING. BUT YOU
CAN'T ARREST **US**;
WE WERE ONLY
DEFENDING OUR
PROPERTY!

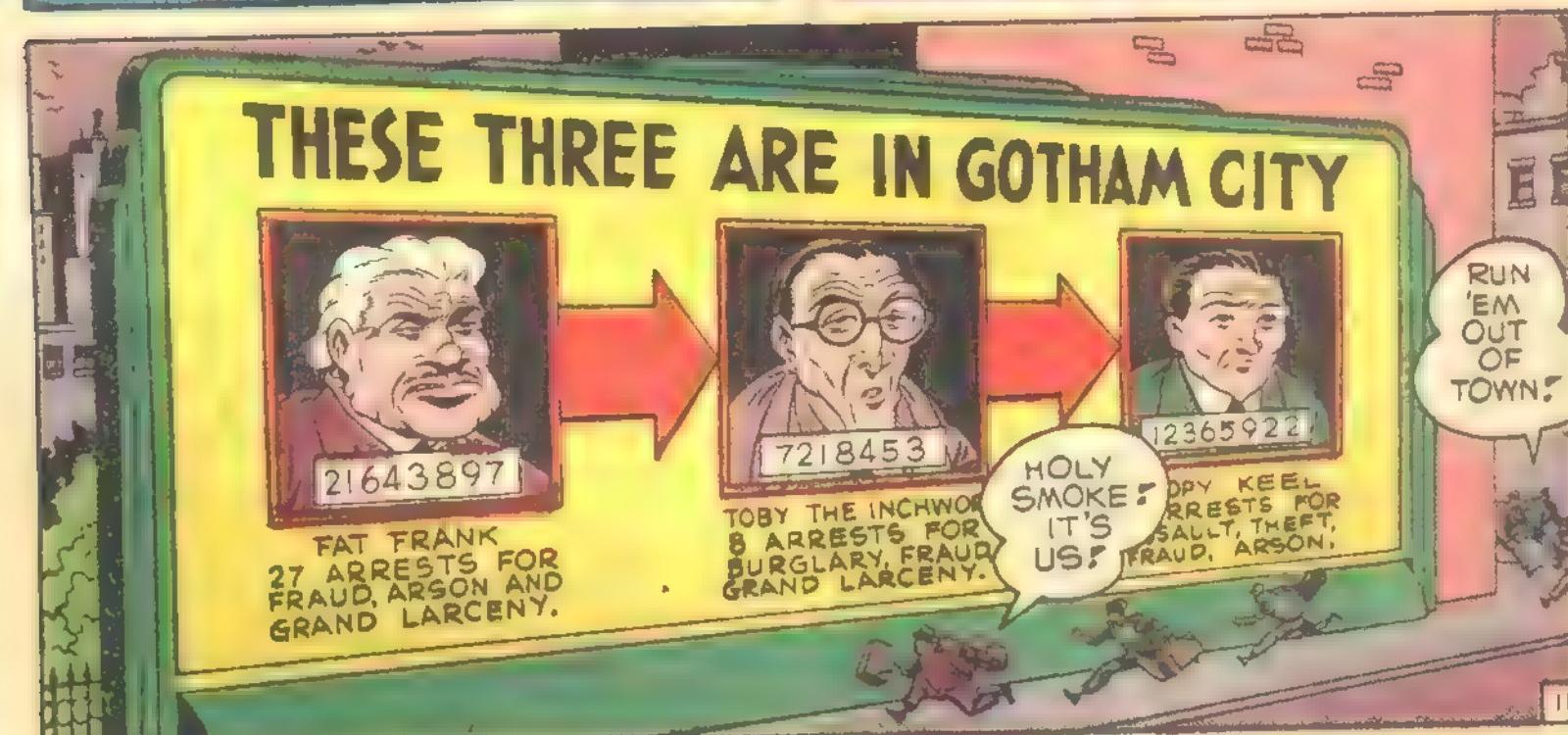
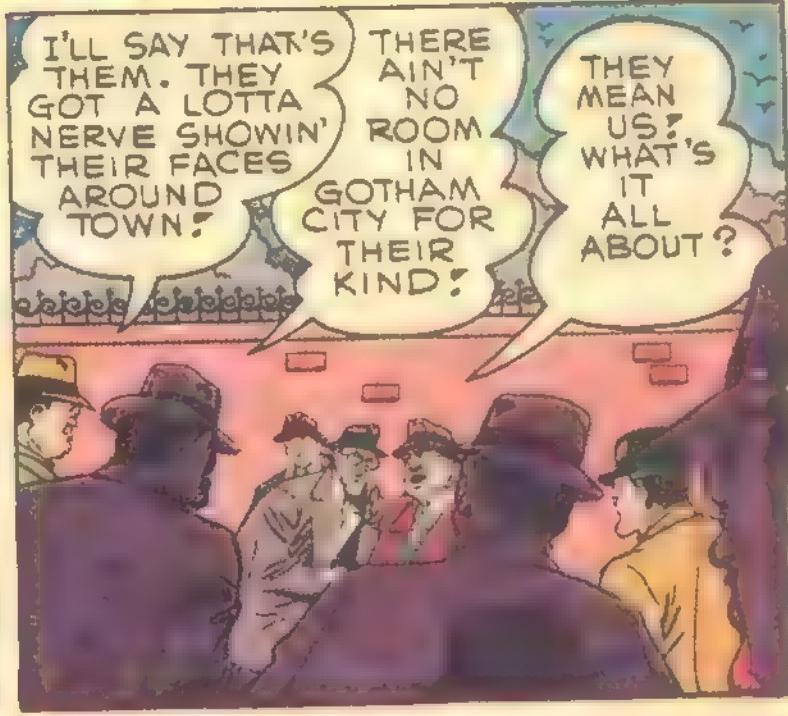
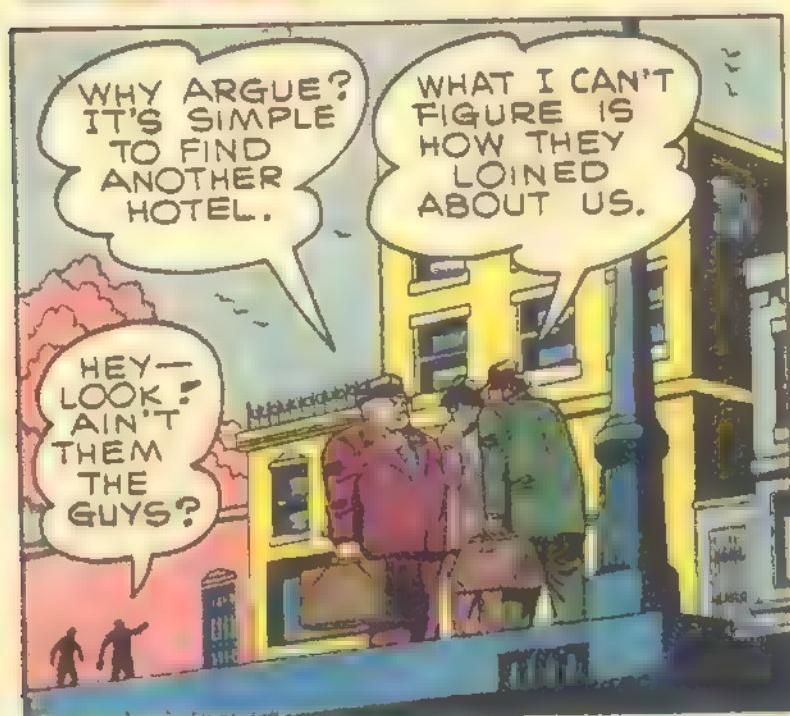
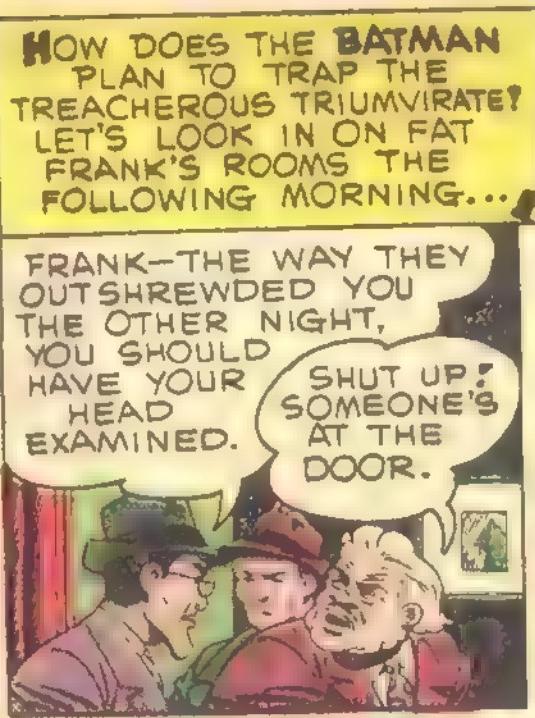
YEAH; I
HATE TO
ADMIT IT,
BUT YOU'RE
IN THE
CLEAR!

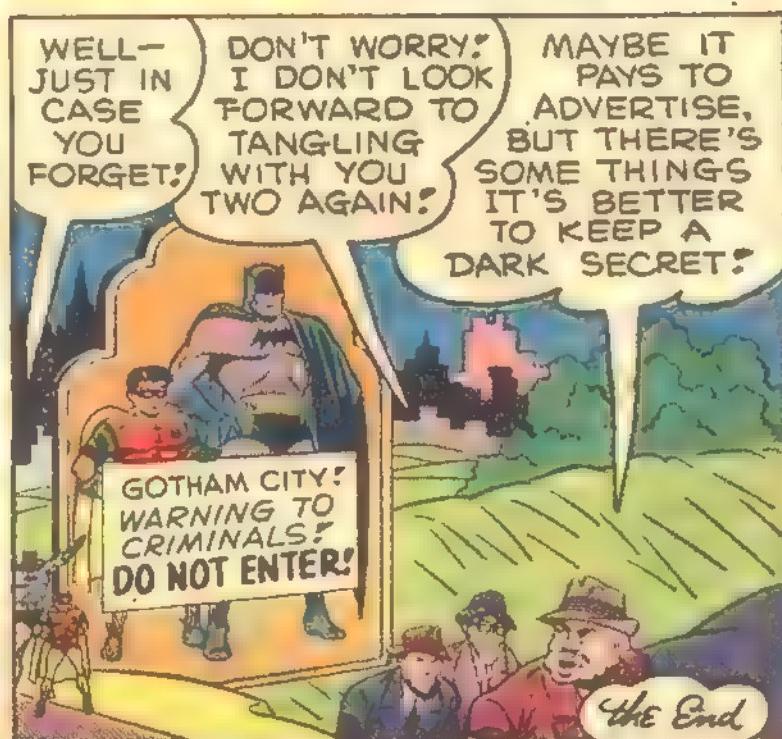
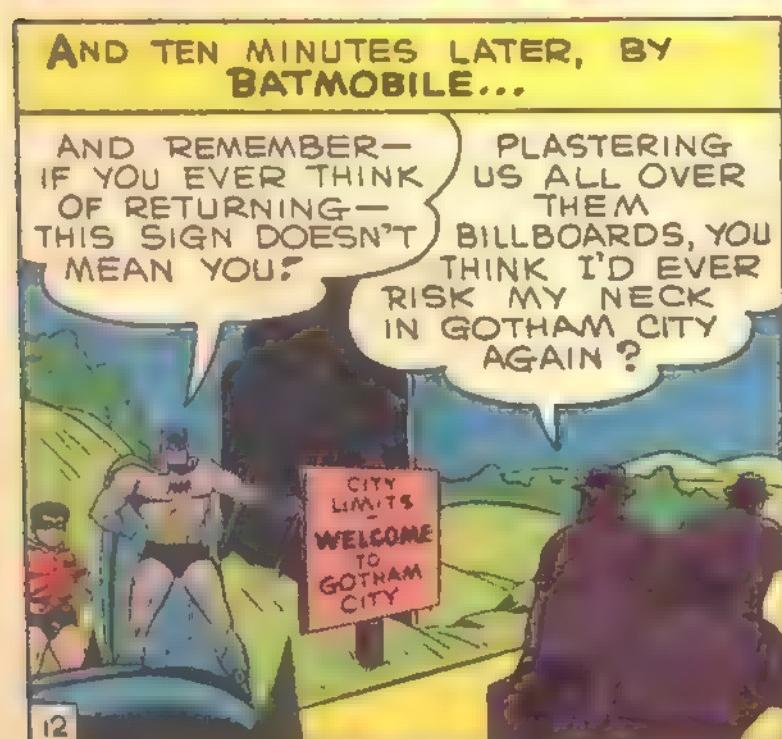
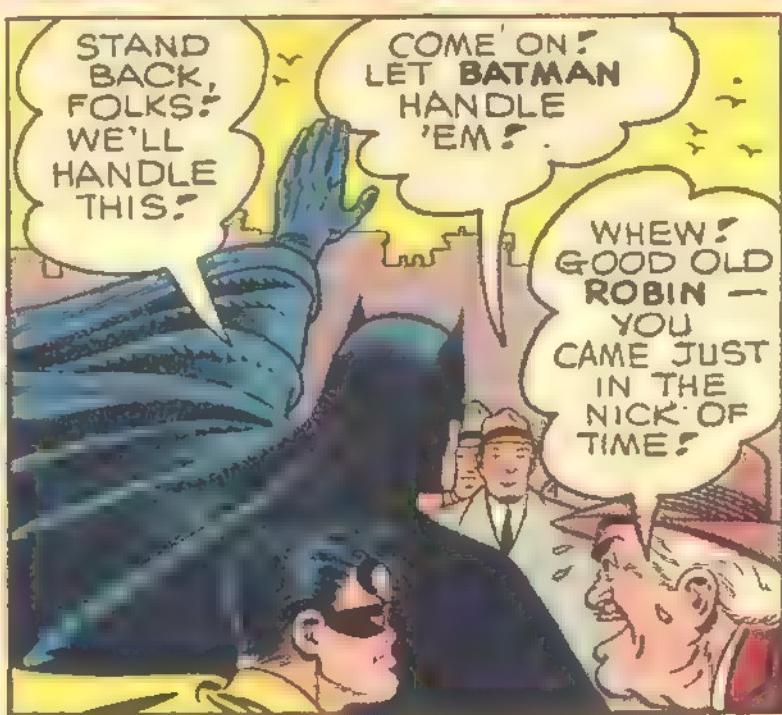
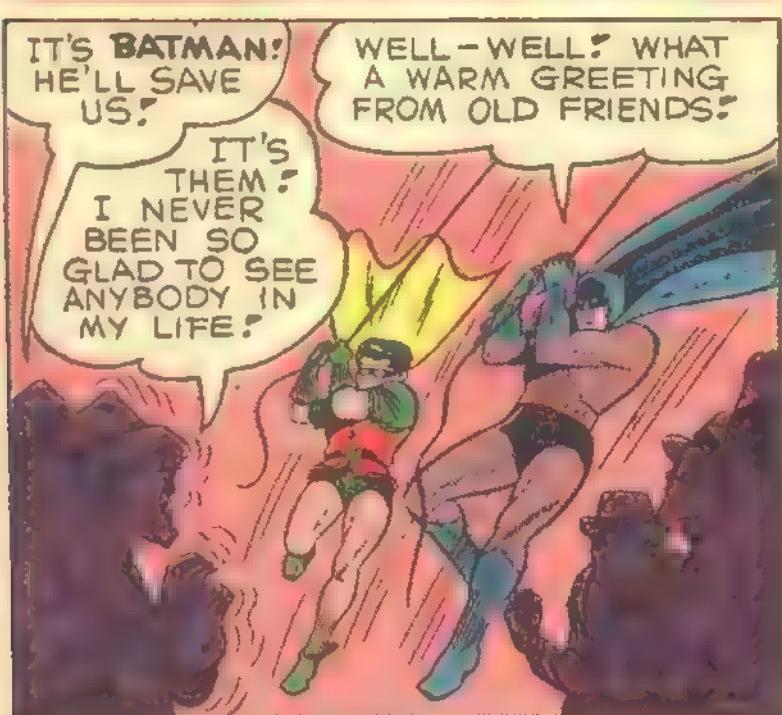
NEXT MORNING...

LOOKS LIKE AN
IMPASSÉ, **BATMAN**.
FAT FRANK CAN'T
STOP US, BUT
NEITHER CAN
WE STOP HIM!

HMM—THEY
BELIEVE IN
ADVERTISING.
MAYBE WE'LL
HAVE MORE
SUCCESS IF WE
TAKE A LEAF
FROM THEIR
BOOK.







LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"So far it's been plenty walkie—but no talkie."

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the Doughboy Does It!"

GOOD NEWS—"Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are back!

Since Pearl Harbor, they have powered the famous walkies-talkies and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces.

Now, the War Production Board has authorized production of these famous "B" batteries for civilian radios. Chances are, you'll find them at your dealer's now.

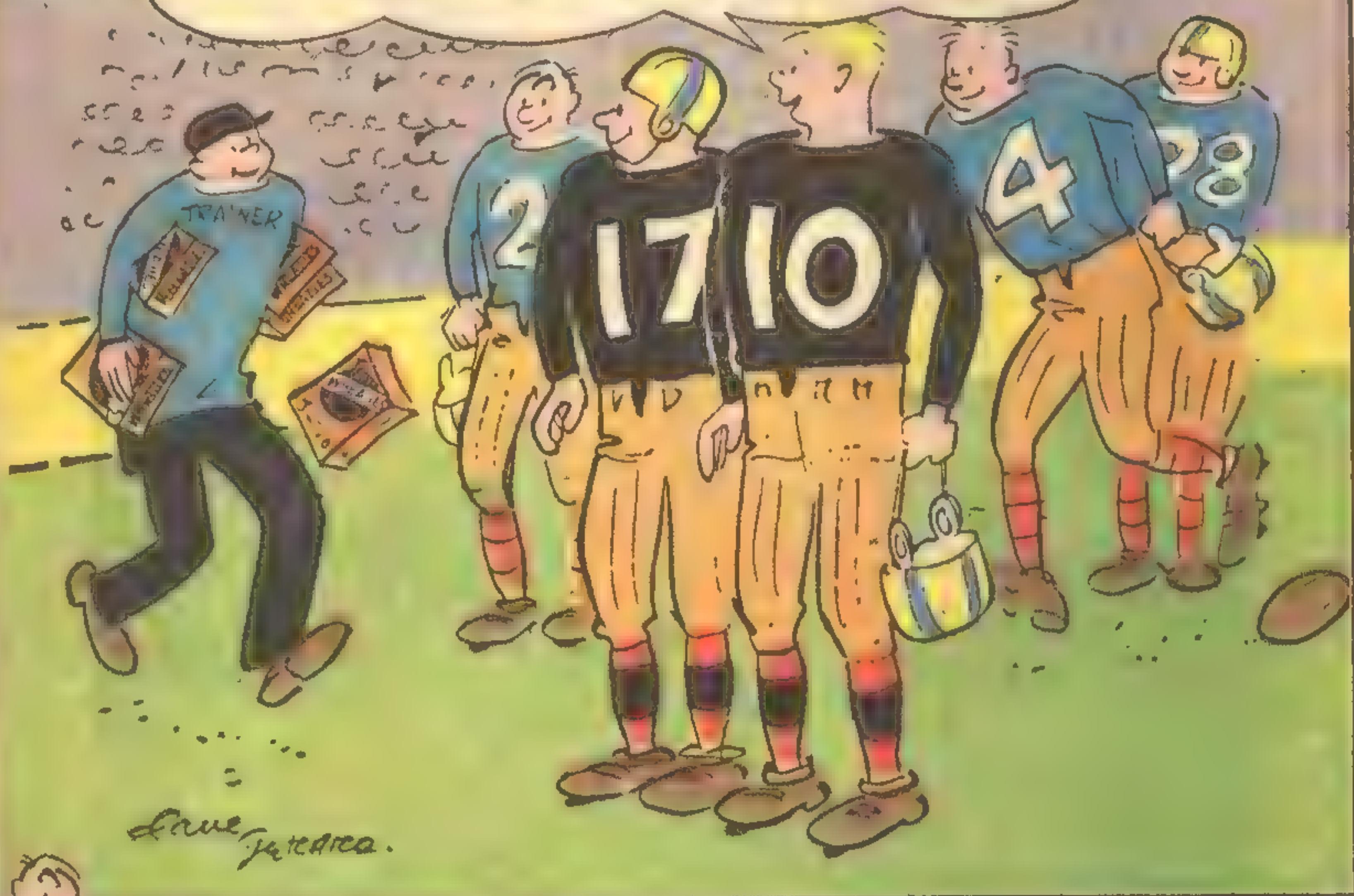
Remember—size for size "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are the most powerful "B" batteries ever made.



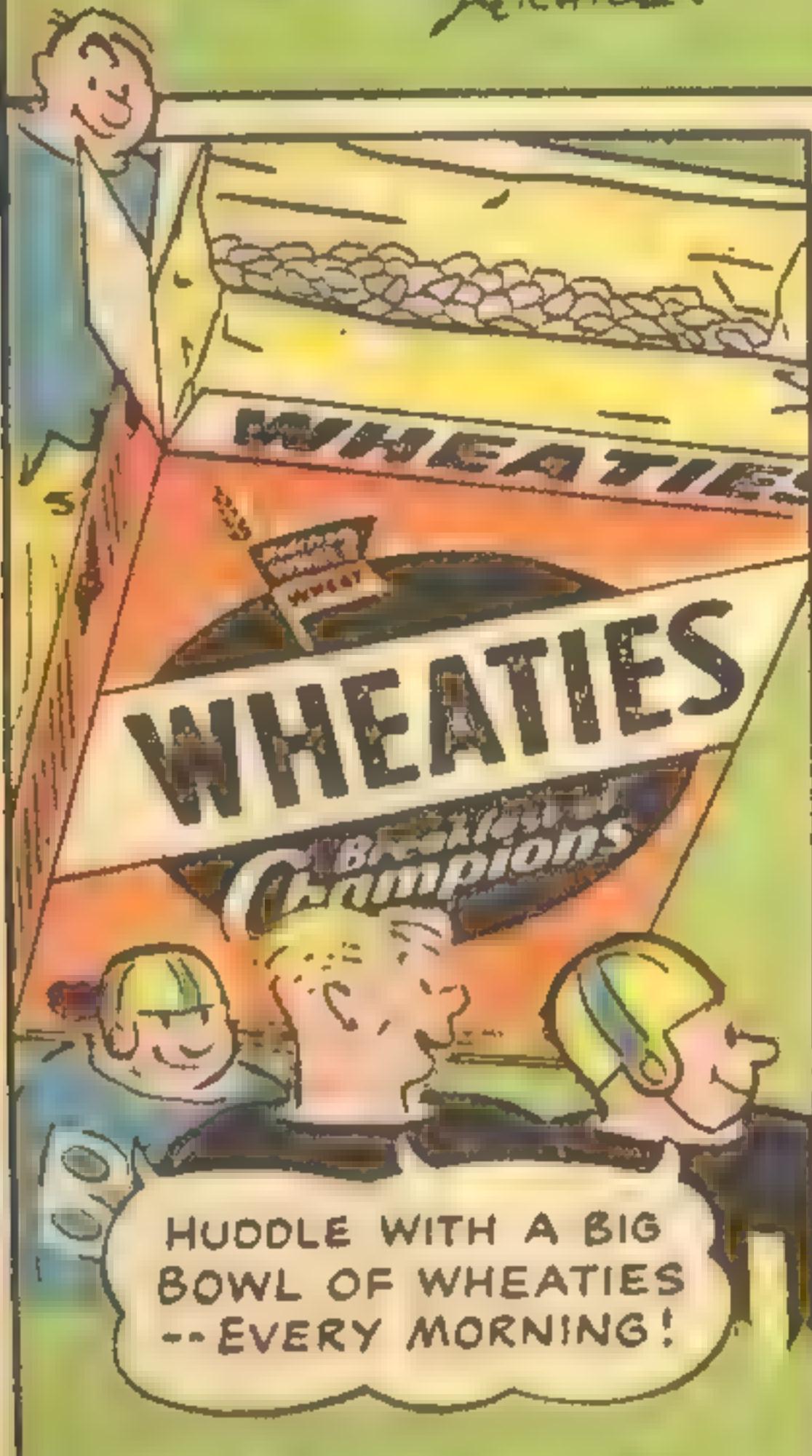
EVEREADY

The registered trade marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT
OVER THAT OLD METHOD OF RUNNING
OUT HERE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER!



Lane Parmer.



TIME OUT... FOR WHEATIES.

BOY! WHAT NOURISHMENT! WIDELY-KNOWN
ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES... IN
WHEATIES. INCLUDING VALUABLE B VITAMINS,
IMPORTANT MINERALS.

BOY! WHAT FLAVOR! TANGY TOASTED TASTES
IN BIG, HONEY-BROWN FLAKES. PLUS MELLOW,
MALT-SWEET SYRUP. A COMBINATION OF
ELEGANT EATING THAT REALLY SCORES WITH
YOUR APPETITE.

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER
THAT OLD BREAKFAST... WHEN YOU
ADD A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. FAMOUS
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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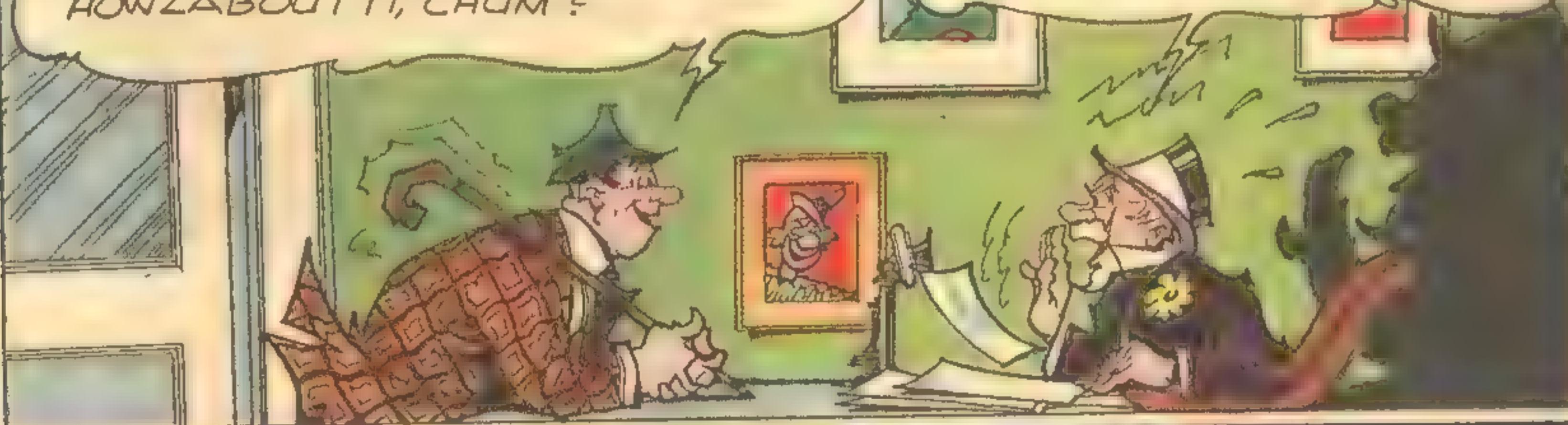
TIDEE-DING

BINKA

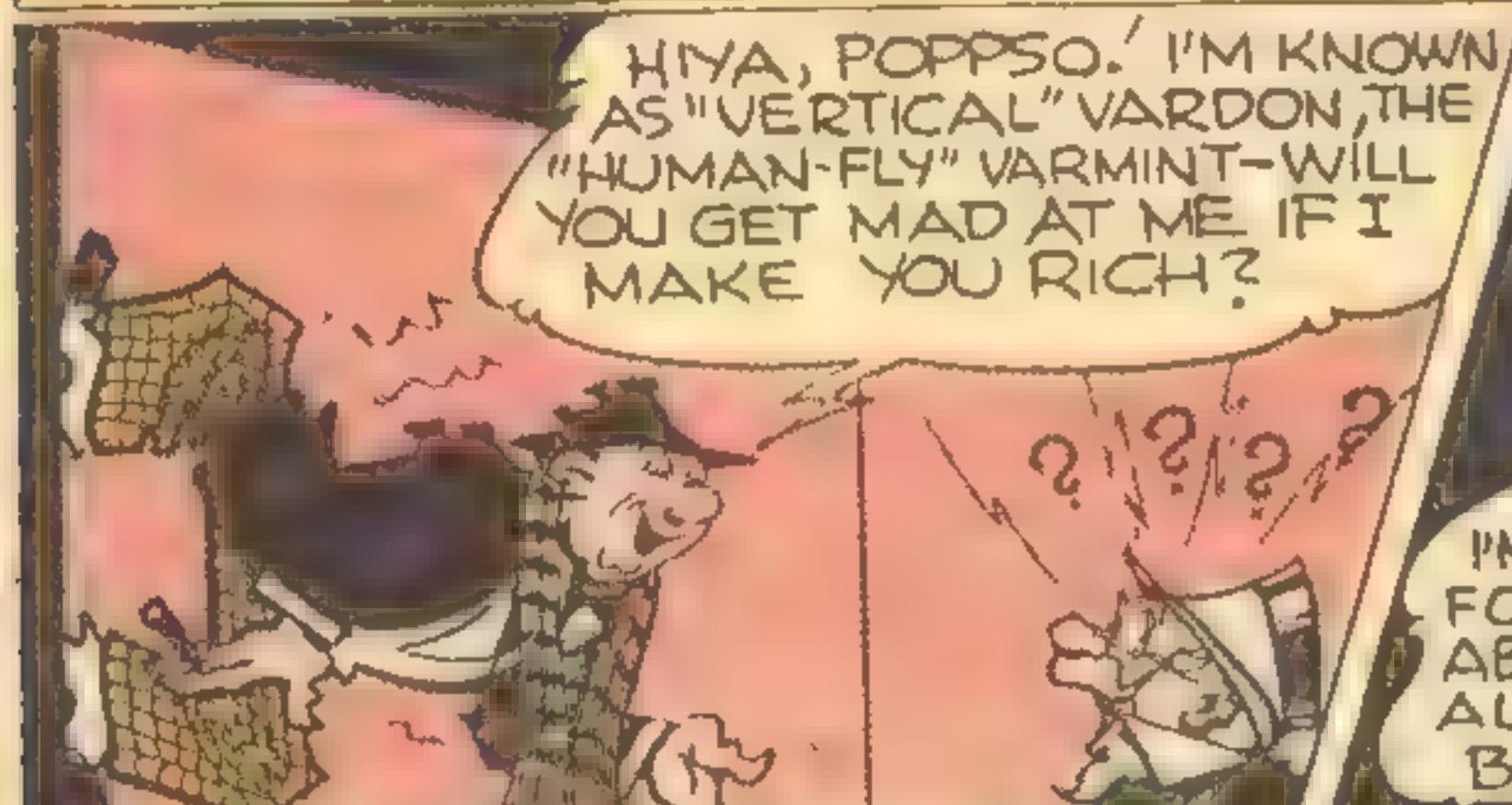
ACE BOOKING-AGENT FOR ALL
AND SUNDRY BIG-TIME CARNIVAL,
CIRCUS, MOVIE OR NIGHT CLUB
HEADLINE PERFORMERS.

GOOD MORROW, MY FINE PEASANT FRIEND,
YOU ARE NOW GAZING ON "CRAWLONOVIA"
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS "HUMAN FLY" -
THASS ME!... I CAN CLIMB UP THE FACE
OF ANYTHING - WITHOUT A BEARD ON IT -
FROM A MOLEHILL TO A MOUNTAIN - BARE-
HANDED! SO HOWZABOUT TAKIN OUT AN
INSURANCE POLICY GUARANTEEING Y'SELF
A CONSTANT FLOOD OF EXCESS FOLDING
MONEY, BY MERELY PLASTERING ME WITH
A RUN-OF-THE-SHOW CONTRACT? - HUH?
HOWZABOUT IT, CHUM?

STOP YOUR BUZZIN', COUSIN,
AND LET YOURSELF GO LIMP, WHILE
I TELL YOU ABOUT "VERTICAL" VARDON -
THE WALKINGEST "HUMAN FLY" ACT
THAT EVER WALKED HIMSELF
INTO AND OUTA SHOW BUSINESS,
LISTEN ...

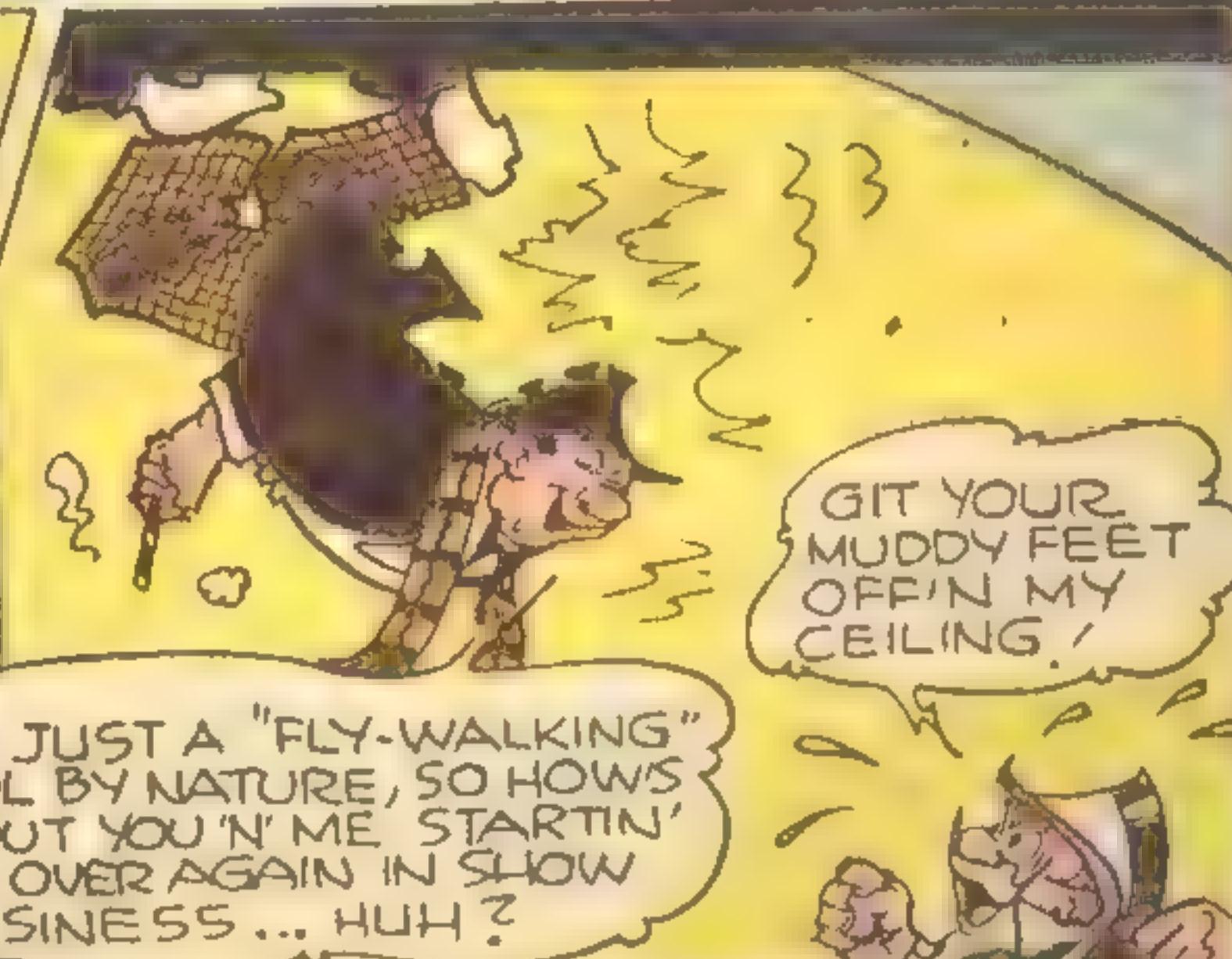


- ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I'M A-SITTIN' AND
A-BROODIN' IN MY OFFICE OF A ONE-TENT FOLDING
CARNIVAL (MONEY CRAMPS) THAT I'M MANAGING
WHEN I HAPPEN TO LOOK UP AND WHO'S GRINNING
AT ME, PERCHED ON THE SIDE WALL ... BUT -



HIIA, POPPSO! I'M KNOWN
AS "VERTICAL" VARDON, THE
"HUMAN-FLY" VARMINT - WILL
YOU GET MAD AT ME IF I
MAKE YOU RICH?

I'M JUST A "FLY-WALKING"
FOOL BY NATURE, SO HOW'S
ABOUT YOU 'N' ME STARTIN'
ALL OVER AGAIN IN SHOW
BUSINESS ... HUH?



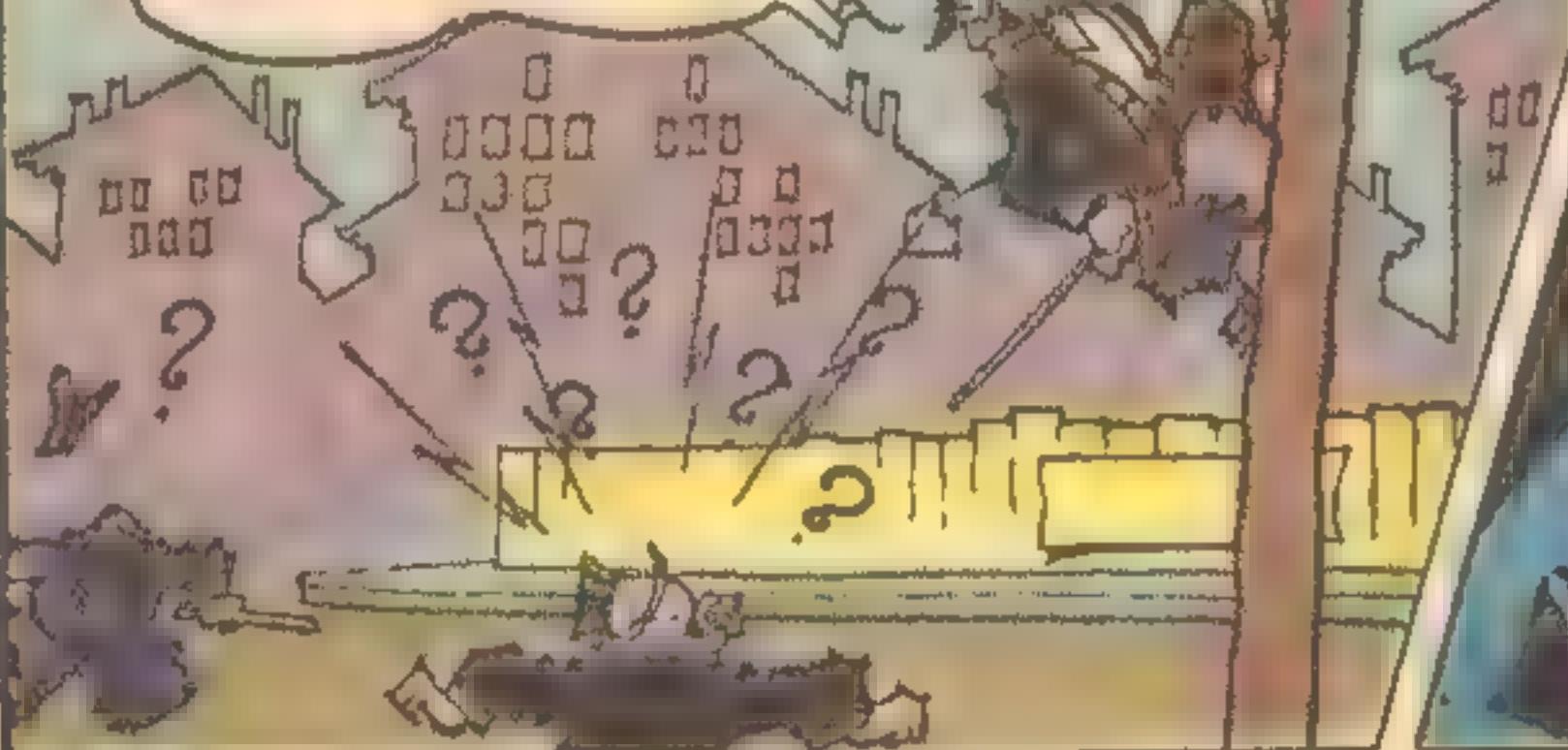
GIT YOUR
MUDDY FEET
OFF'N MY
CEILING!

DETECTIVE COMICS



- I WAS SO SUNK WITH THE 'LOW-DOWN BLUES', AT THE TIME, I LET HIM GO AHEAD AND GIVE ME A SAMPLE OF WHAT HE COULD DO - AND ANYTHING HE COULDN'T DO JUST HADN'T BEEN INVENTED YET. 'HE WAS A FOUR-ALARM RIOT.'

YOU AIN'T SEEN NUTHIN' YET, PAPPY - WAIT'LL I START STRUTTIN' MY SUNDAY STUFF - YEAH MAN!!



- THEN HE EXPLAINED, (SLIGHTLY) JUST HOW HE 'DID HIS STUFF' -

Y'SEE, PAPPY, IT'S THISAWAY - TO BEGIN WITH, I'VE GOT A 56-INCH CHEST EXPANSION - NEXT, I'VE GOT ME A FIGURIN' KIND O' MIND - NEXT AFTER THAT I MADE M'SELF A SET O' VACUUM CUP PAIR O' GLOVES, WITH A PAIR O' VACUUM CUP SHOES T'MATCH - GET IT?



SO-O-O - (BY A SECRET PROCESS ALL MY OWN), I JUST PLANT MY FOOT ANYWHERE, THEN TAKE A DEEP 56-INCH BREATH - SWITCH THE INTAKE TO THE VACUUM-CUPPED SHOE - THEN REACH WITH MY HAND. EXHALE SHOE - INHALE HAND! REPEAT - AND PAL, CAN I GO PLACES!!

PHEW! I DIDN'T THINK SO MUCH OF HIS ACT - SO - I CASUALLY PUSHED HIM RIGHT OFF HIS FEET TO SEE HIM UPWITH A CONTRACT!

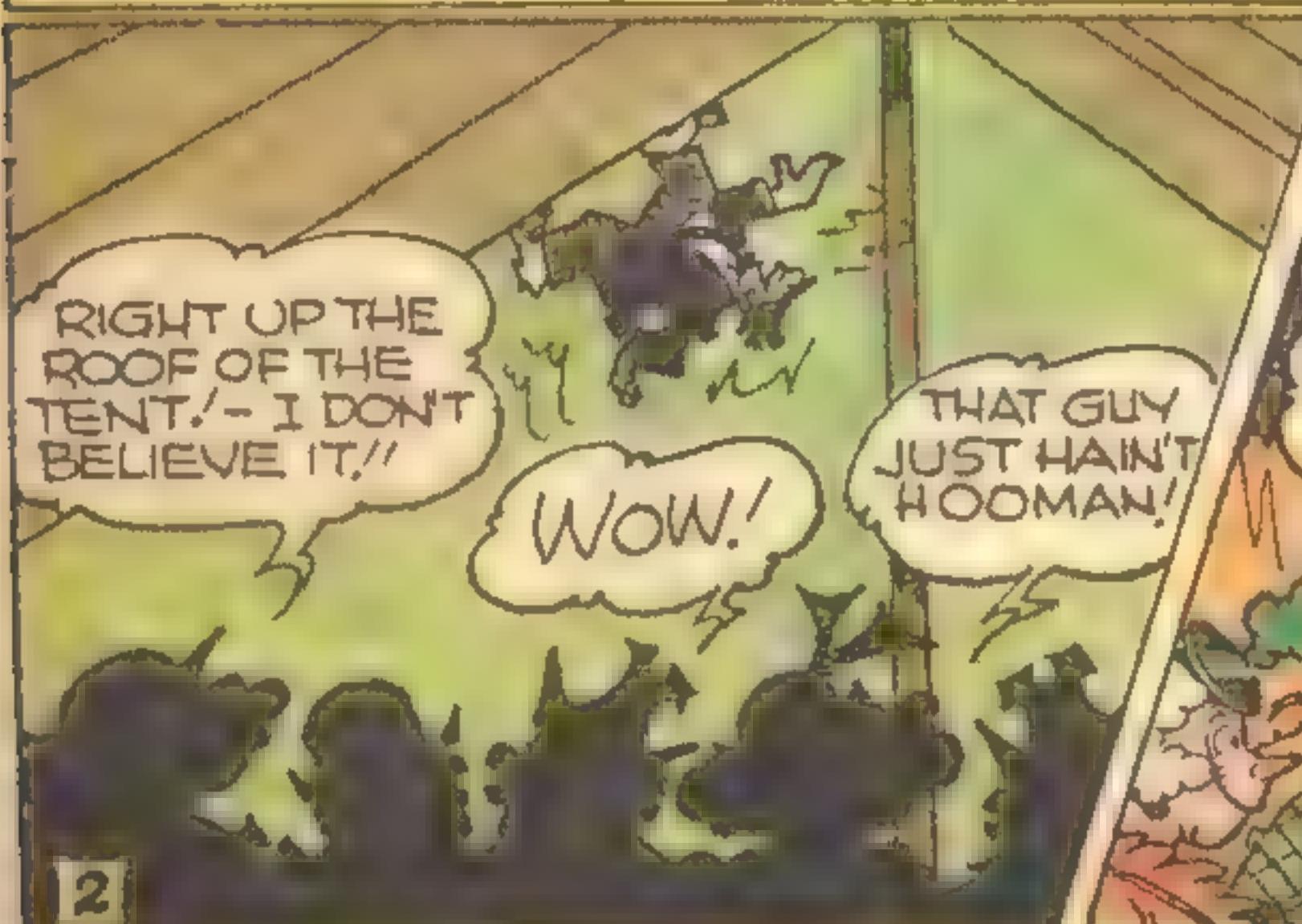
JUST SIGN THAT GRIMM'S FAIRY TALE ON THE DOTTED LINE, SONNY BOY, AND WE'LL BOTH "GO TO TOWN!!"

OKAY! BUT DO I HAFTA USE MY OWN NAME? - FOR \$18 A WEEK?



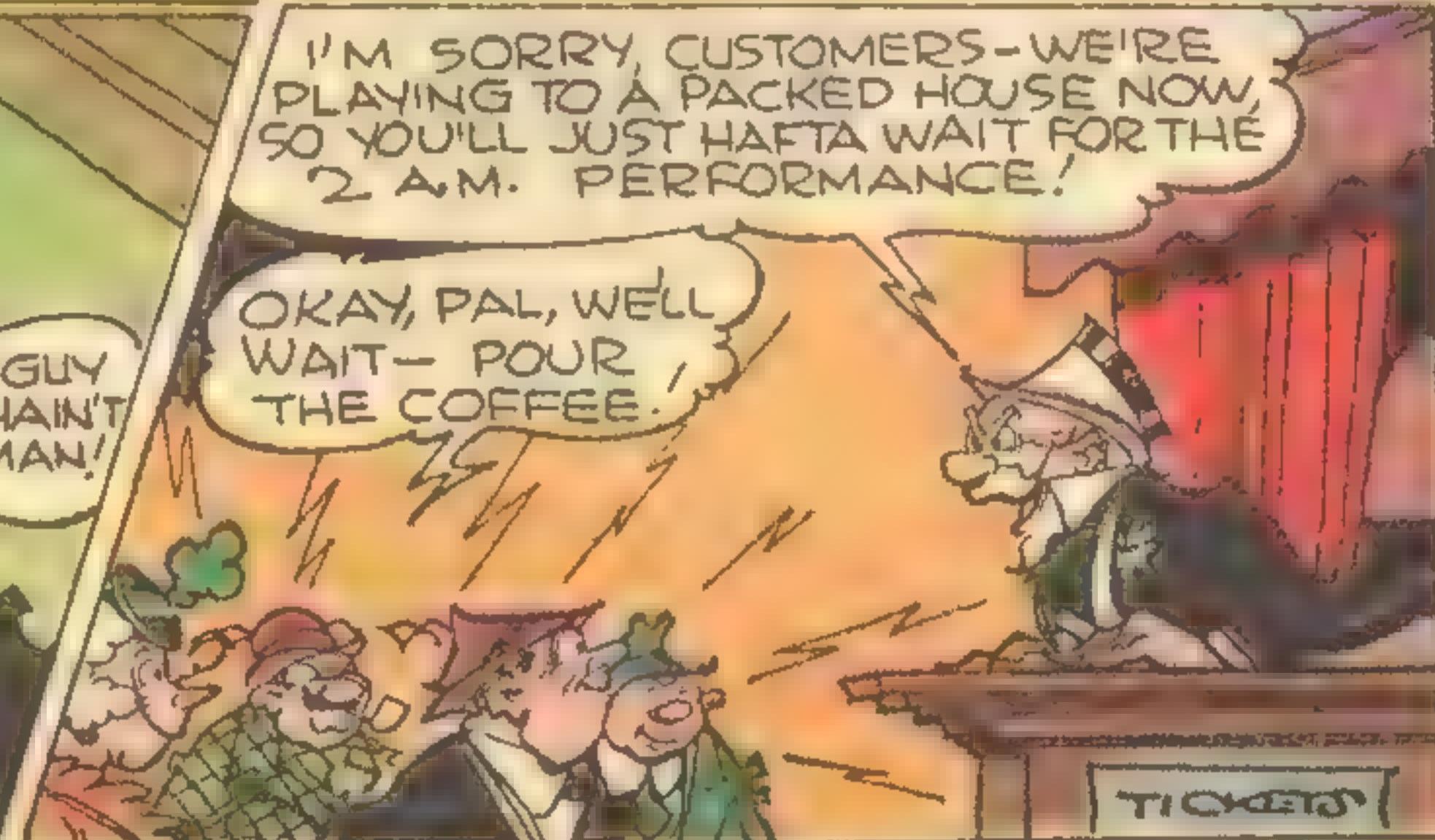
- I GAVE HIM 'STAR' BILLING IN THAT NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE AS A TRY-OUT, AND HE MERELY RIPPED THE SHOW WIDE OPEN AT THE SEAMS - WITH ENCORES!!

- INSIDE OF A MONTH HIS ACT ALONE PUT OUR WHEEZING LITTLE CARNIVAL UP IN THE 'BIG TIME' - AND WE HAD TO DO FIVE SHOWS A DAY TO PACIFY OUR PUBLIC!



I'M SORRY, CUSTOMERS - WE'RE PLAYING TO A PACKED HOUSE NOW, SO YOU'LL JUST HAFTA WAIT FOR THE 2 A.M. PERFORMANCE!

OKAY, PAL, WELL WAIT - POUR THE COFFEE!



DETECTIVE COMICS

- HE WAS TRIPLE-TERRIFIC IN EVERY TOWN WE PLAYED - BUT HE STARTED GETTIN' OUTA HAND DURING OUR MORNING PUBLIC PARADES (HE HAD A BIG BROAD STREAK OF SHOW-OFF IN HIS MAKE-UP, POOR GUY, HE COULDN'T CONTROL IT.) AND HE BROKE UP MANY A PARADE -

- THEN I'D BAWL HIM OUT WHEN WE FINALLY GOT BACK TO THE FAIRGROUNDS - AND HE'D REPENT - BY THE GALLON - IT WAS ALMOST HEARTBREAKING! - ALMOST!

I'LL BE BACK WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, FOLKS - BUT I GOTTA WIND THE TOWN CLOCK!

WHEE-EE!!
WOTTA MAN!

I KNOW IT, PAPPY - I WAS A
BA-A-D BOY!!

- THEN FOR THE NEXT MONTH OR SO HE'D DO SUCH A BANG-UP JOB, AND DRAW SUCH PACKED HOUSES THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE FORFEITED, FORGIVEN, AND FORGOTTEN.

THAT FLASH OF GOOD BEHAVIOR THOUGH WOULD THEN SUDDENLY RUN SMACK INTO A DEAD-END STREAK OF TEMPERAMENT, AND HE'D HANG IN A SULK UNDER A CORNICE, FOR HOURS 'N' HOURS.

BLESS YOUR FUN-LOVING LITTLE HEARTS, FOLKS, BUT WE'RE SOLD OUT AGAIN - CALL AROUND AGAIN SOMETIME OF A CHUESDAY!!

AWW- PLEASE!!
SCAT!
I WANNA BE ALONE!

- THEN THE TRUTH FINALLY CAME OUT, THROUGH 'OL' MAN RIBBER - OUR HEAD CLOWN!

- AFTER THE SHOW THAT NIGHT, AT OL' MAN RIBBER'S SUGGESTION, I SLUNK IN THE SHADOWS BELOW OUR SNAKE-CHARMER'S HOTEL WINDOW, AND THERE, SURE 'NUFF WAS 'VERTICAL' A-STRUMMIN' HIS GUITAR OUTSIDE HER TENTH STORY WINDOW - AND MAKING WITH A SWEET YODEL!

BOSS, I'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS THING CURDLE FOR MONTHS, AN' I KNOW THE REAL LOW-DOWN - IT'S NOTHING ELSE BUT - AND WITH A CAPITAL **R** - ROMANCE.
- THE OBJECT OF HIS DIZZY SPELLS IS NONE OTHER THAN OUR OWN ADDIE ADDER, THE SNAKE CHARMER!

NO FOOLIN'?

O-LE-AY-EE-OH.
O-LEE-AY-EE-
YOOHOO!!

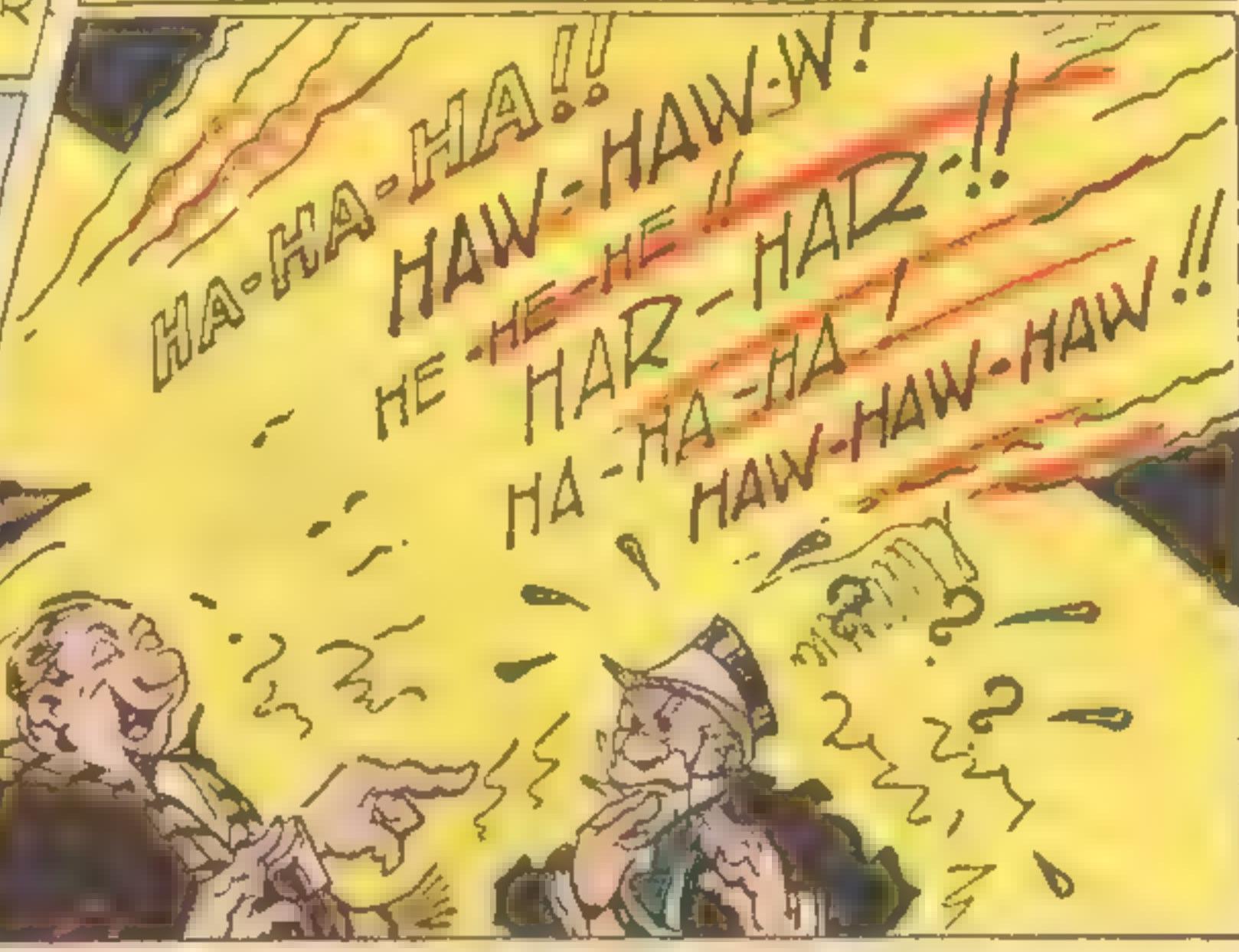
WELL? - I ASK YOU VERY CONFIDENTIALLY - WHADDAY'KNOW ABOUT THAT?

DETECTIVE COMICS

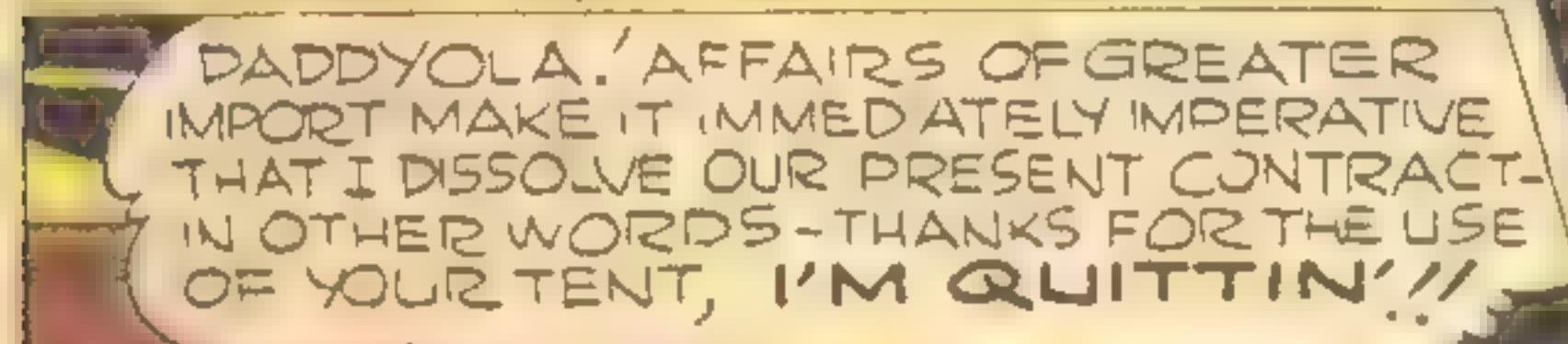
- I REALIZED I HAD TO BREAK THAT UP QUICK OR QUIT SHOW BUSINESS FLAT AND GO BACK TO MY OLD PAPER-HANGING, SO I STORMED INTO THE CAUSE OF IT ALL - OUR SNAKE-CHARMER, BUT SHE JUST RAN ME TO THE EDGE OF TOWN WITH TWO OF HER PET BOA CONSTRICATORS.



- TALKING TO 'VERTICAL' DIDN'T MAKE NO SENSE EITHER, WHEN I PUT IT TO HIM, 'COLD TURKEY,' HE JUST HA-HAED RIGHT IN MY FACE, SOMETHING LIKE -



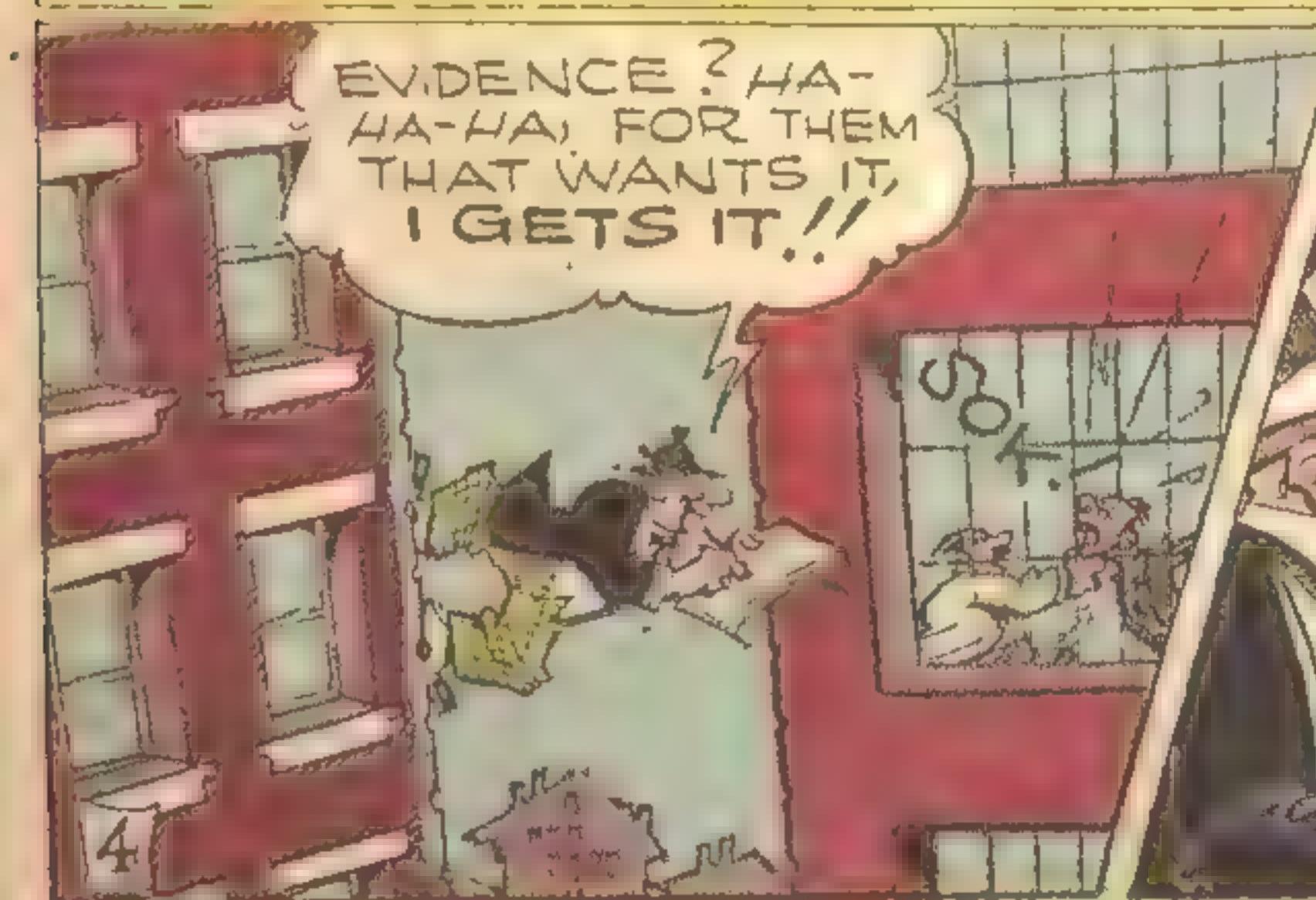
- I STARTED PUTTING ADS IN THE CIRCUS TRADE JOURNALS (WHAT'S LEFT OF A CARNIVAL FOR SALE - GET FOOLISH - MAKE AN OFFER) BECAUSE I HEARD DOOM KNOCKING AT MY DOOR AND SURE ENOUGH - THE VERY NEXT DAY -



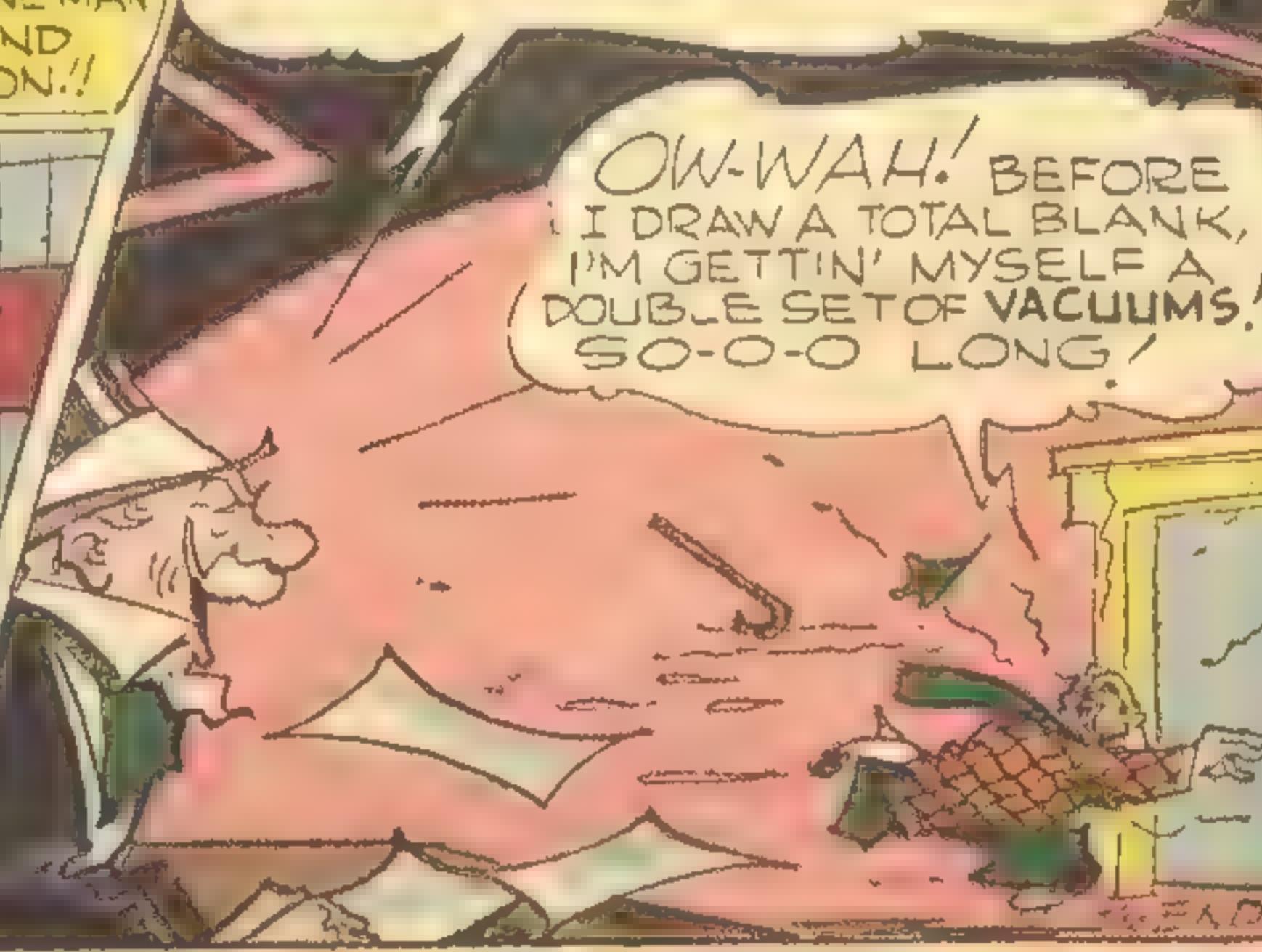
WELL, THE UNGRATEFUL THIS 'N' THAT - AND SO 'N' SO AND SO 'N' SO..// WHAT'S THE INVERTED INGRATE DOIN' NOW?



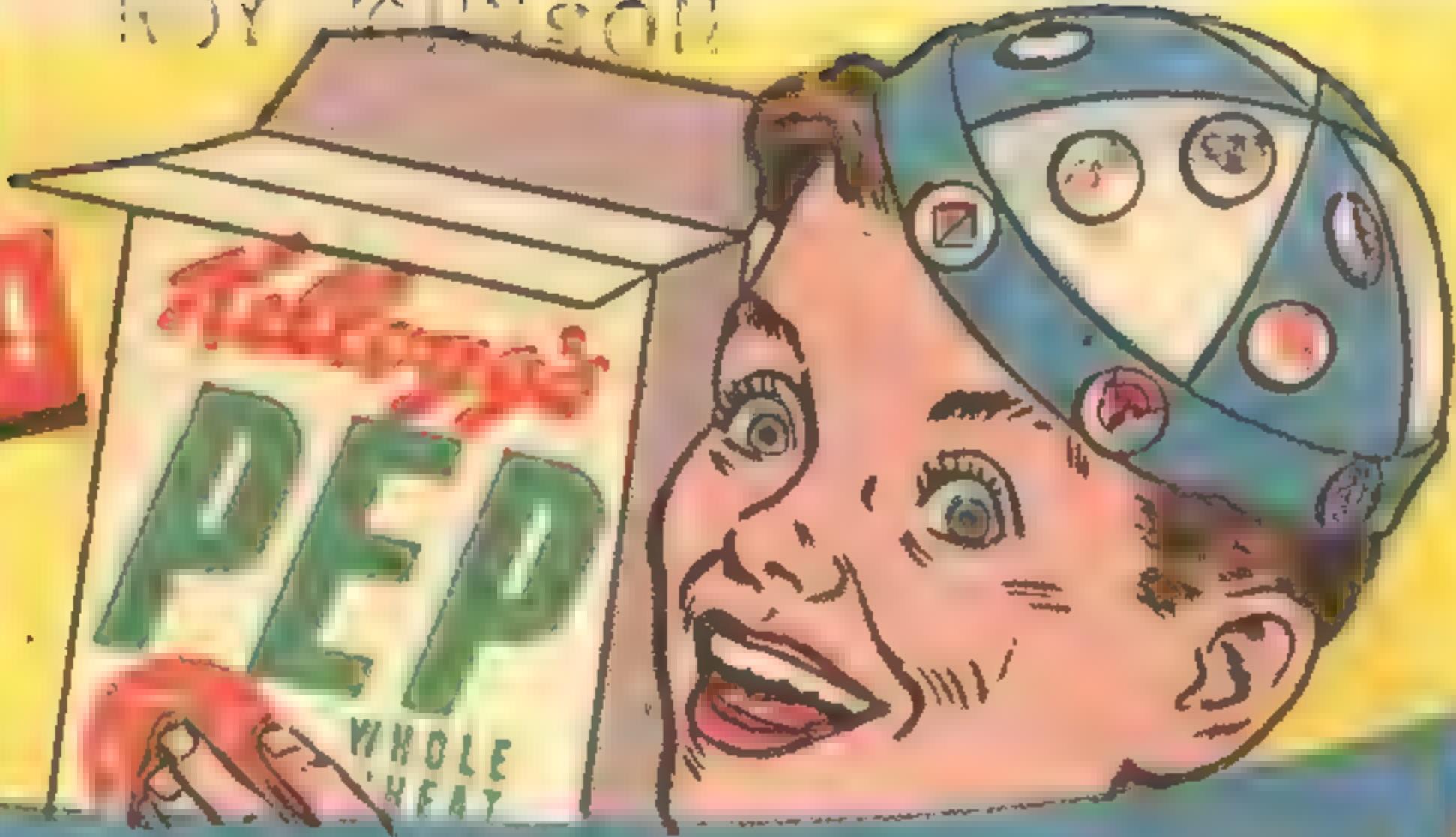
- WITH HIS BEING ABLE TO GET ANYWHERE ON A MOMENTS NOTICE, WITH HIS SECRET VACUUM CUP OUTFIT, HE INCORPORATED HIMSELF AS THE ONE MAN VERT CAL VARDON DETECTIVE AGENCY. AND THEY SAY HE'S CLEANED UP A COOL MILLION..!



HEY! HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH!! WHERE Y'HEADIN', SON?



Hey! Come! Get these
GREAT PRIZES!



Swell MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

One in Every
Package of PEP

22 DIFFERENT AUTHENTIC
DESIGNS! Get 'em all!

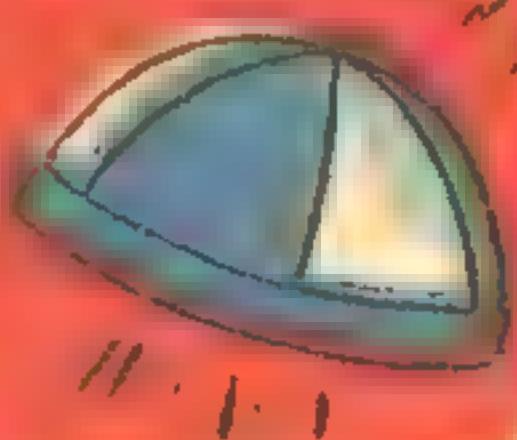
FELLOWS and gals! Be sure you don't miss up on these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons! There's one in every package of your favorite, crisp, crunchy cereal—Kellogg's PEP! And are they terrific!

You'll have loads of fun trading them with your gang—just to see who gets a full set of 22 different buttons first! Every button is made of real metal, shiny and smart, in actual colors of the regulation army, navy and marine insignia.

It's a cinch to get these grand buttons. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get you a package of PEP, open the package—and there's your button, ready to pin on your sweater, jacket or cap!

And tell Mom how mighty good Kellogg's PEP is for you. Delicious wheat flakes—chock-full of whole-grain nourishment—with added amounts of vitamin B, and vitamin D to help you grow into a fellow "who's got what it takes!" Get your Kellogg's PEP today and get your prize button!

SPECIAL PEP BEANIE



LISTEN TO

SUPERMAN

on the air—for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.



385th
Bombardment
Squadron
(ACTUAL SIZE)



70th
Bombardment
Squadron



25th
Bombardment
Squadron



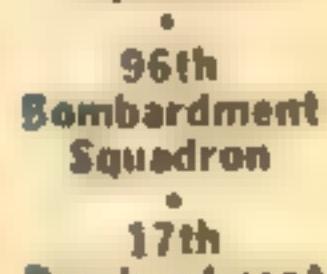
41st
Bombardment
Squadron



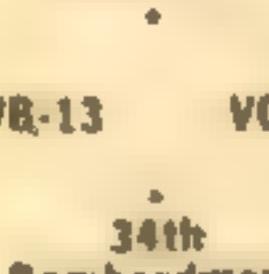
94th Pursuit
Squadron



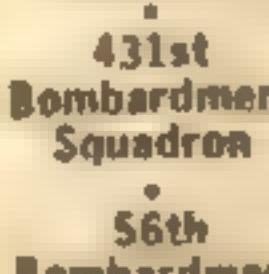
2nd
Bombardment
Squadron



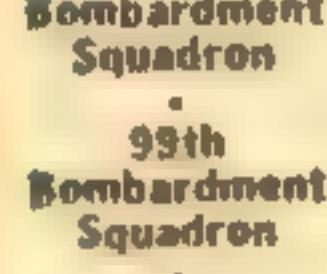
96th
Bombardment
Squadron



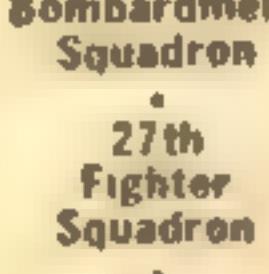
V-13 V-3



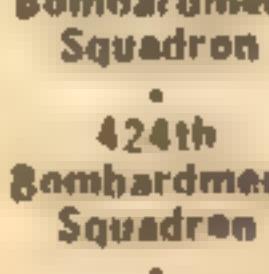
431st
Bombardment
Squadron



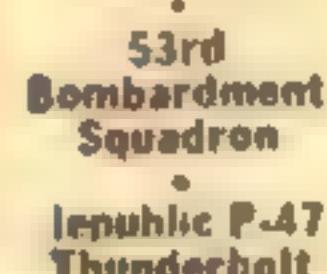
17th
Bombardment
Squadron



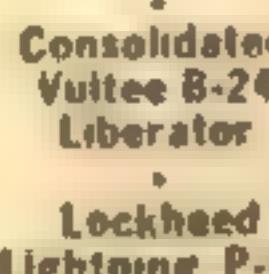
34th
Bombardment
Squadron



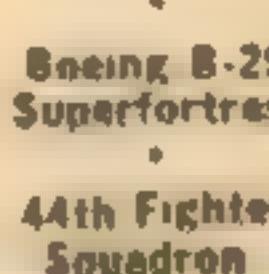
56th
Bombardment
Squadron



99th
Bombardment
Squadron



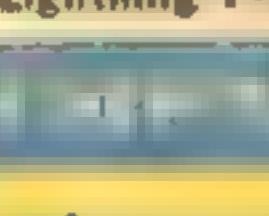
27th
Fighter
Squadron



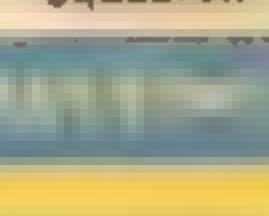
Consolidated
Vultee B-24
Liberator



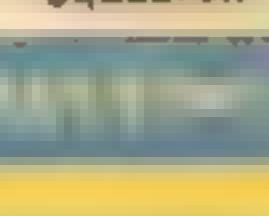
Republic P-47
Thunderbolt



Lockheed
Lightning P-38



Boeing B-29
Superfortress



44th Fighter
Squadron

SLAM BRADLEY

SUNDAY,
MONDAY...
ALWAYS.

HE SLAYS
THEM JUST
LIKE I DO.

IT SENDS
ME RIGHT
OUT OF THIS
WORLD.



IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO
HANKIE, I'LL
FAINT.

WHEN THE HARDEST-HEARTED HOODLUMS OUT OF CAPTIVITY THREATEN TO SILENCE THE GREAT SCREECH, THAT DASHING DETECTIVE DUO OF SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN RUSHES TO SAVE CIVILIZATION FROM SUCH A CATASTROPHE. AND THOUGH DEATH LEERS AT THEM, THEY LEER RIGHT BACK, AS DAUNTLESSLY THEY PLUNGE IN BETWEEN...

"*The Buzzard
and the
Screech!*"

A HORRIBLE
HEADLINE
SCARES THE
WITS OUT OF
BOBBY-SOX
WEARERS...

DAILY HOWL
THUGS THREATEN
HANK HOTTRA
DEMAND PROTECTION
MONEY TO LET HIM
SING.

HE'S DIVINE.
I FAINT EVERY
TIME I HEAR
HIM SING!



BUT THE HARD-HEADED DETECTIVE DUO OF MORGAN AND BRADLEY IS NOT SO EASILY SCARED...

SOUNDS LIKE PRESS-AGENT STUFF TO ME, SLAM. HOT AYRES, HANK'S P.A., WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR PUBLICITY.

BUT THERE'S A CHANCE THE THREAT MAY ACTUALLY HAVE BEEN MADE: COME ON, LITTLEPANTS, LET'S MAKE SURE!

YES, THE THREAT HAS BEEN MADE... BY NONE OTHER THAN THE BUZZARD, ONE OF GANGDOM'S GRIMMEST.

SO THE GREAT SCREECH IS TOO CHEAP TO PAY THE TEN GRAND I ASKED FOR PROTECTING HIM, HUH?

GUESS HE THINKS YOU'RE KIDDIN'.

I'LL SHOW HIM I'M NOT KIDDIN'. COME ON, BOYS, HOTTRA SHALL NOT SING TONIGHT.

HOTTRA SHALL NOT SING?
THE BUZZARD HAS TAKEN ON QUITE A JOB.
FOR AROUND THE PLATFORM WHERE THE GREAT SCREECH IS TO RECEIVE THE KEYS TO THE CITY...

THE BUZZARD WILL HAVE TO BE PRETTY GOOD TO GET PAST US.

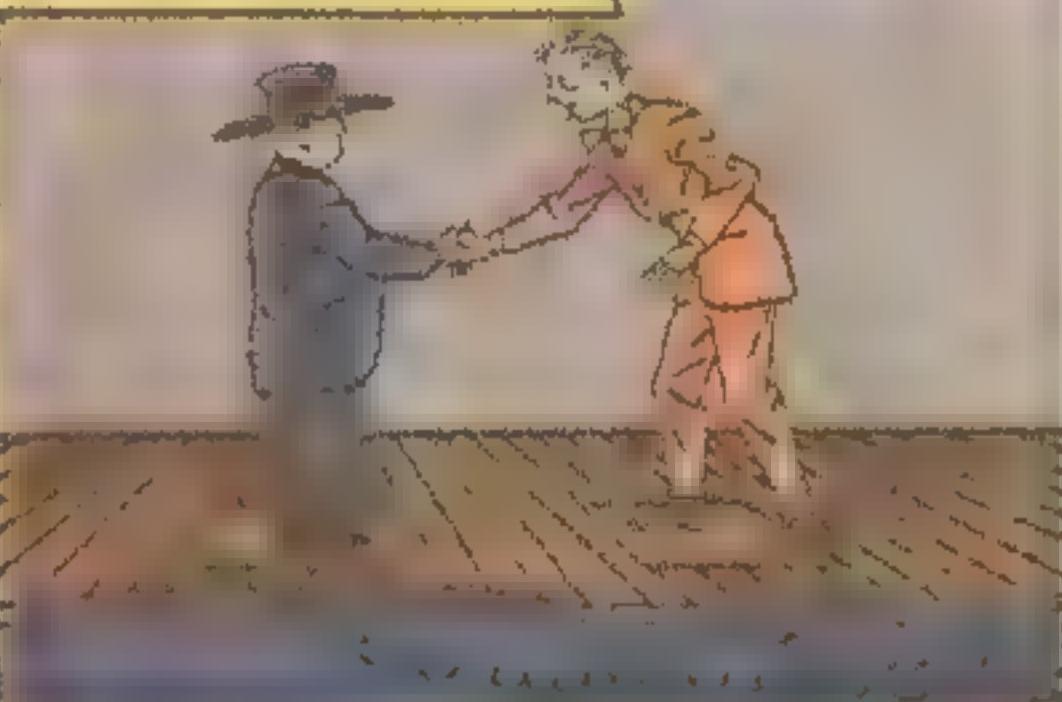
WELCOME TO OUR CITY, HANK. MAYBE YOU CAN SEND OUR MUNICIPAL DEBT OUT OF THIS WORLD

I'LL TRY, MR. MAYOR...

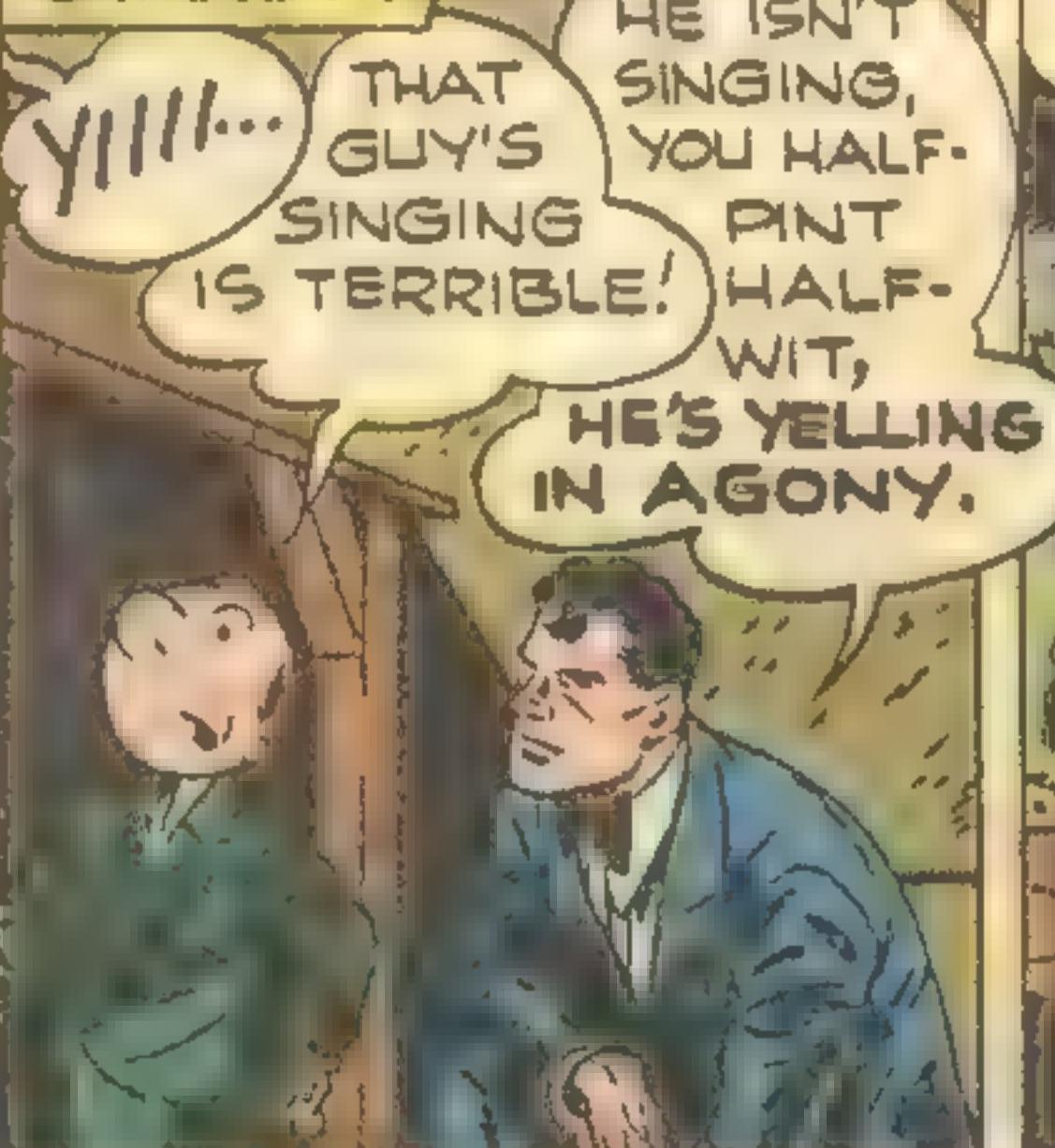
WHY, THE MAYOR SINGS ALMOST AS WELL AS HANKIE!

DETECTIVE COMICS

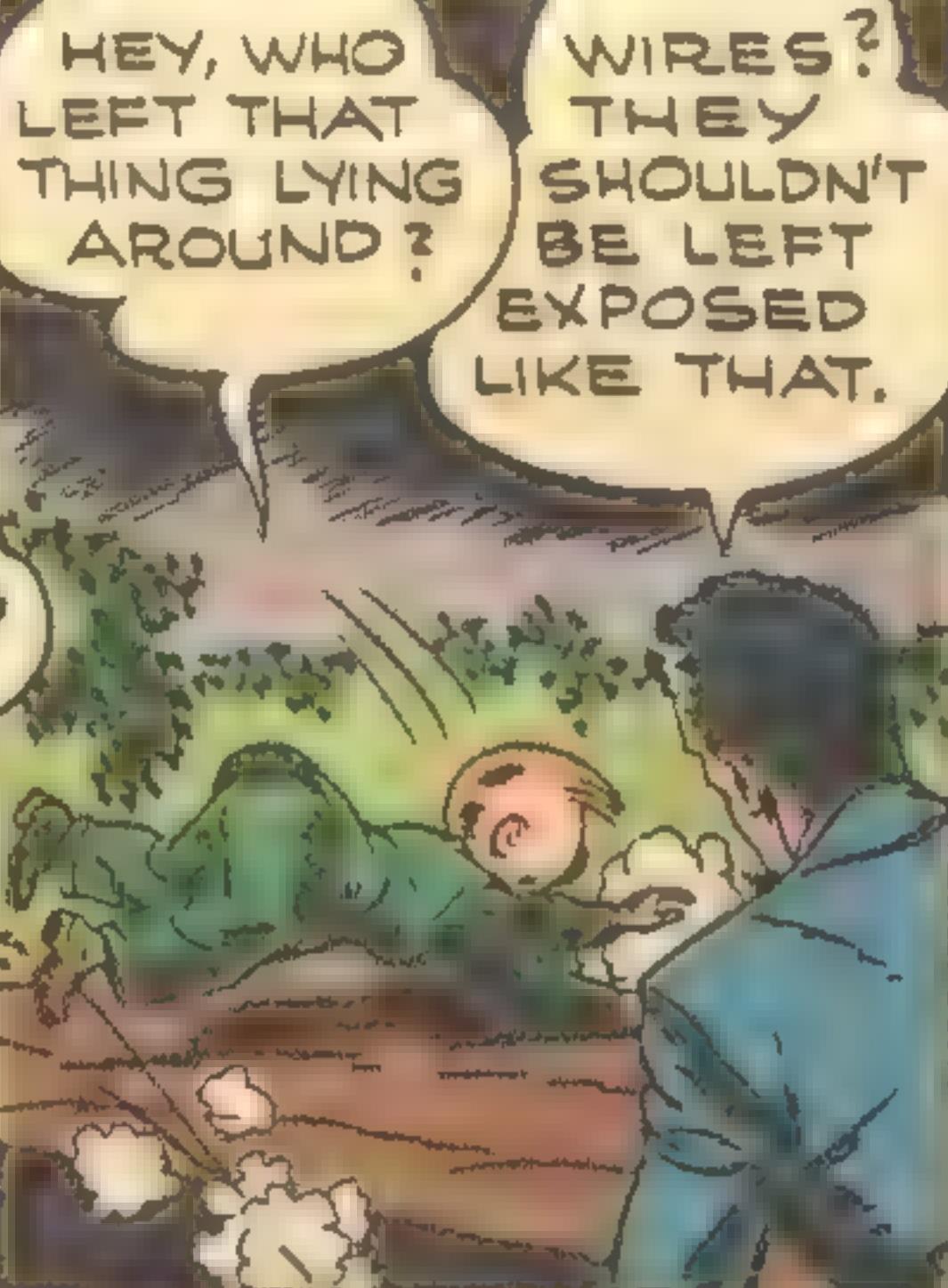
YES, THE BUZZARD HAS CAUSED QUITE A SHOCK... AND THE MEANS WERE SIMPLE. THE MAYOR AND THE SCREECH HAVE STEPPED ON TWO ELECTRICALLY CONNECTED PLATES, AND BY SHAKING HANDS HAVE COMPLETED A CIRCUIT...



MEANWHILE, PROWLING IN THE REAR OF THE BAND-STAND...



HEY, WHO LEFT THAT THING LYING AROUND?



WIRES?

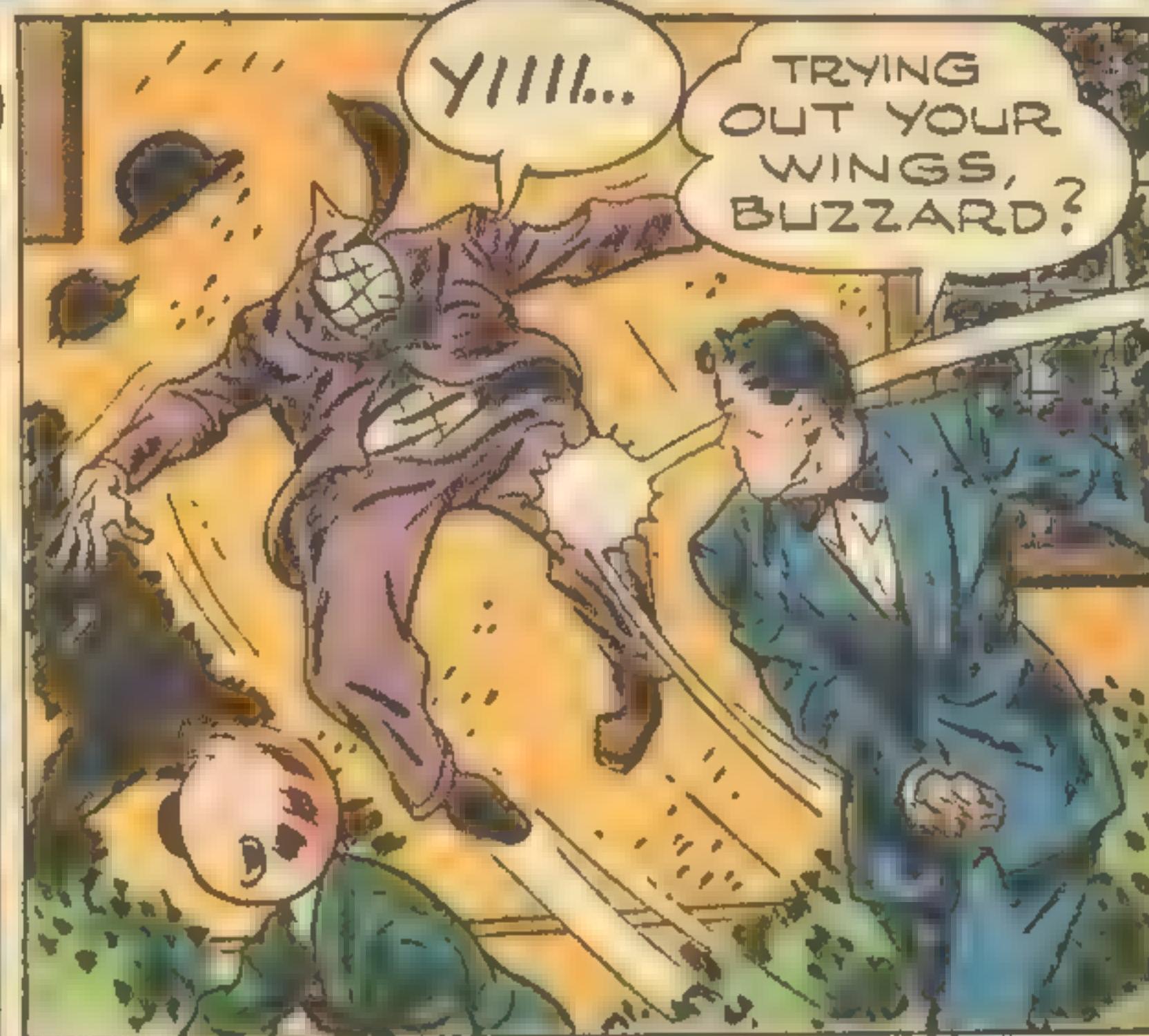
THEY SHOULDN'T BE LEFT EXPOSED LIKE THAT.

JUST THEN...

THERE ARE THE GUYS THAT PULLED THE WIRES AWAY, AND BROKE THE CURRENT. GET THEM!

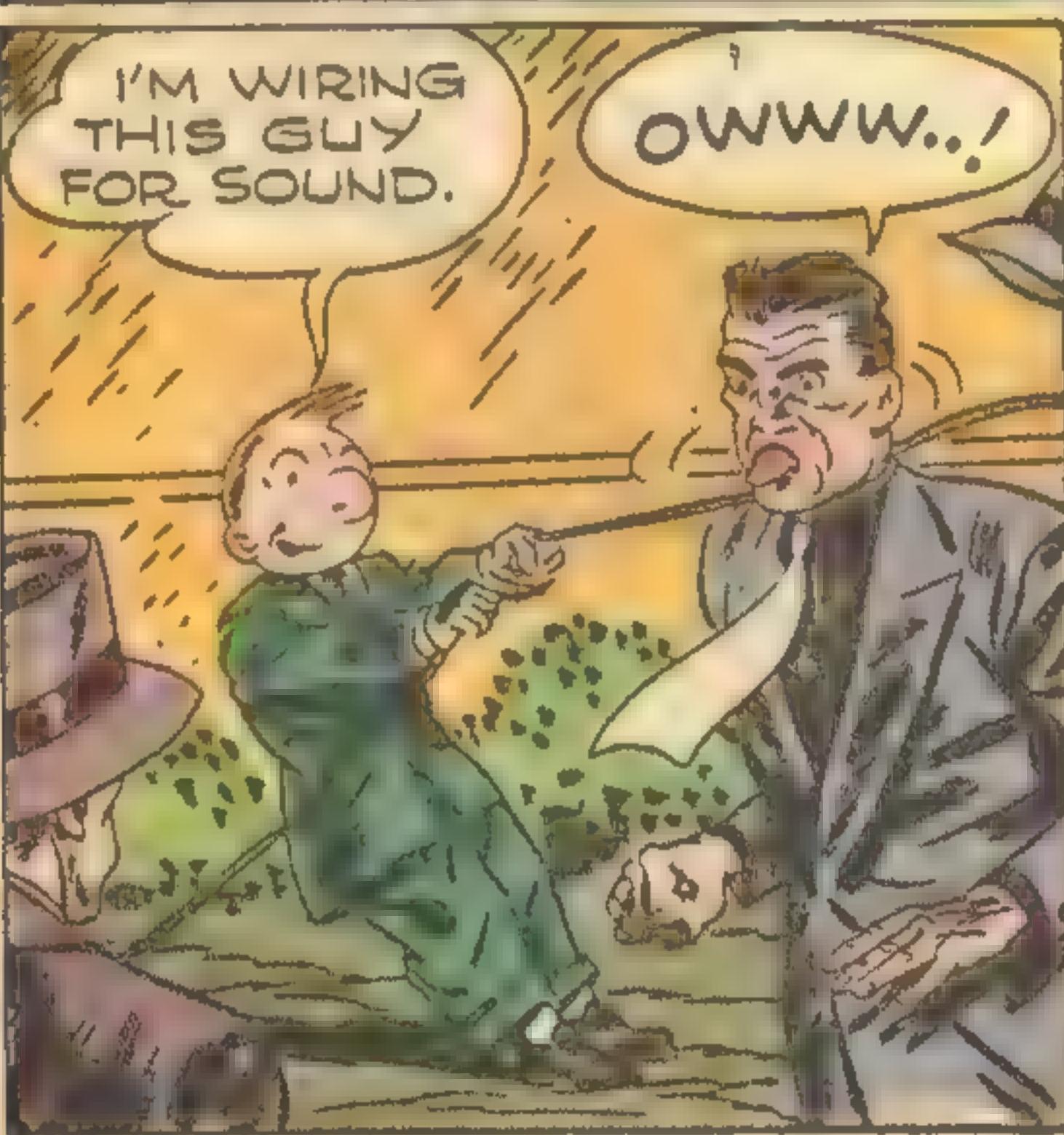
WE'LL GET THEM, BOSS.

THE BUZZARD!



I'M WIRING THIS GUY FOR SOUND.

OWWW..!



AND THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY...

IF THEY'VE HURT HANKIE, I'LL DIE.

POOR DARLING HANKIE!

HEY!



Meet a



© 1945 BY
SCHUTTER
CANDY CO
ST LOUIS MO

To get the full beauty of a sunset, you must see it...no painting can do it justice. And to enjoy the luscious goodness of BIT-O-HONEY you have to taste this temptingly different candy bar...no words can describe its delicious flavor. Try BIT-O-HONEY and you'll know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted". BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped bite-sized pieces...so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too...a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

Eat a



5¢

A "Honey" of a candy bar

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? It has a special meaning!

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below.

LOU GEHRIG'S name adds up to THREE—Does YOURS?

Example:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{L O U G E H R I G} \\ 3+6+3+7+5+8+9+9+7=57 \\ *5+7=12 \quad 1+2=3 \end{array}$$

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Three", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"
C-L-U are "3"	D-M-V are "4"
E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"
I-R are "9"	

YOURS FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY booklet "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

3 "Three" individuals possess an engaging, free and easy manner and a fine sense of humor which win them many friends. Ambitious, independent, they have both creative ability and initiative. Conscientious, capable, they often rise to high authority.

"BIT-O-HONEY"
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo.

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name _____ (please print plainly)

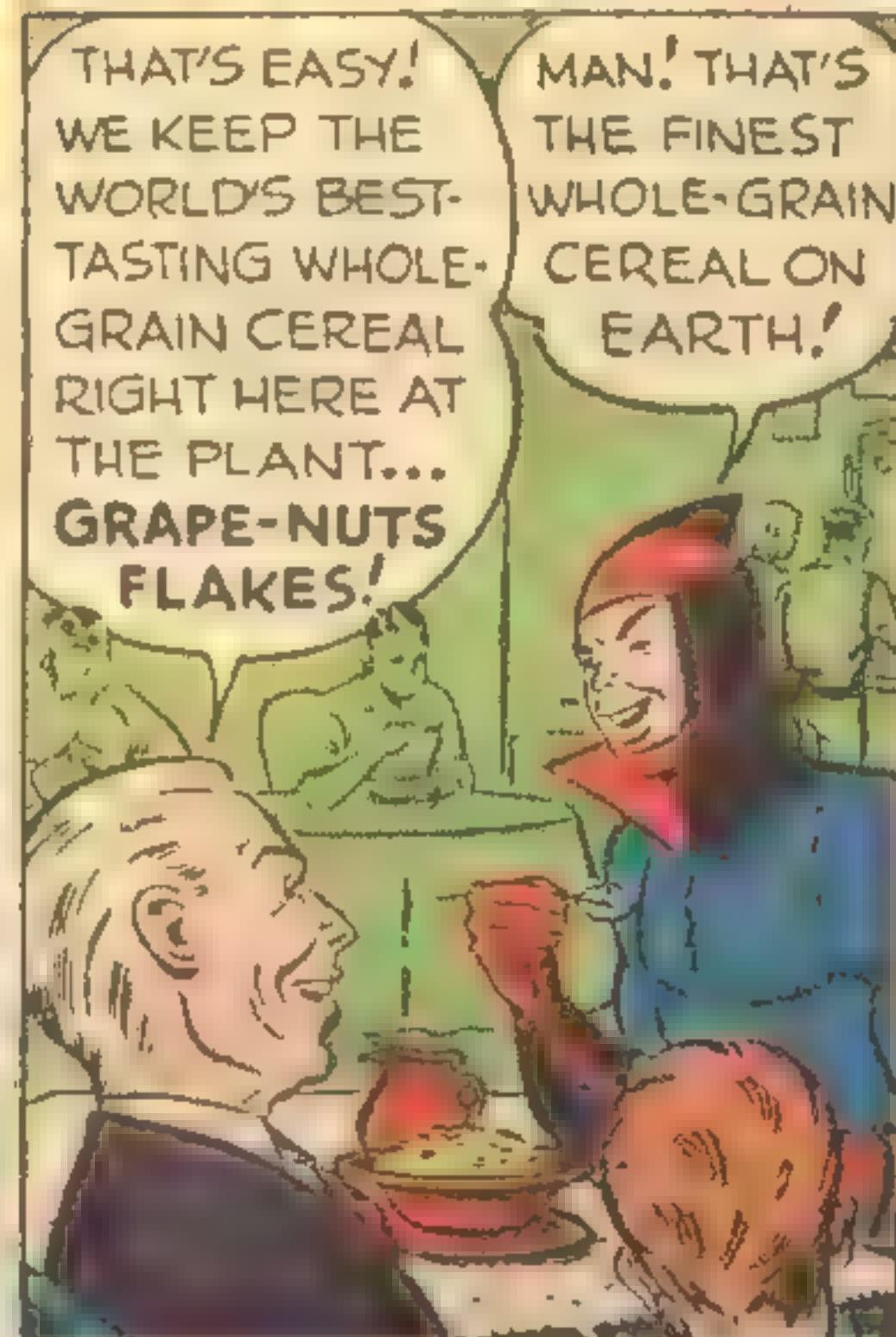
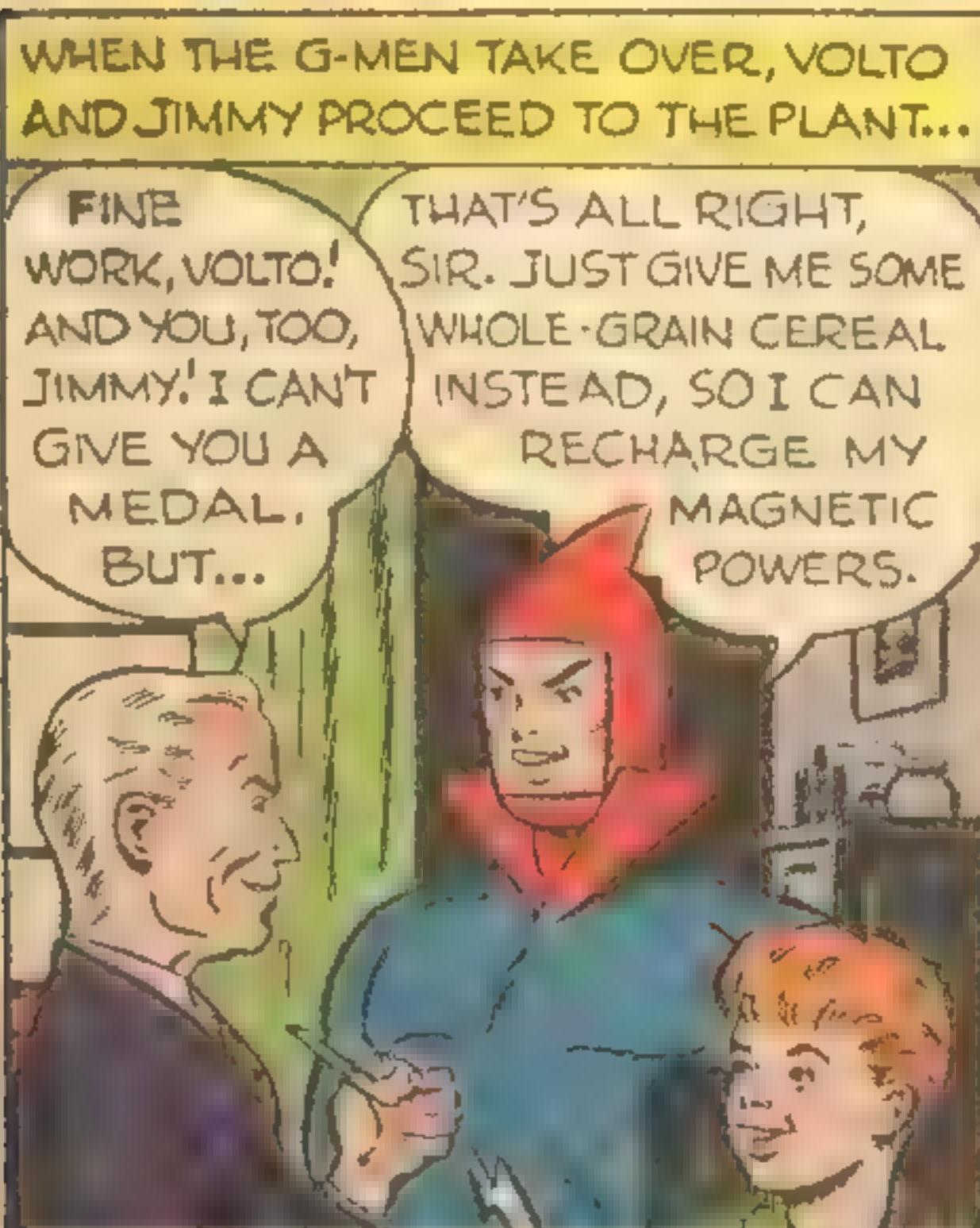
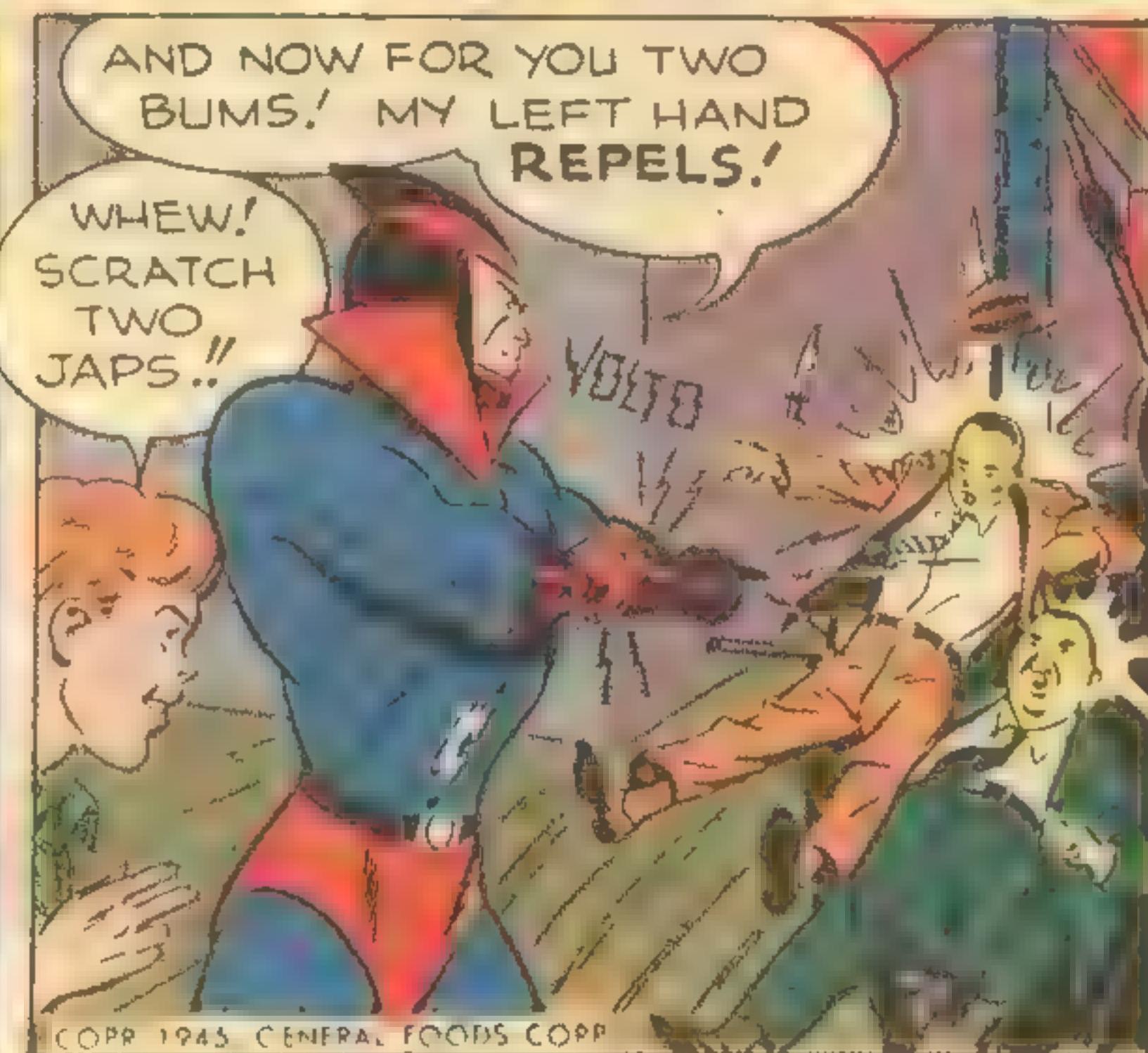
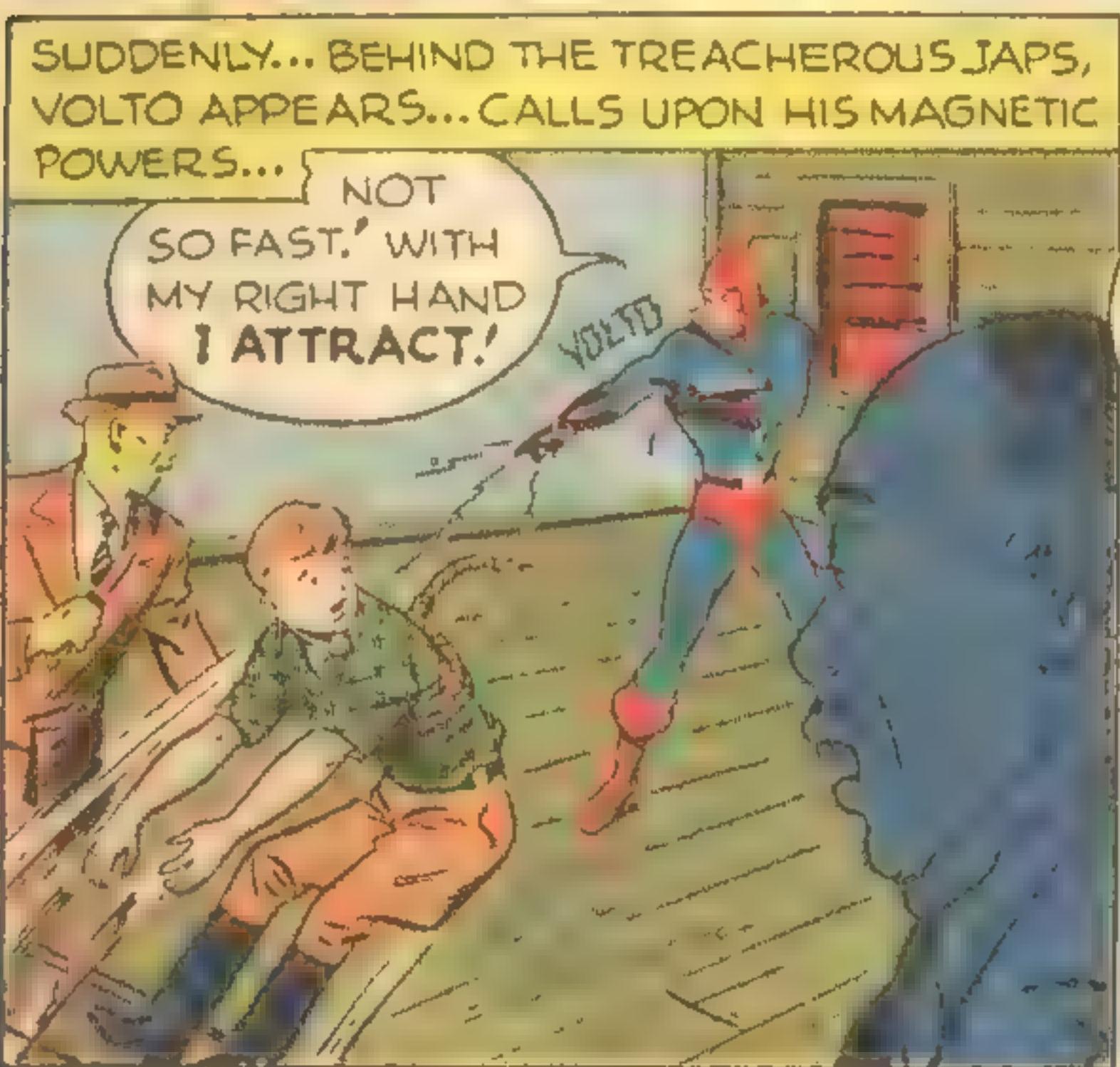
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If you are under 18, check here _____

Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

ADVERTISEMENT



DETECTIVE COMICS

AND WHEN THE WAVE OF HERO-WORSHIP
PERS HAS PASSED...

THE BUZZARD GOT
AWAY. BUT I'M AFRAID
HE ISN'T THROUGH
YET. I BET HE'LL
BE BACK TO MAKE
SURE HOTTRA
DOESN'T SING.

IN THAT CASE
YOU'D BETTER
STICK AROUND,
BOYS.

HOT
AYRES! IN THE FLESH, BOYS.
I WAS ON THE BAND-
STAND WHEN YOU
TANGLED WITH THE
BUZZARD, AND I SAW
WHAT HAPPENED. YOU'RE
GOOD... I WANT TO
HIRE YOU AS HOTTRA'S
BODYGUARDS.

YOU'VE GOT
US, PAL... FOR
A REASONABLE
FEE. SHALL WE
SAY A THOUSAND
DOLLARS A WEEK?

DON'T WORRY,
CHUMS... HIS REP-
UTATION IS SAFE.

SURE, ANY-
THING LESS
WOULD RUIN
HOTTRA'S
REPUTATION.

I'LL PAY YOU FIFTY...
AND TELL THE PAPERS
I'M PAYING YOU A
THOUSAND.

CONTROL
THE TEMPER,
SHORTY... HE
HAS TO FEED US,
AND WE'LL EAT
ENOUGH TO
MAKE UP FOR
IT.

WHY,
YOU CHEAP
SKATE!

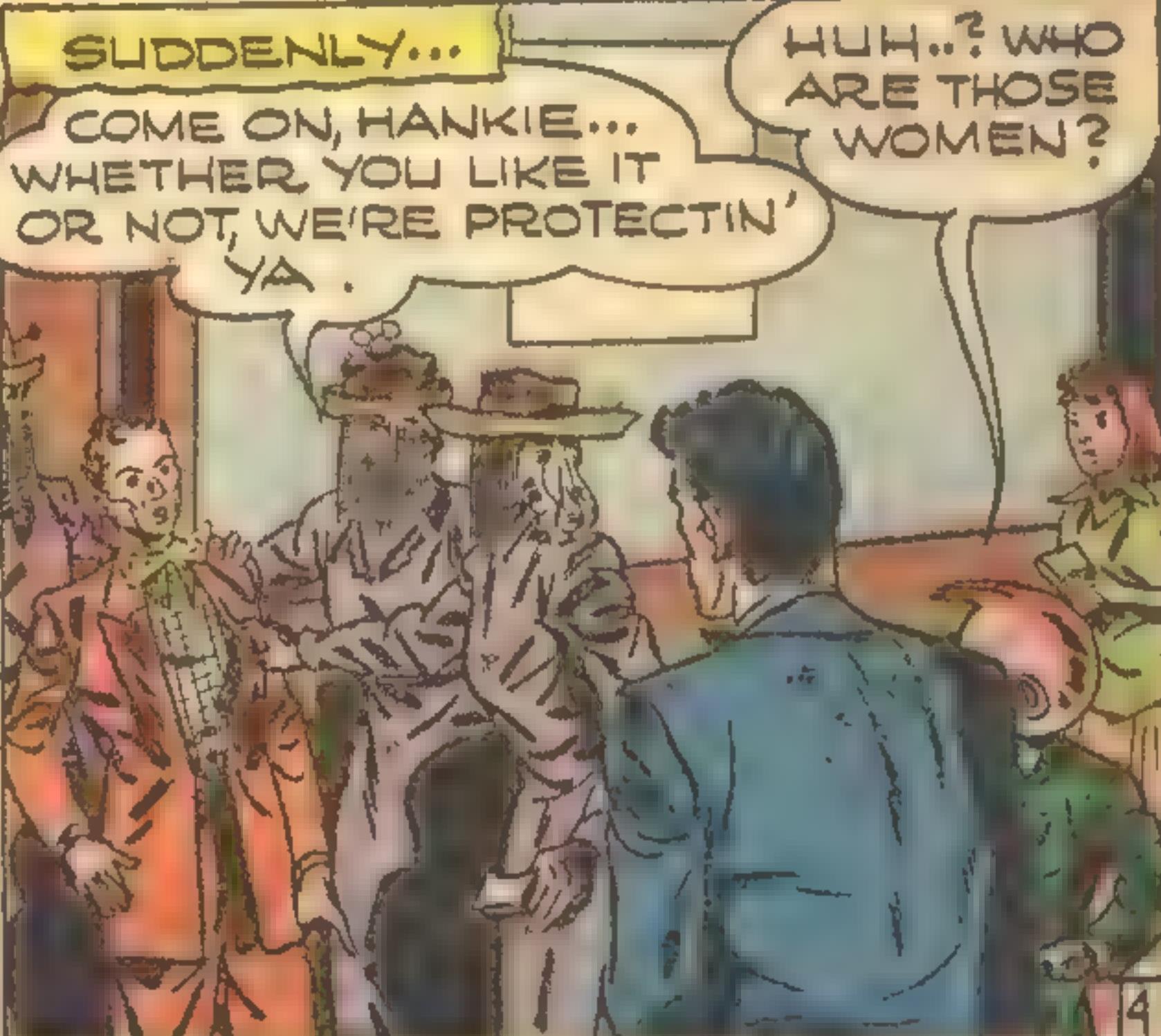
AND SO, SHORTLY...

GOSH, IMAGINE
SPENDING AN
HOUR A DAY SIGNING
AUTOGRAPHS.

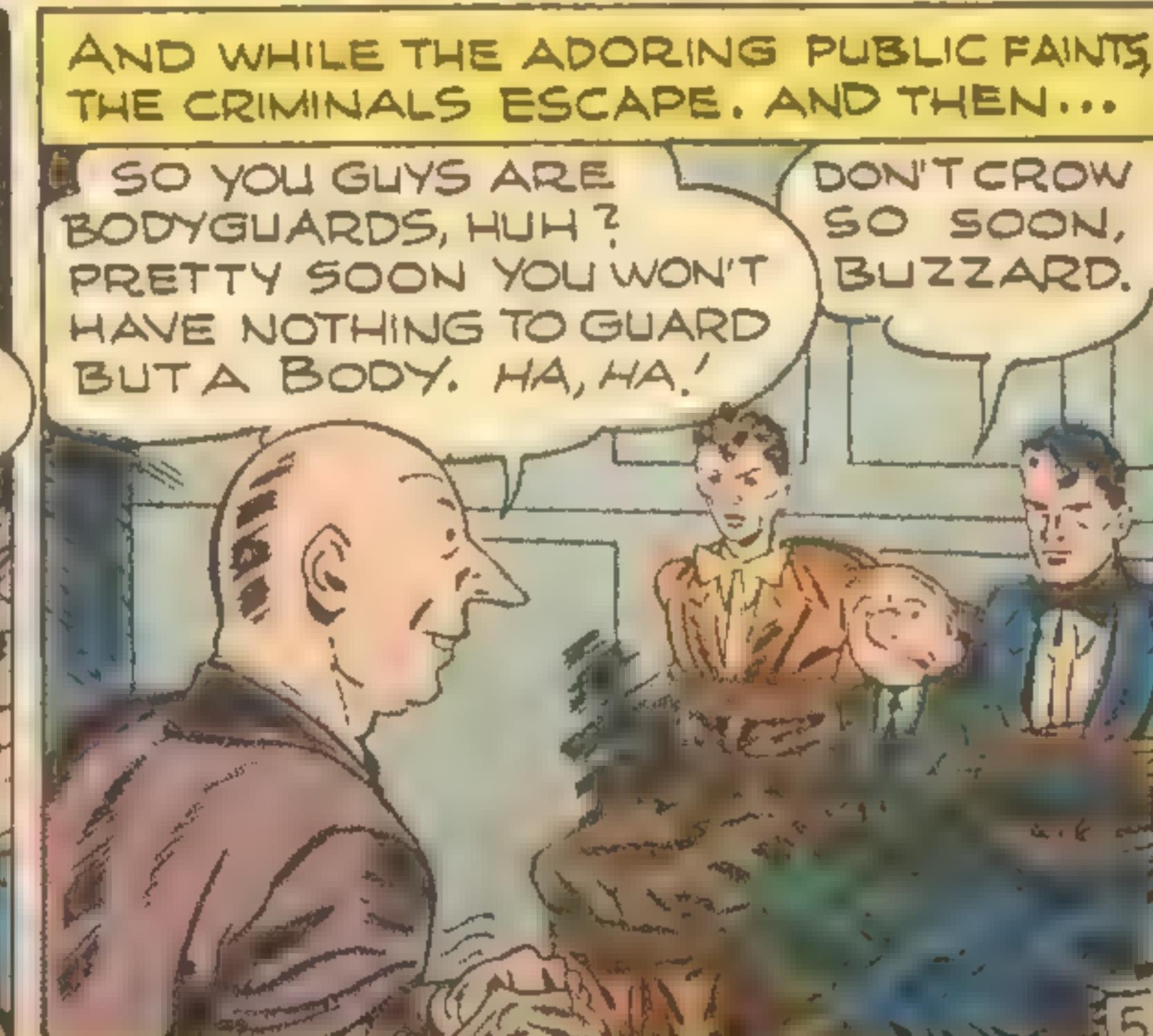
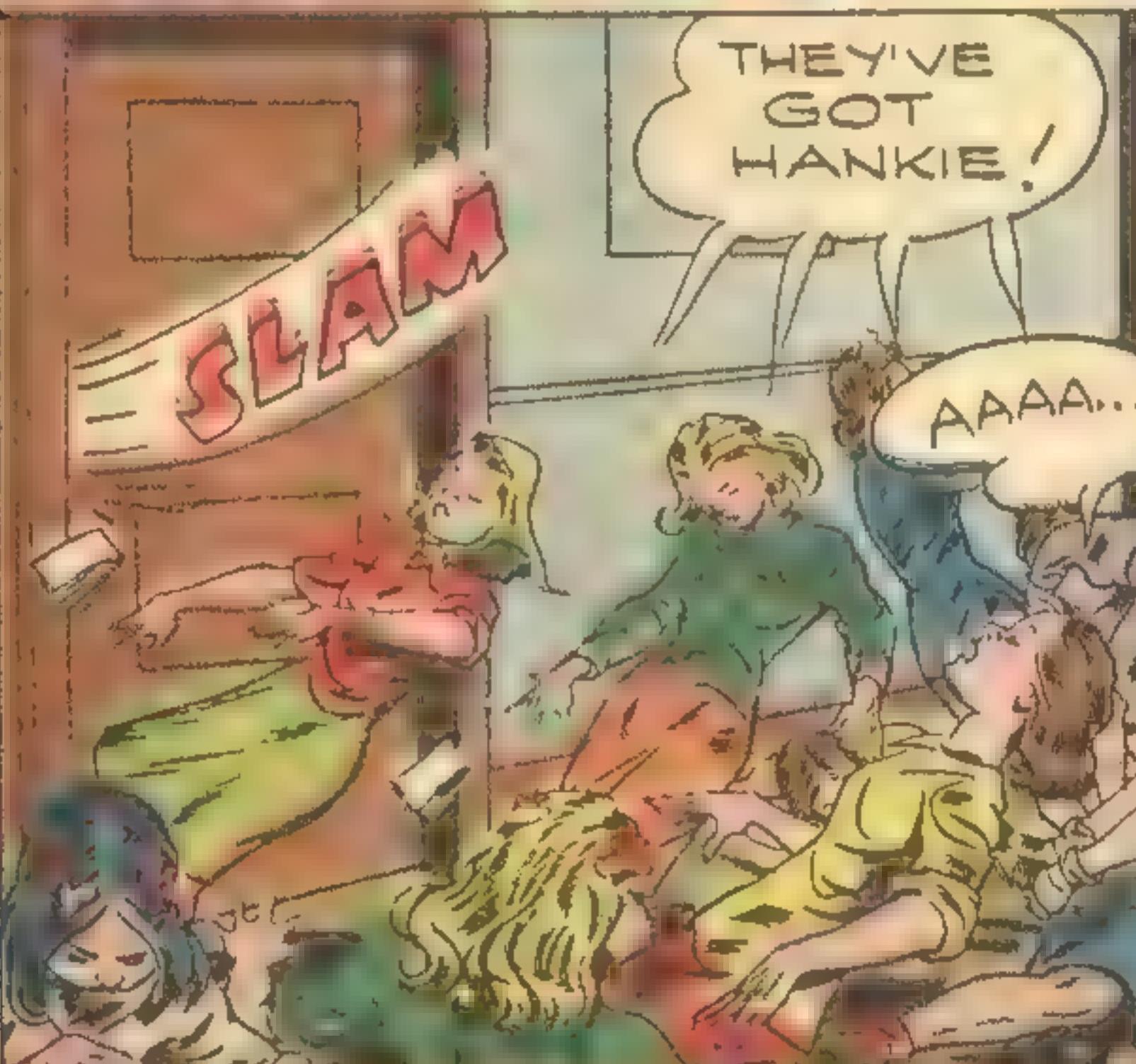
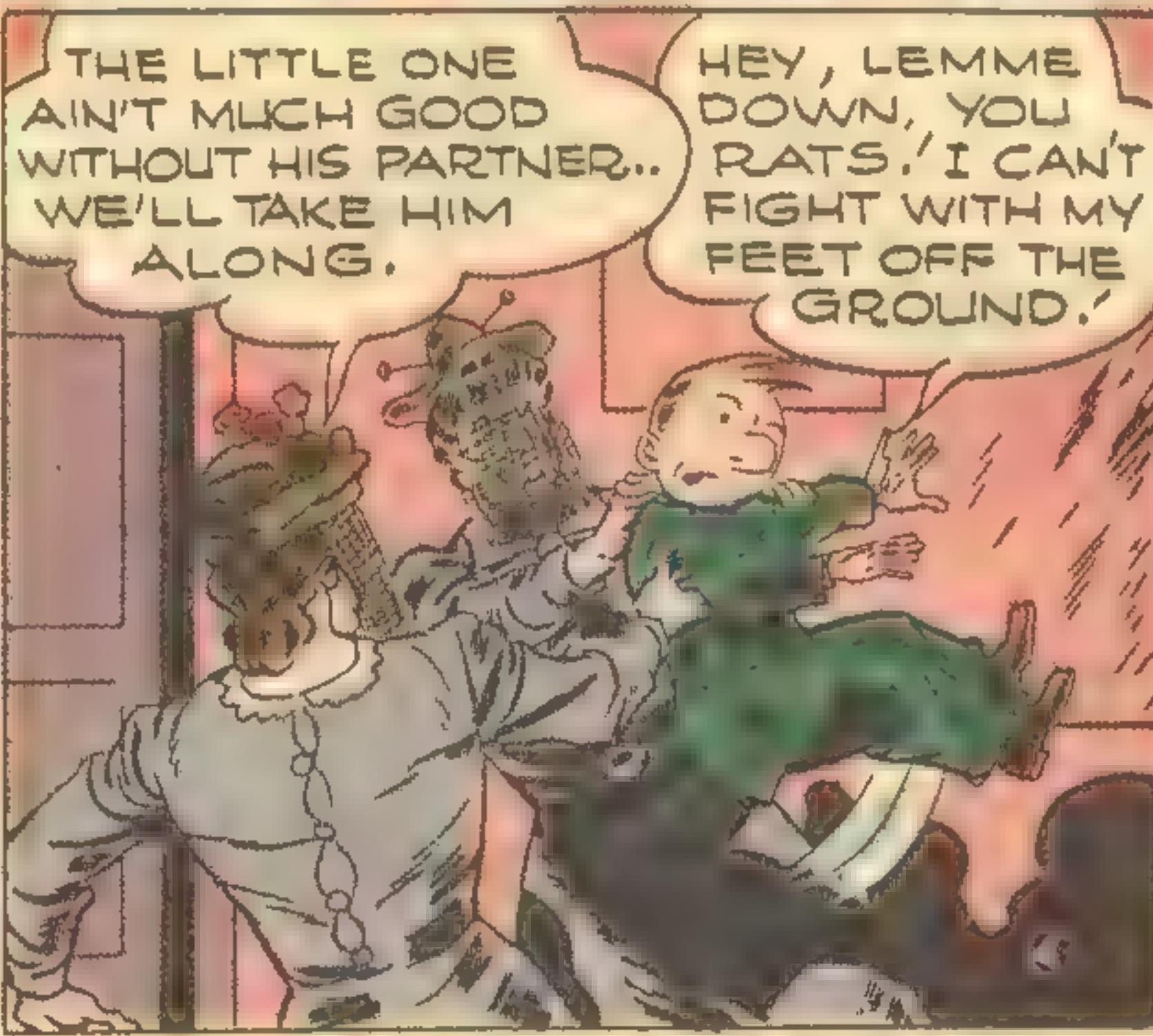
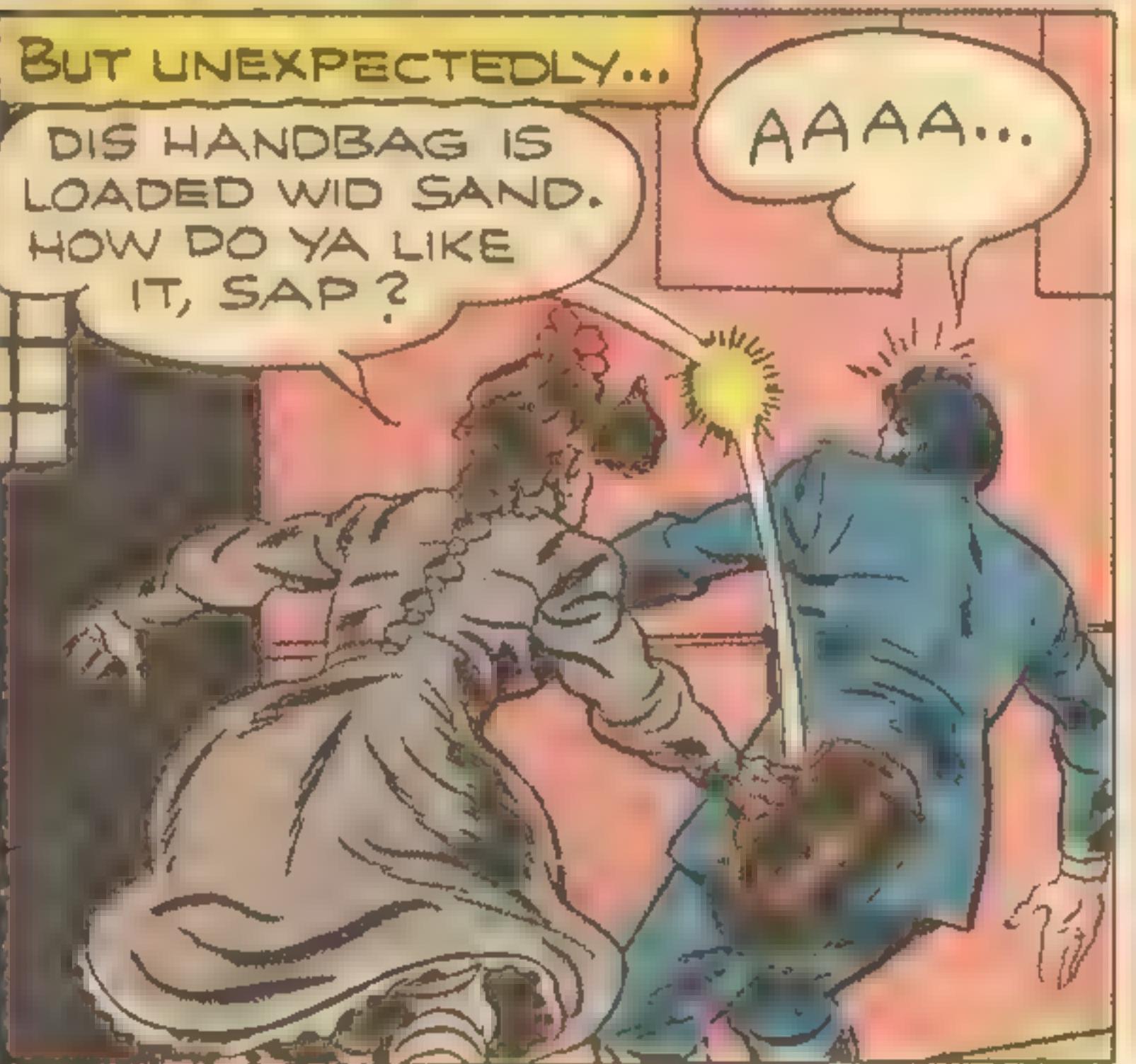
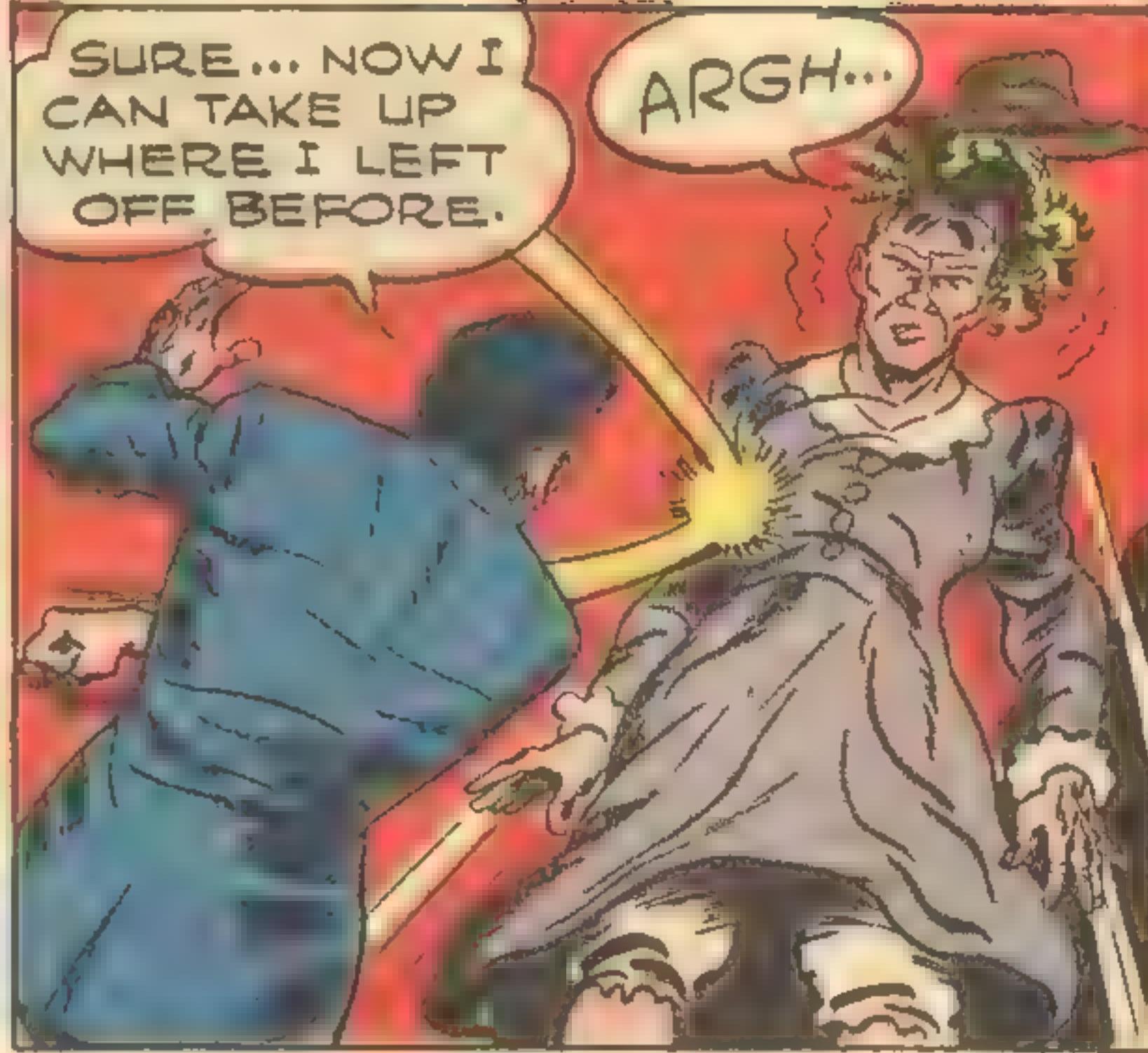
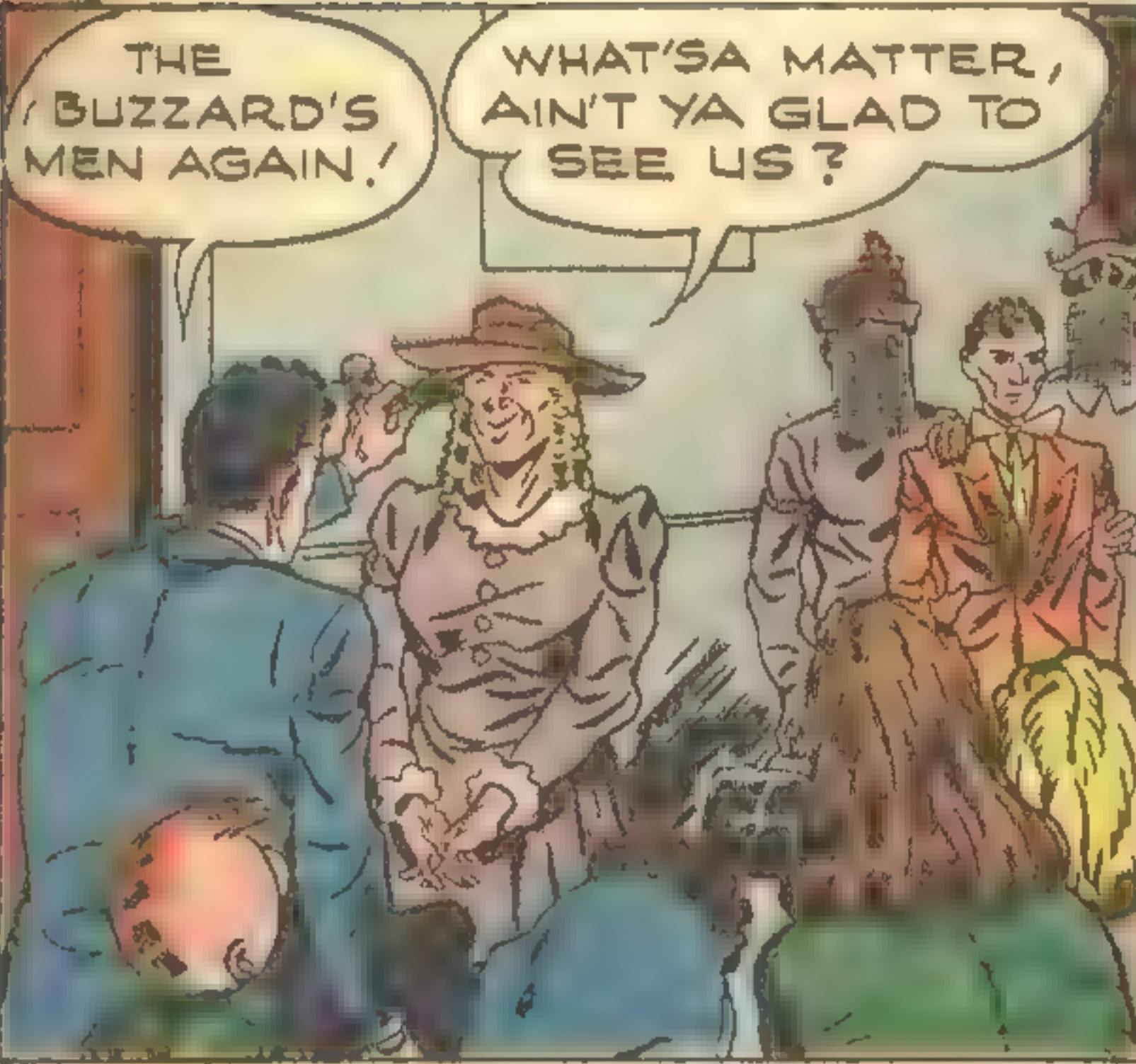
SUDDENLY...

COME ON, HANKIE...
WHETHER YOU LIKE IT
OR NOT, WE'RE PROTECTIN'
YA.

HUH..? WHO
ARE THOSE
WOMEN?



DETECTIVE COMICS





YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST CROOK WHO HAS THREATENED US... BUT WE'RE STILL CARRYIN' ON.

YEAH, BUT AFTER THE BUZZARD'S THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE JUST CARRION, HAW, HAW!

WHAT A SENSE OF HUMOR!

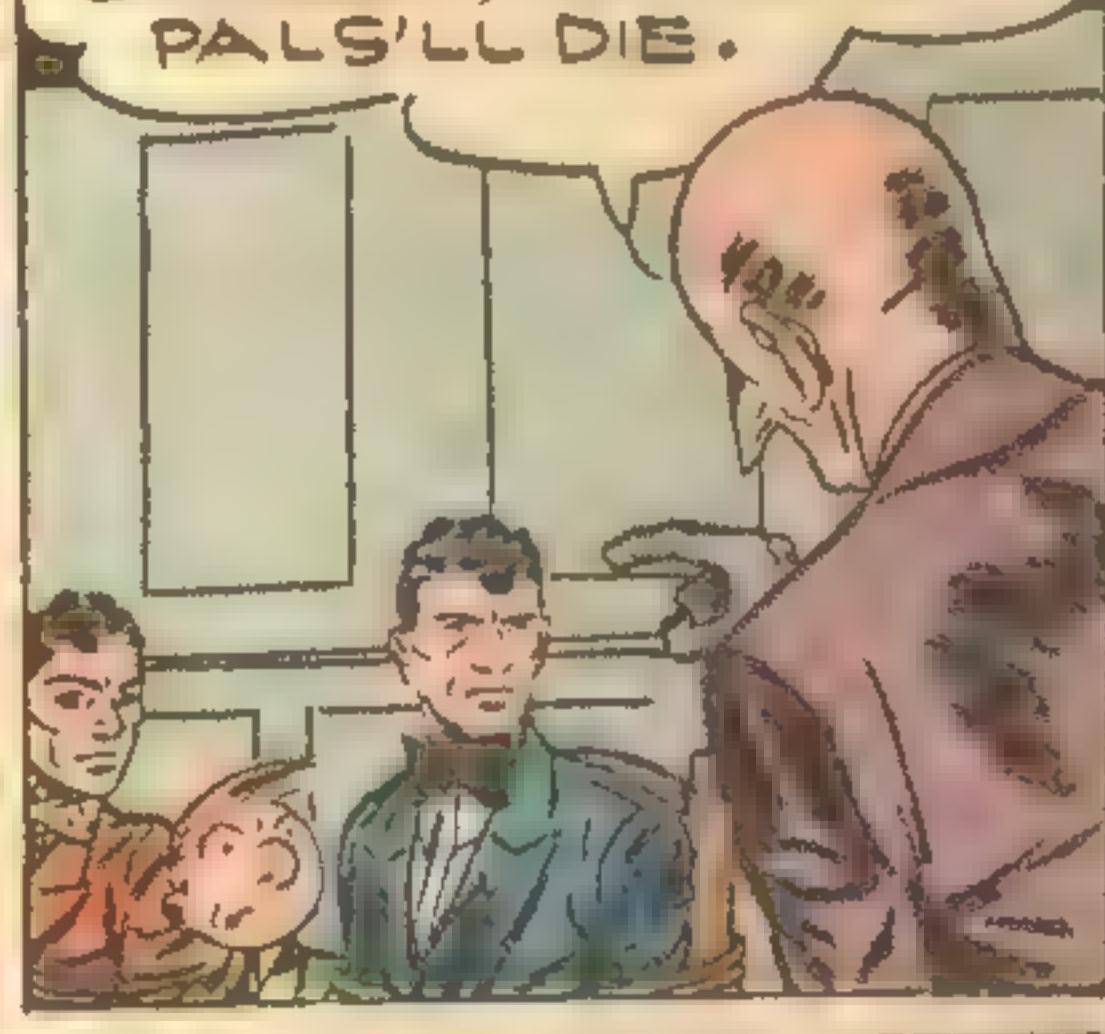
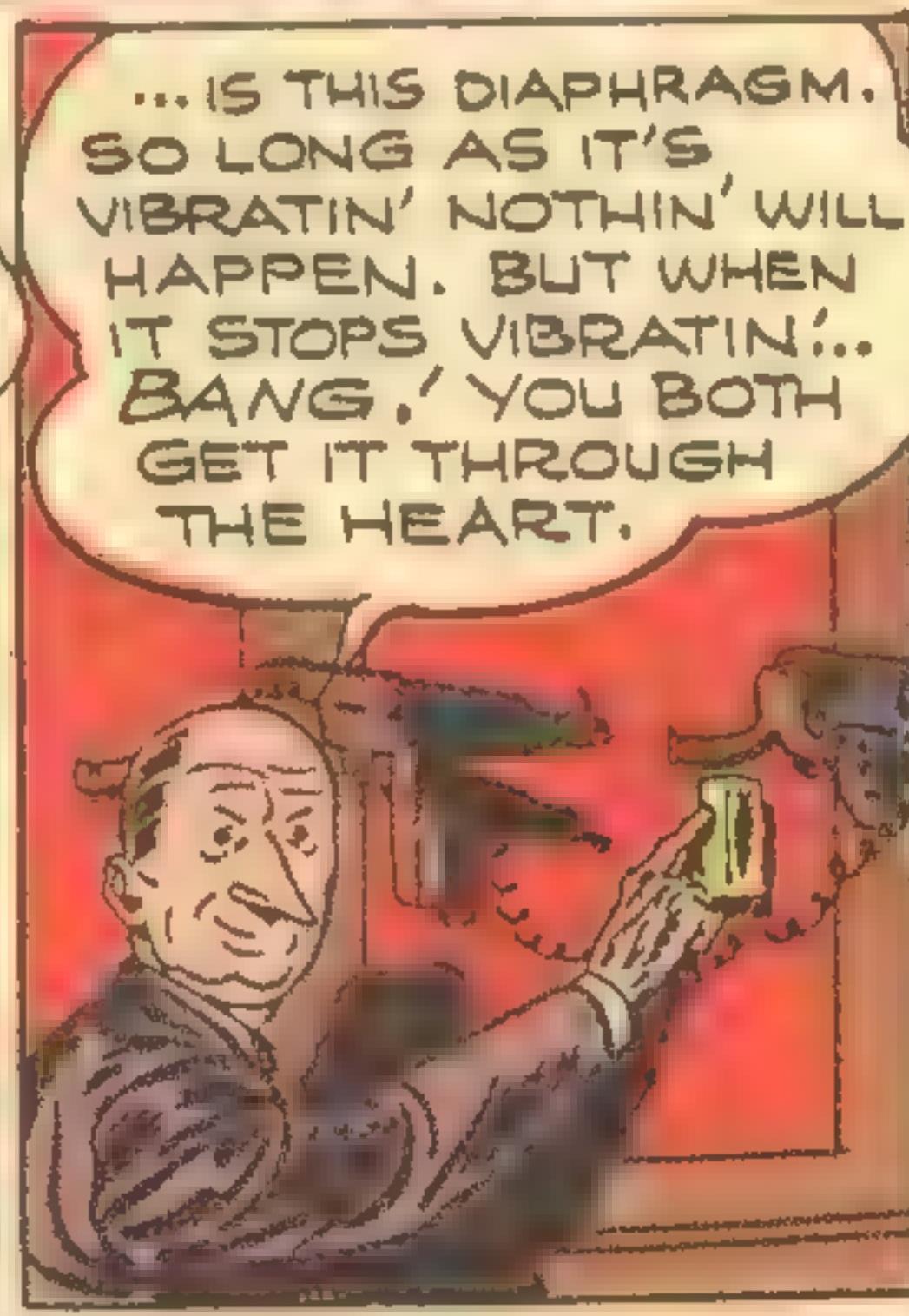
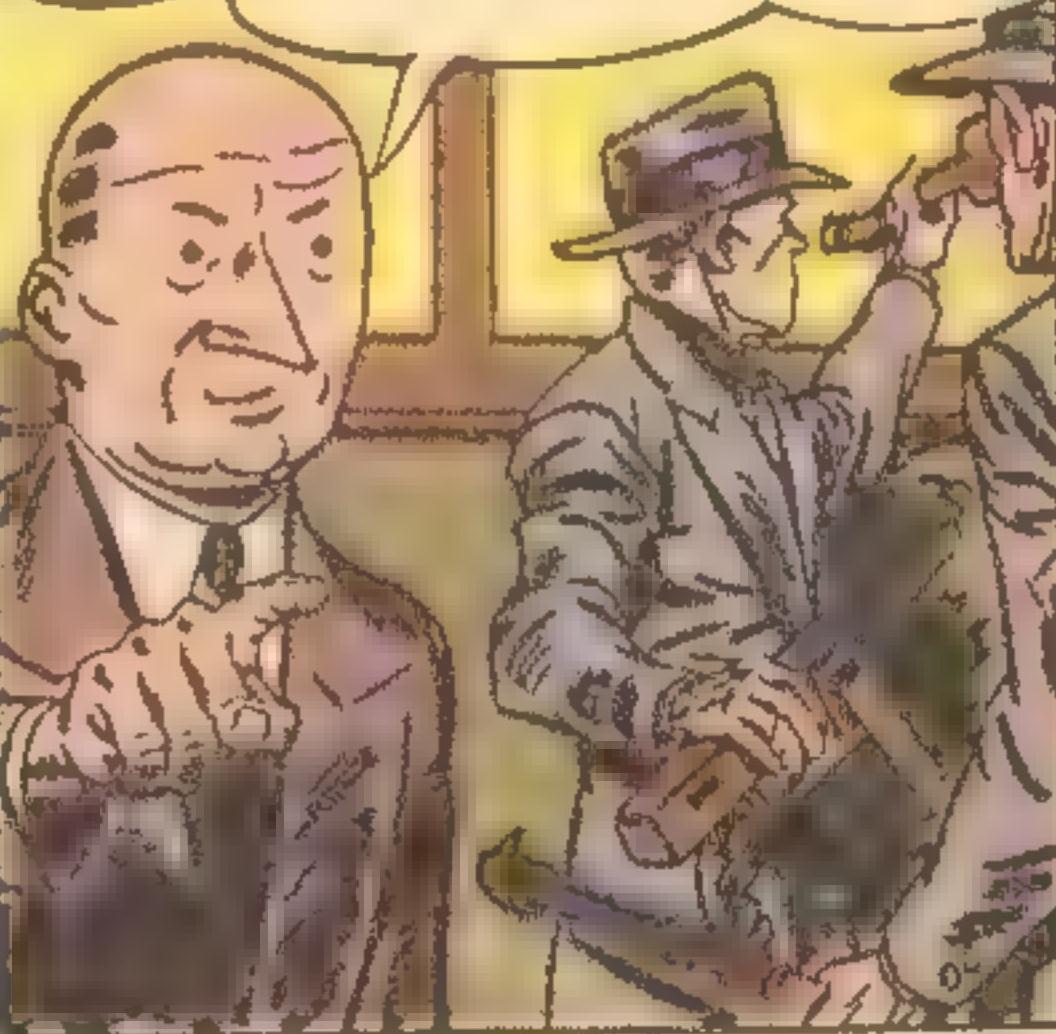
I HAVE GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR, SAP... AND I'M GONNA PROVE IT. SEEIN' AS WE'RE OUT IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE NOBODY CAN HEAR US, I'M GONNA LET HOTTRA SING. IN FACT, HE'D BETTER SING, OR ELSE-!



THESE TOMMY GUNS ARE BEING FIXED TO POINT RIGHT AT YOU GUYS. THE ONLY THING THAT'LL SET THEM OFF...

...IS THIS DIAPHRAGM. SO LONG AS IT'S VIBRATIN' NOTHIN' WILL HAPPEN. BUT WHEN IT STOPS VIBRATIN'... BANG! YOU BOTH GET IT THROUGH THE HEART.

IT'S BEEN FIXED SO THAT THE ONE THING THAT'LL KEEP IT VIBRATIN' IS A LOW BARITONE VOICE. GO AHEAD AND SCREECH, SCREECH, OR YOUR PALS'LL DIE.



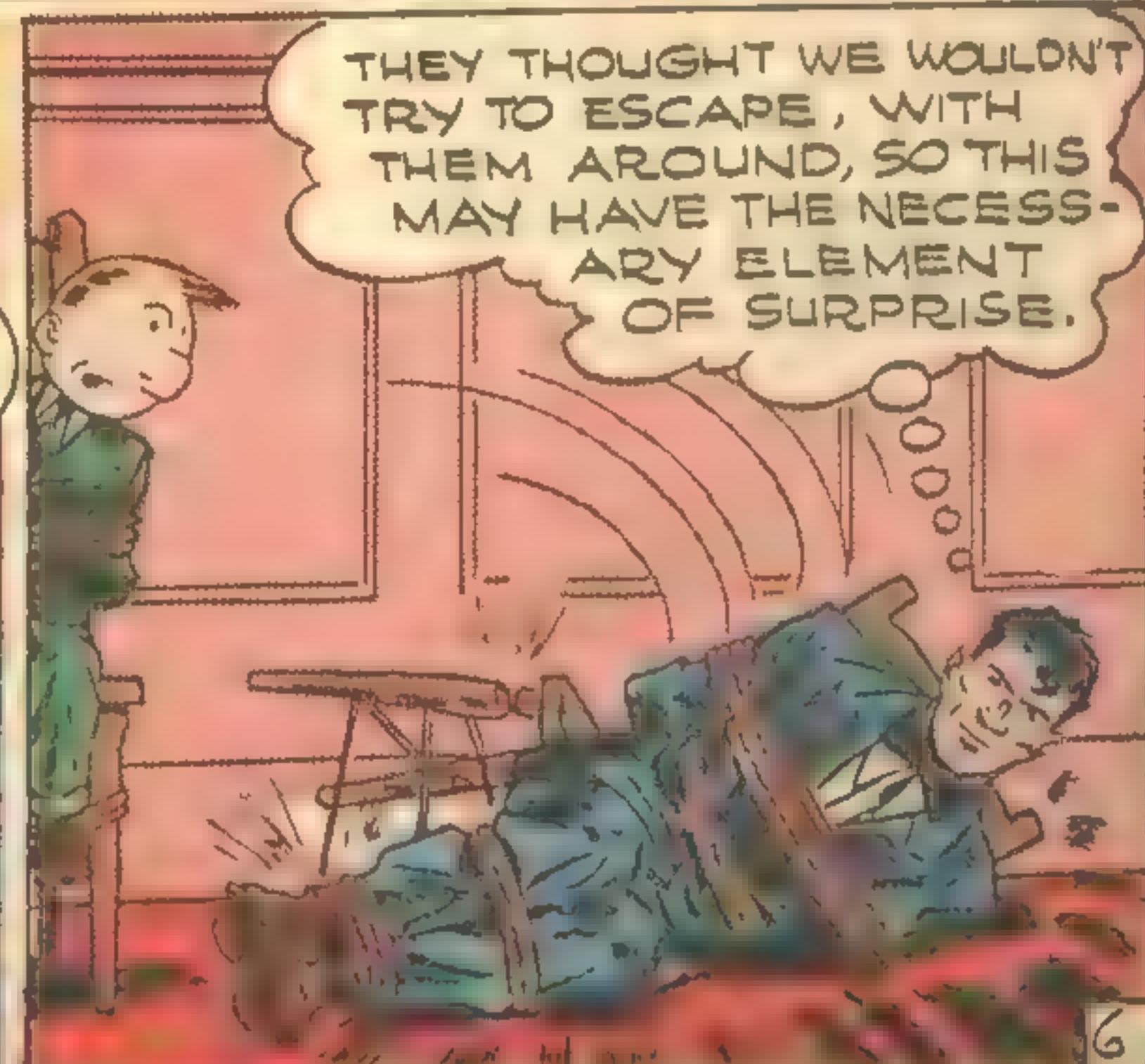
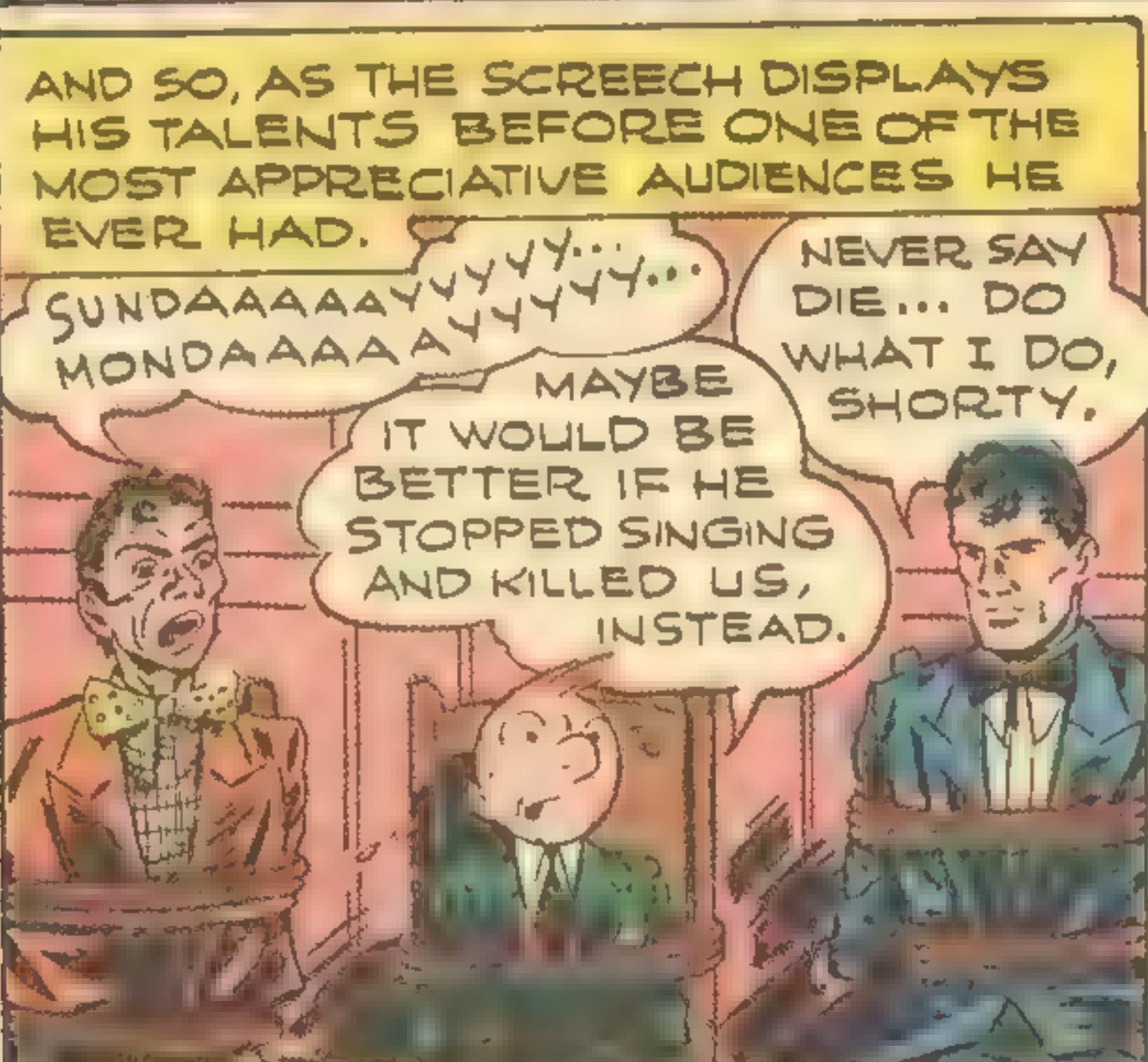
AND SO, AS THE SCREECH DISPLAYS HIS TALENTS BEFORE ONE OF THE MOST APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCES HE EVER HAD.

SUNDAAAAAYYY...
MONDAYYY...

NEVER SAY DIE... DO WHAT I DO, SHORTY.

MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF HE STOPPED SINGING AND KILLED US, INSTEAD.

THEY THOUGHT WE WOULDN'T TRY TO ESCAPE, WITH THEM AROUND, SO THIS MAY HAVE THE NECESSARY ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.



DETECTIVE COMICS

AND AS SHORTY FOLLOWS SUIT...

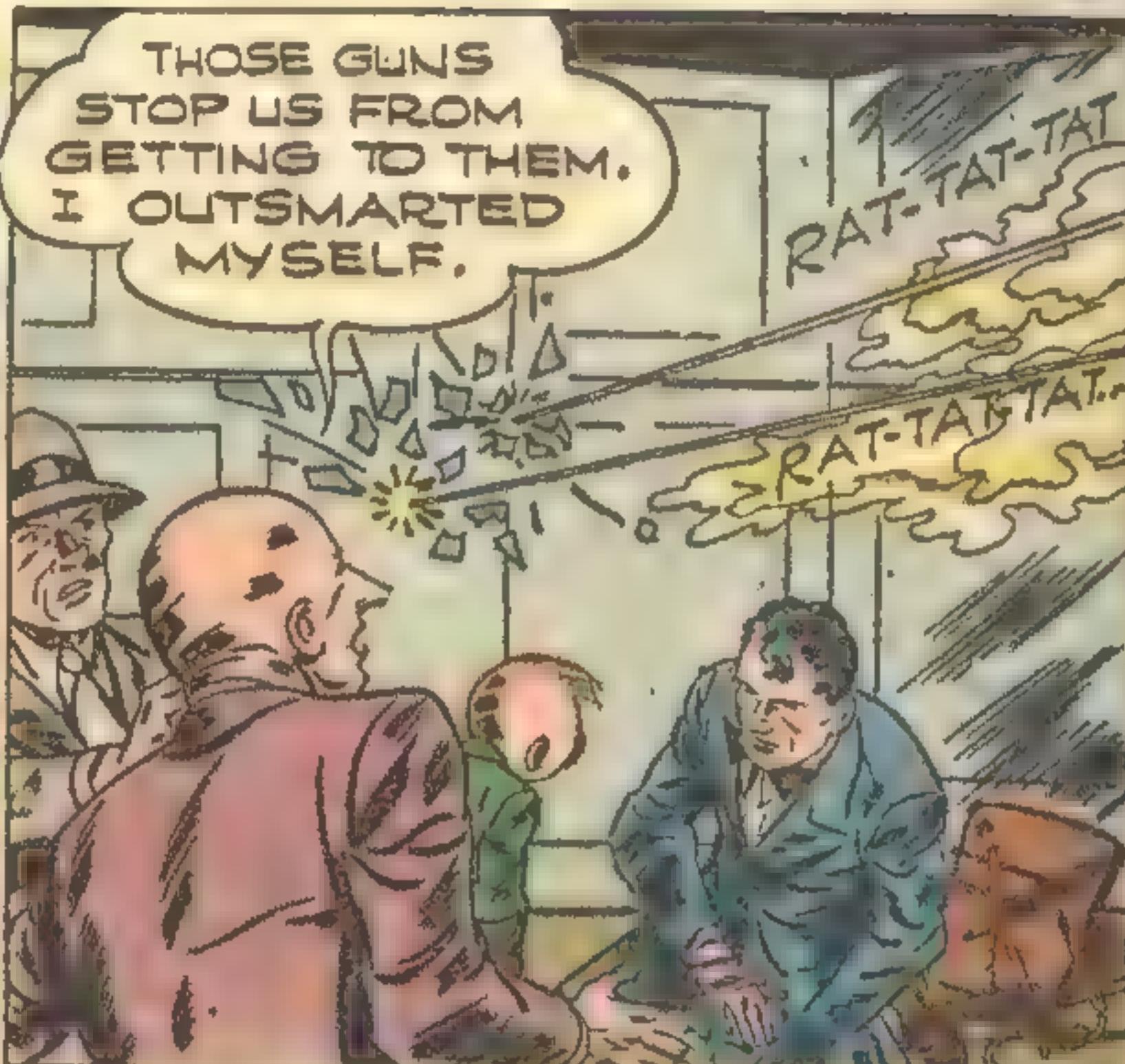
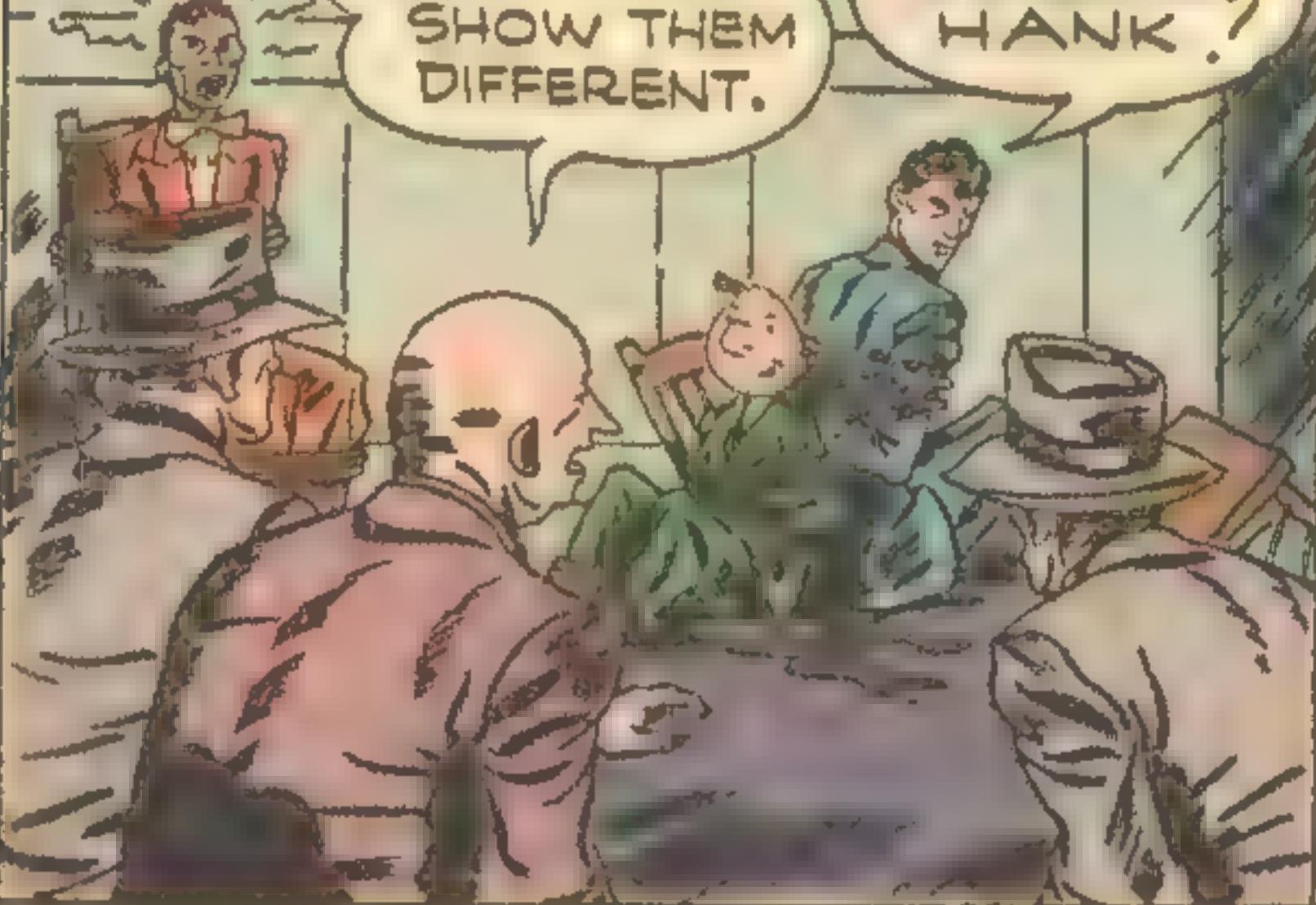
WHY, THE SAPS
THINK THEY'RE
GONNA GET
AWAY. I'LL
SHOW THEM
DIFFERENT.

NO, YOU
WON'T.
STOP
SINGING,
HANK!

THOSE GUNS
STOP US FROM
GETTING TO THEM.
I OUTSMARTED
MYSELF.

RAT-TAT-TAT

RAT-TAT-TAT



AND AS THE SHOOTING
CEASES...

GEE, TO THINK
WE'RE GETTING
PAID FOR
THIS!

LATER, AFTER THE CRIMIN-
ALS HAVE BEEN HANDED
OVER TO THE POLICE...

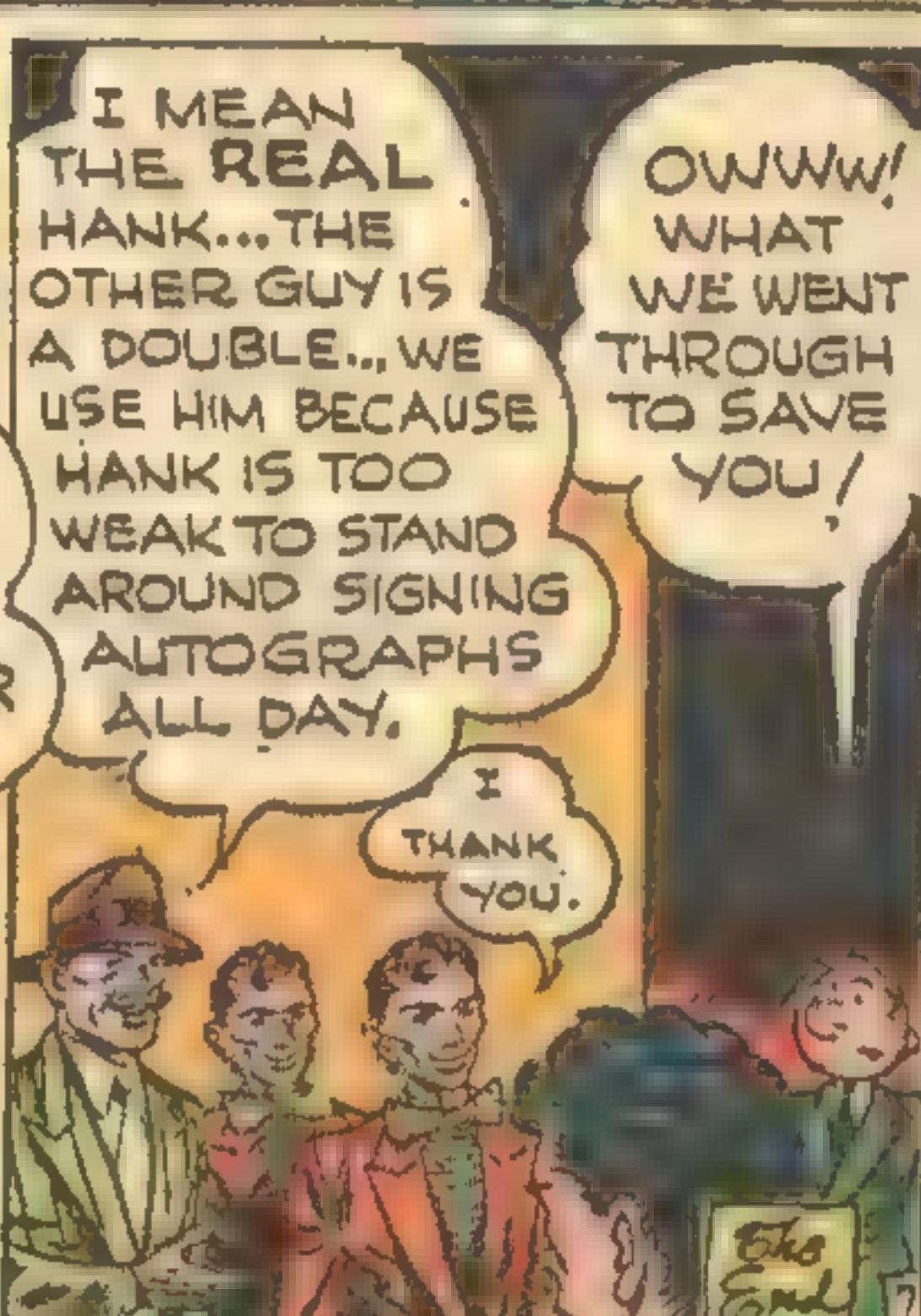
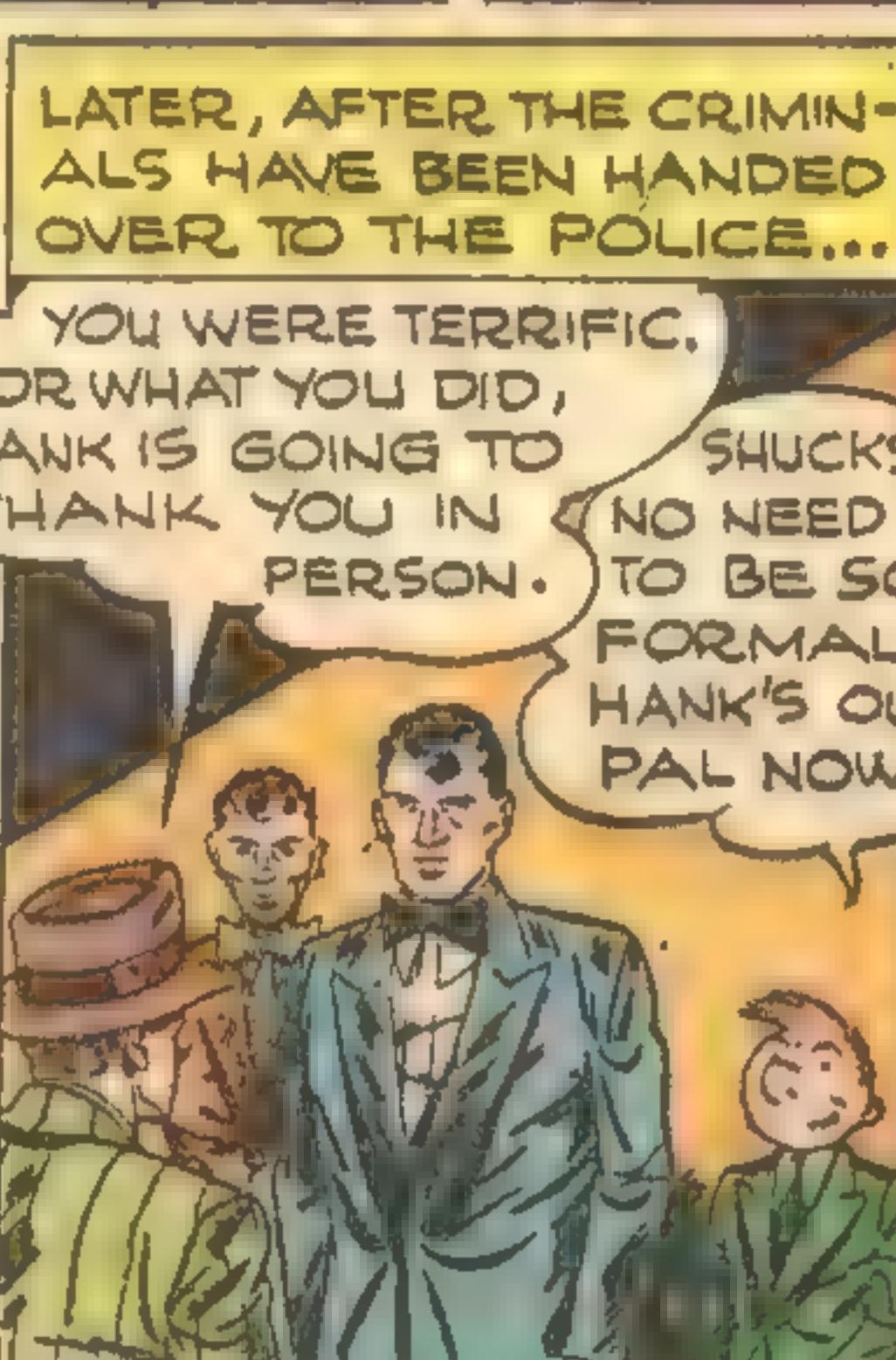
YOU WERE TERRIFIC.
FOR WHAT YOU DID,
HANK IS GOING TO
THANK YOU IN
PERSON.

SHUCKS,
NO NEED
TO BE SO
FORMAL.
HANK'S OUR
PAL NOW.

I MEAN
THE REAL
HANK...THE
OTHER GUY IS
A DOUBLE...WE
USE HIM BECAUSE
HANK IS TOO
WEAK TO STAND
AROUND SIGNING
AUTOGRAPHS
ALL DAY.

OWWW!
WHAT
WE WENT
THROUGH
TO SAVE
YOU!

I
THANK
YOU.



COME ON! LET'S
HURRY AND GET
SOME OF THOSE
BIG HINGEES
ENVELOPES!

YOU BET!
HINGEES
BRING THE
COMICS TO
LIFE!

PLAY WITH HINGEES
AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE!

BLONDIE
AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE

PLAY WITH BLONDIE
AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE
WITH DAGO木 WOOD,
BLONDIE ALEXANDER,
COOK & DAISY
LOOK - THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!

PLAY WITH POPEYE
AND HIS GANG TO LIFE

POPEYE
AND HIS GANG TO LIFE

PLAY WITH POPEYE
AND HIS GANG TO LIFE
WITH MARY OLIVE OYL,
ROUGHHOUSE, SWEETHEA
LOOK - THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!
THEY STAND!

THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC!
GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

10¢



A colorful illustration of a green caterpillar with a smiling face, large black eyes, and a small brown tuft on its head. It has a pattern of yellow and orange spots along its body. The caterpillar is shown in various stages of crawling across a light-colored surface, with some motion lines indicating movement. A small red rectangular tag with the number '103' is attached to its rear end.

WHEN PRECIOUS LOOT SAVES CRIMINALS
THE TROUBLE OF STEALING IT BY CALMLY
DEPARTING ONLY ON ITS OWN STEAM, CRIME
PAYS ONLY TOO WELL! TOO WELL TO
SUIT AIR WAVE, WIZARD OF WIRELESS,
WHO WASTES NO TIME IN RETRIEVING
THE...
"SWAG THAT STOLE ITSELF!"

IN A HIDEOUT, DCC FIELD'S BOSS CRIMINAL, RECEIVES A GLOOMY REPORT!

DOC, IT AIN'T NO USE!
WE CASED THIS JOINT,
BUT WE'LL NEVER
GET THE STUFF!

YEAH, DA PLACE IS
TOO WELL
GUARDED!

**HA! HA! FORGET
ABOUT THE GUARDS!
WE WON'T EVEN HAVE
TO STEAL THE STUFF...
IT'LL STEAL
ITSELF!**

DETECTIVE COMICS

YOU HEARD ME! NOW LISTEN,
HERE'S HOW WE'LL WORK IT...

STEAL
ITSELF?

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON . . .

GOSH, SWIFTY,
THIS IS TOO
EASY!

THAT'S HOW I LIKE IT,
PAL. WHEN DOC FIXES
THINGS, THEY NEVER GO
WRONG!

HEY, SWIFTY, LOOK
AT THAT GUARD
'WATCHIN' US!

YEAH, HE'S SUSPICIOUS. BUT WHAT
WE JUST DONE AIN'T GONNA GET
US IN TROUBLE...NOT YET!

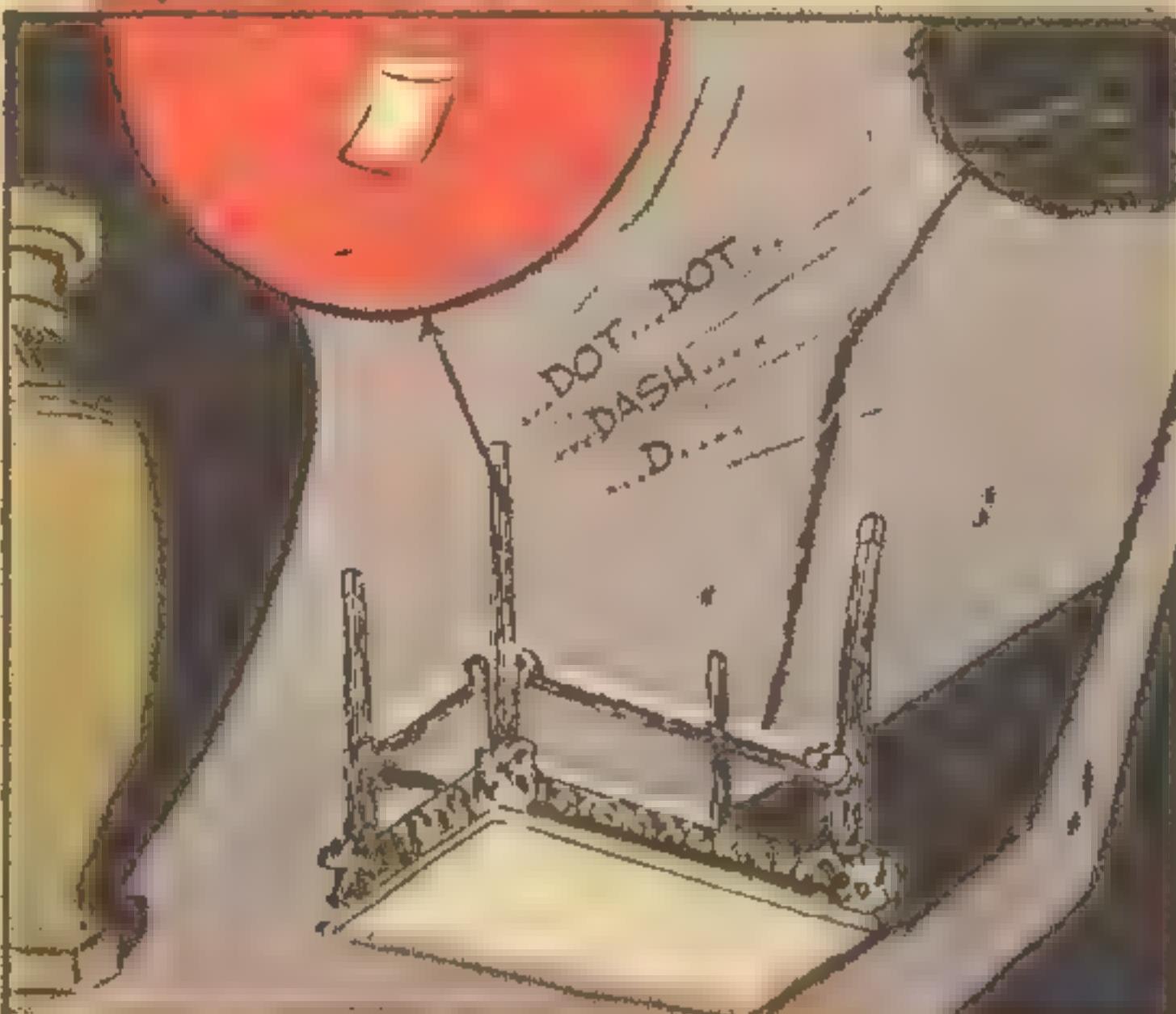
BUT WHEN DA TIME COMES, DAT
GUARD IS GONNA BE AWFUL
EMBARRASSED....

THAT NIGHT....

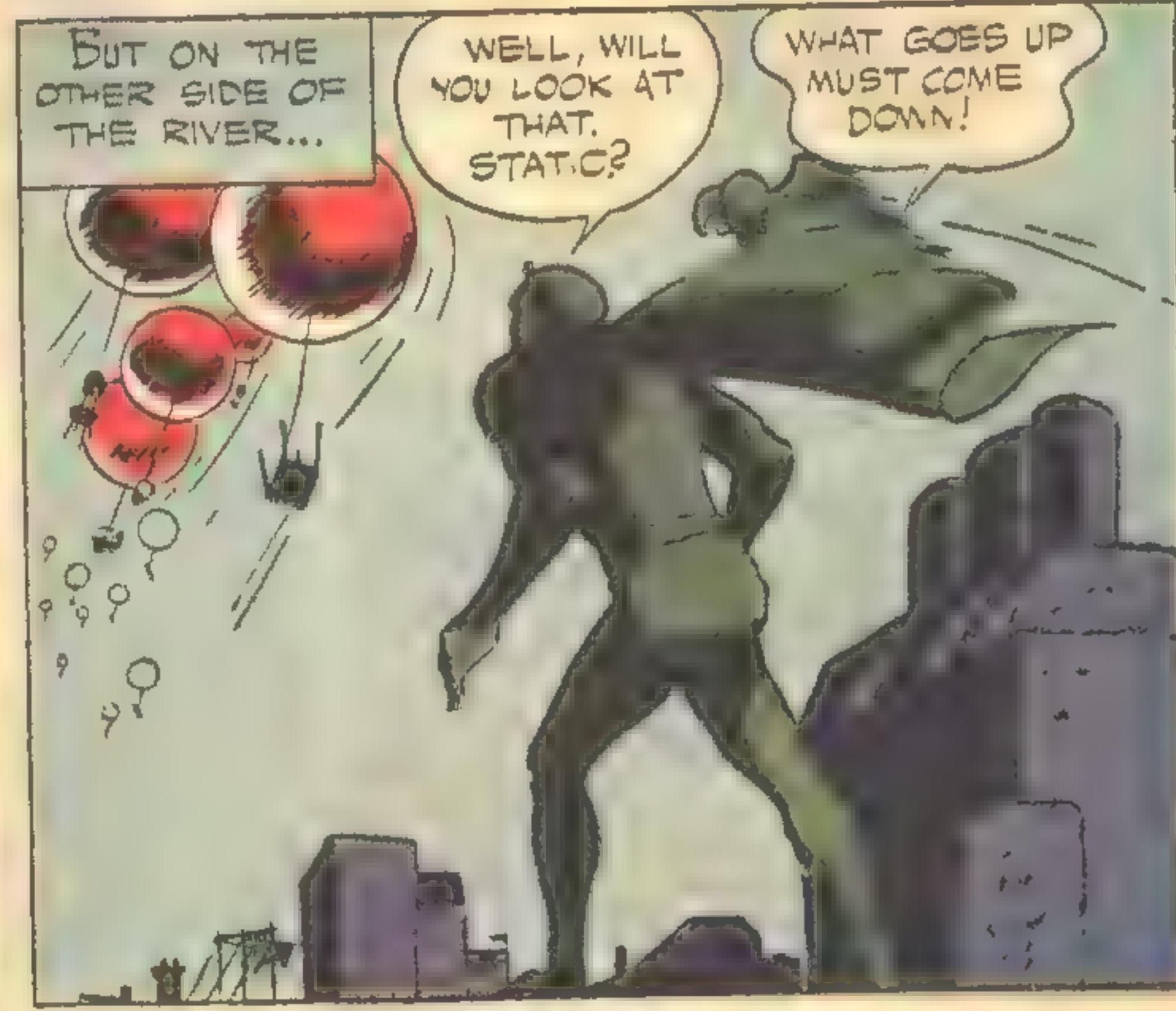
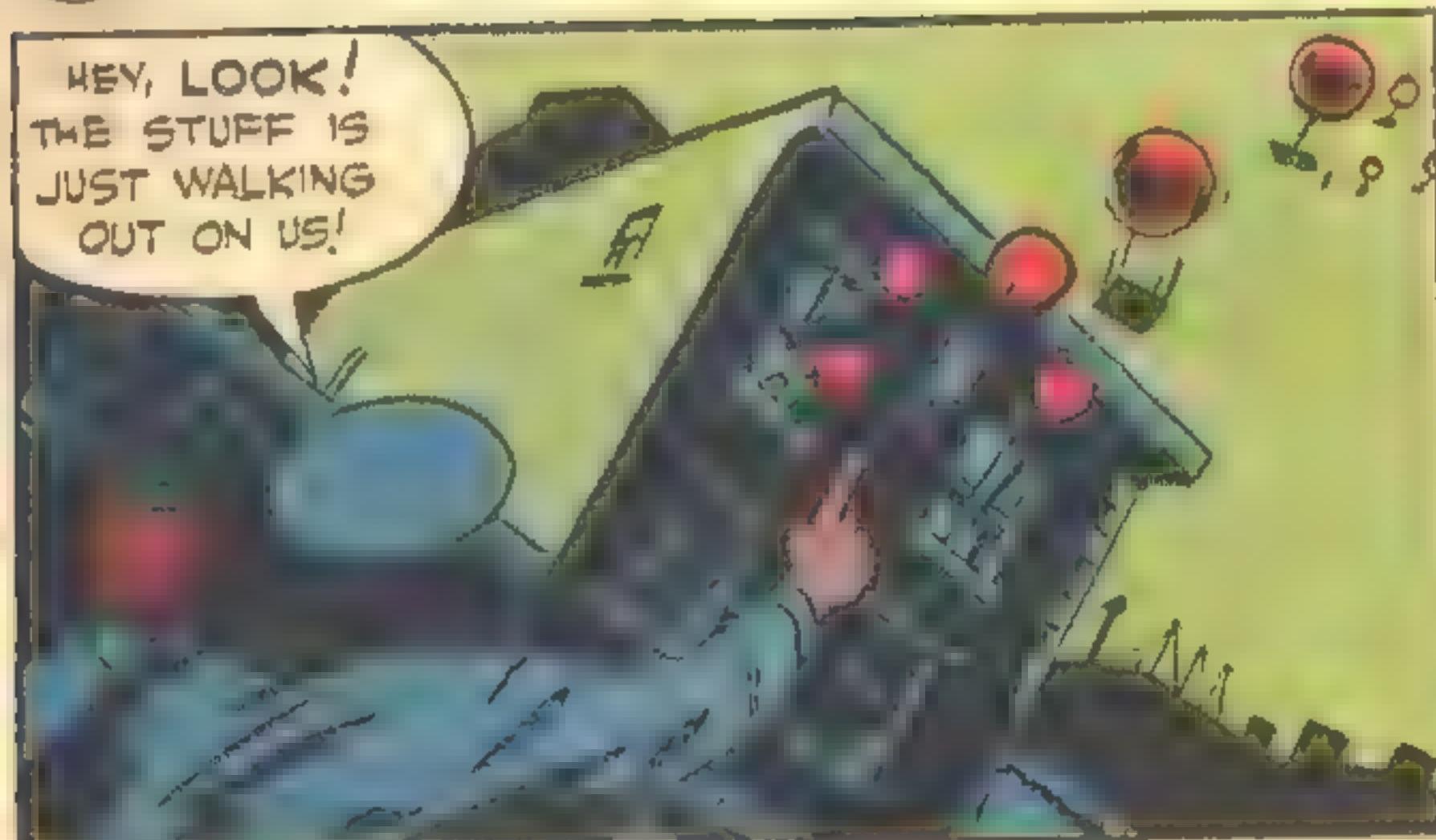
AND THEN, IT COMES
TO LIFE IN A MOST
EXTRAORDINARY
FASHION....

A TINY PACKAGE RECEIVES
A WIRELESSSED SIGNAL!

DOT...DOT...
DASH...
D...



DETECTIVE COMICS ROY JOHNSON

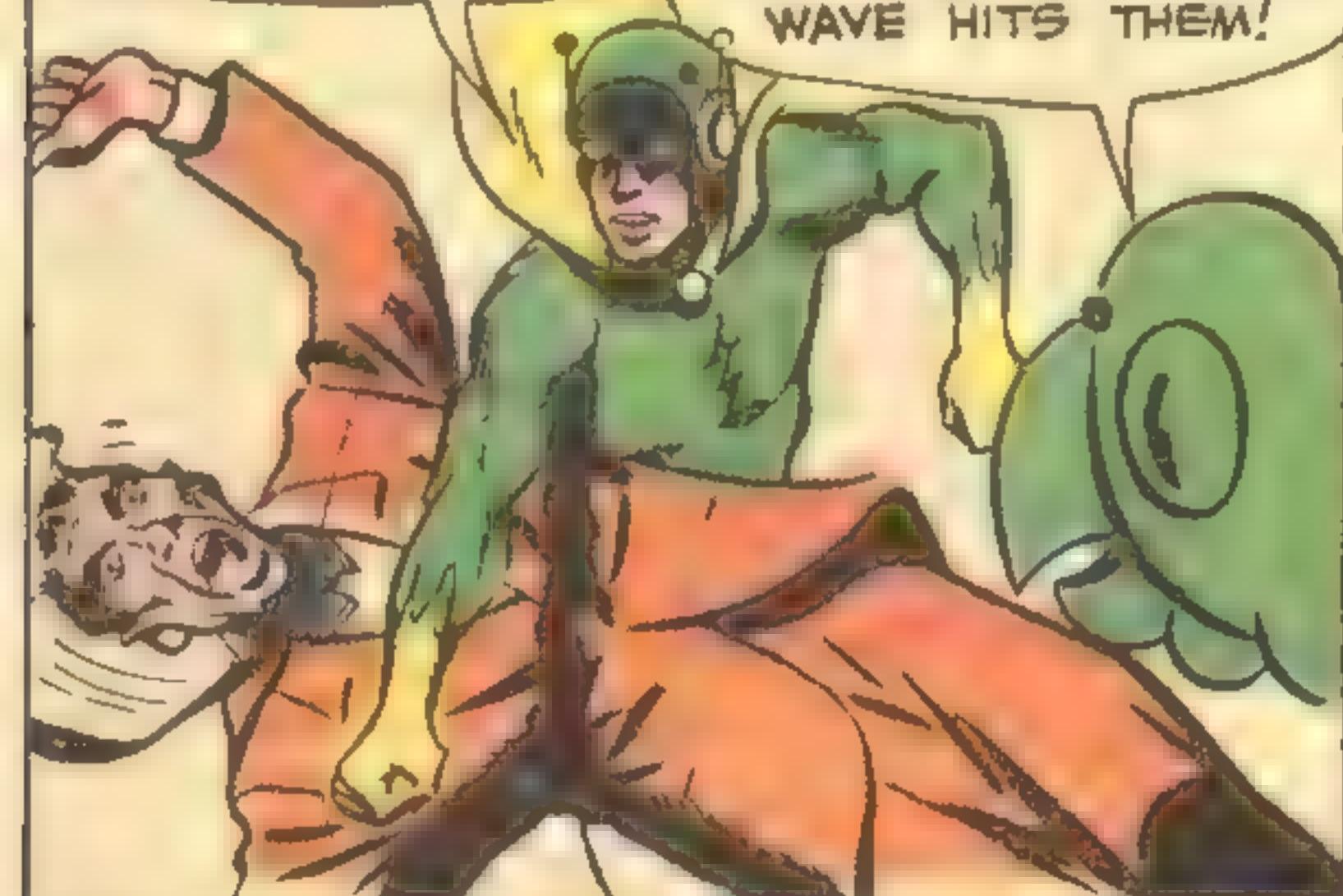


DETECTIVE COMICS



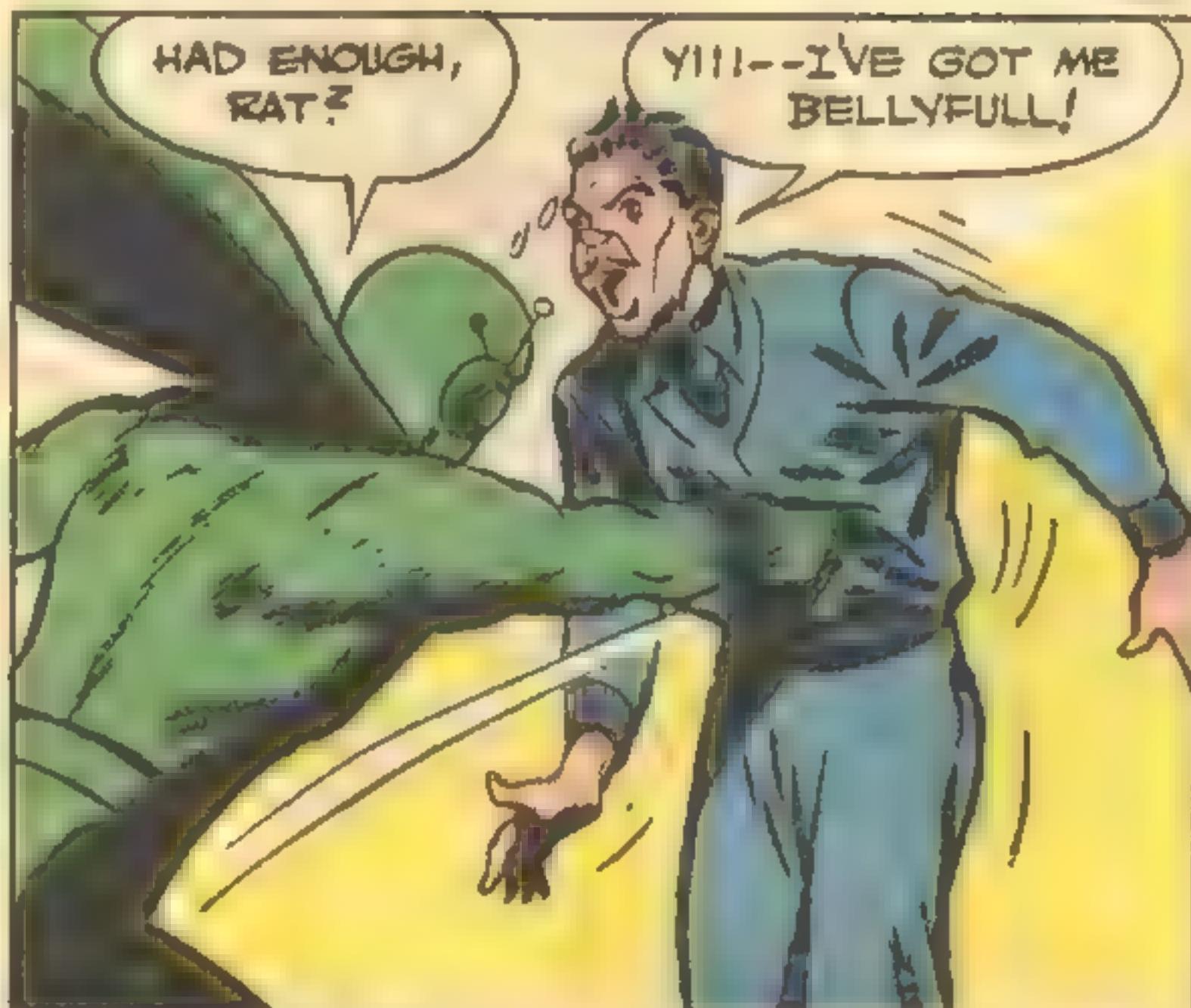
DON'T FORGET MY DYNAMIC PAL, STATIC!

AWRK! THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL...WHEN AIR WAVE HITS THEM!



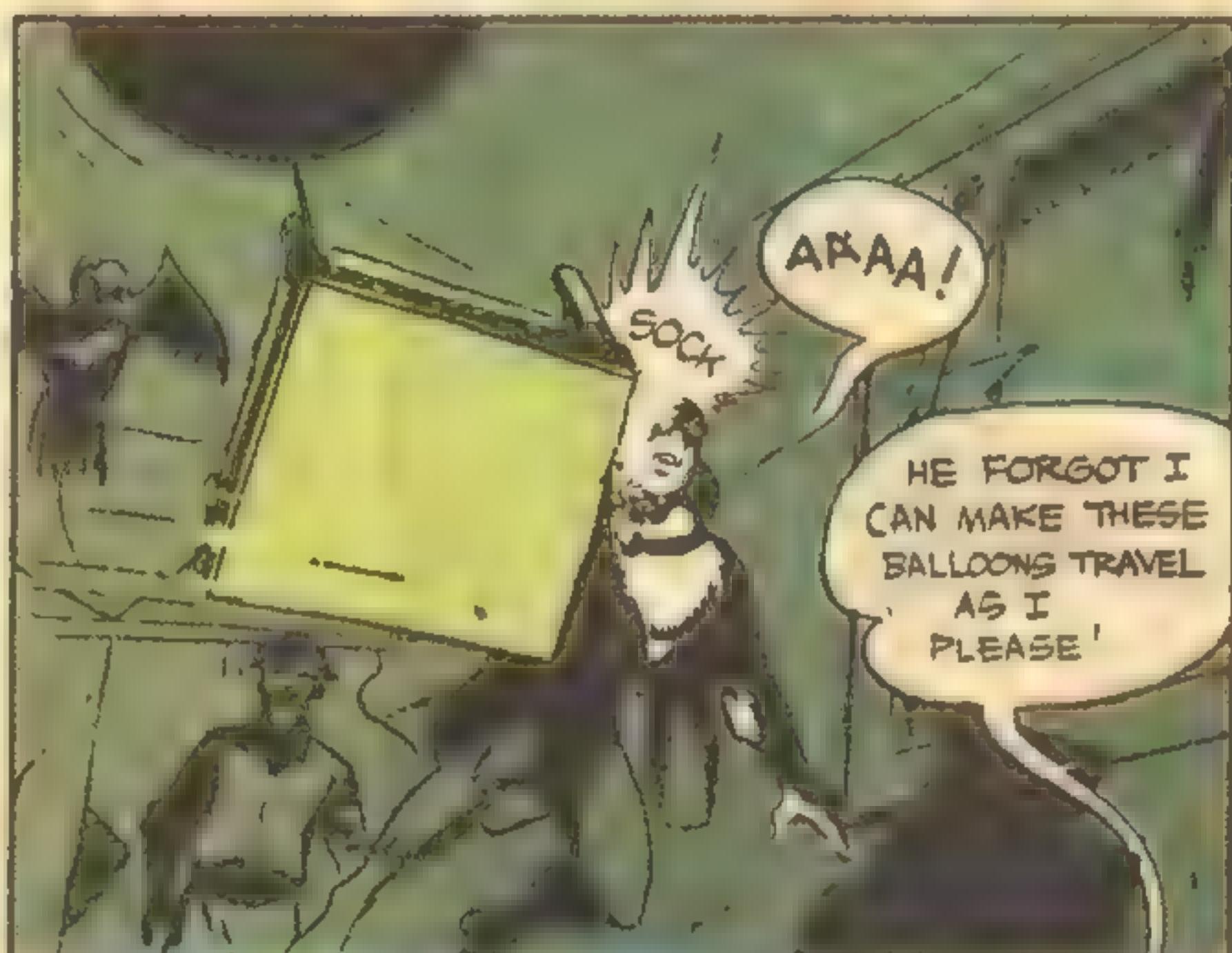
HAD ENOUGH, RAT?

YIII--I'VE GOT ME BELLYFULL!



BUT, UNSEEN BY THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO...

AIR WAVE THINKS HE'S ALREADY WON... BUT HE'S IN FOR A SURPRISE!



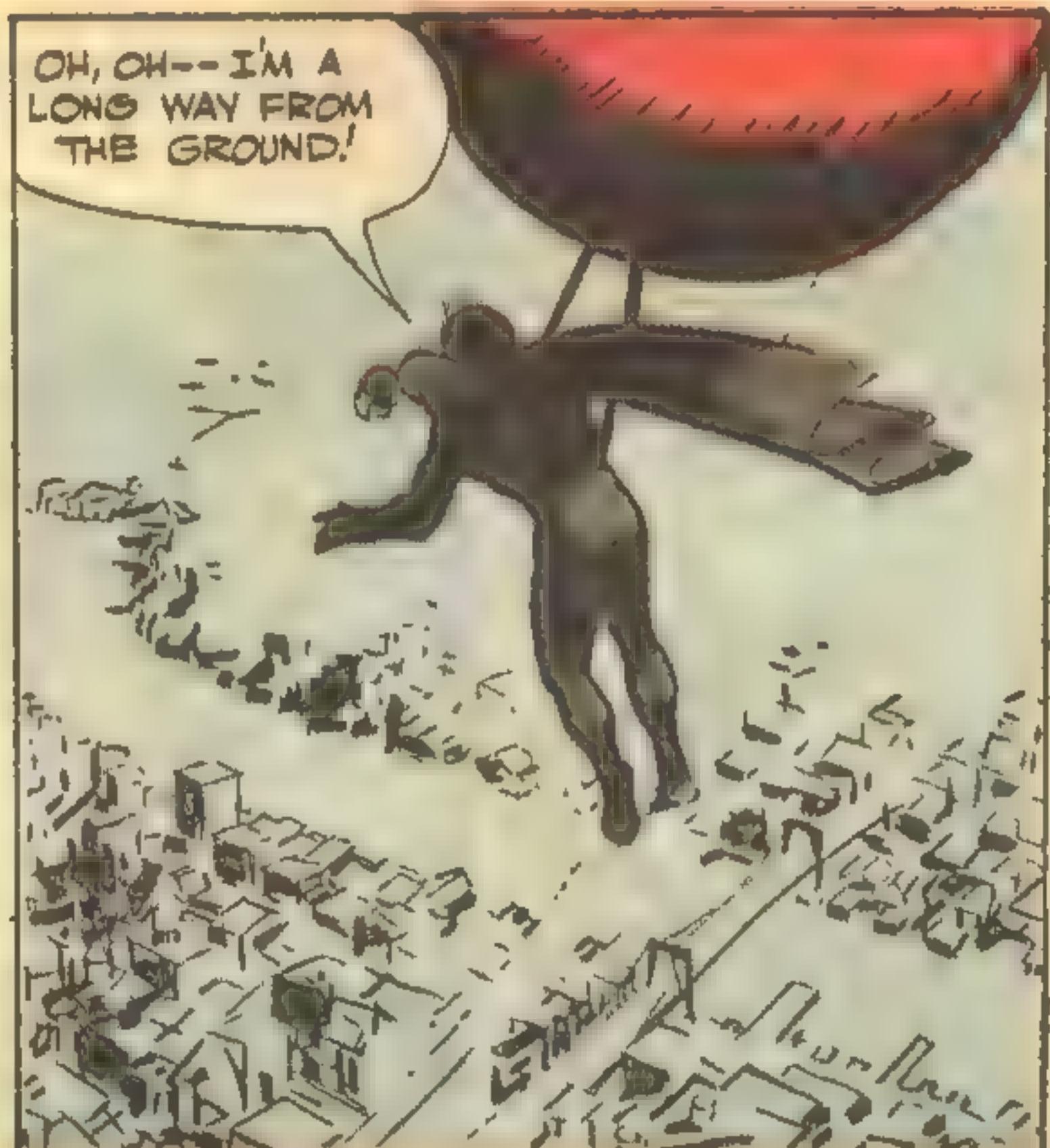
Soon AIR WAVE RECOVERS...

AWRK! KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY, WEALTHY, AND WISE!

WHERE AM I?



OH, OH-- I'M A LONG WAY FROM THE GROUND!



DETECTIVE COMICS

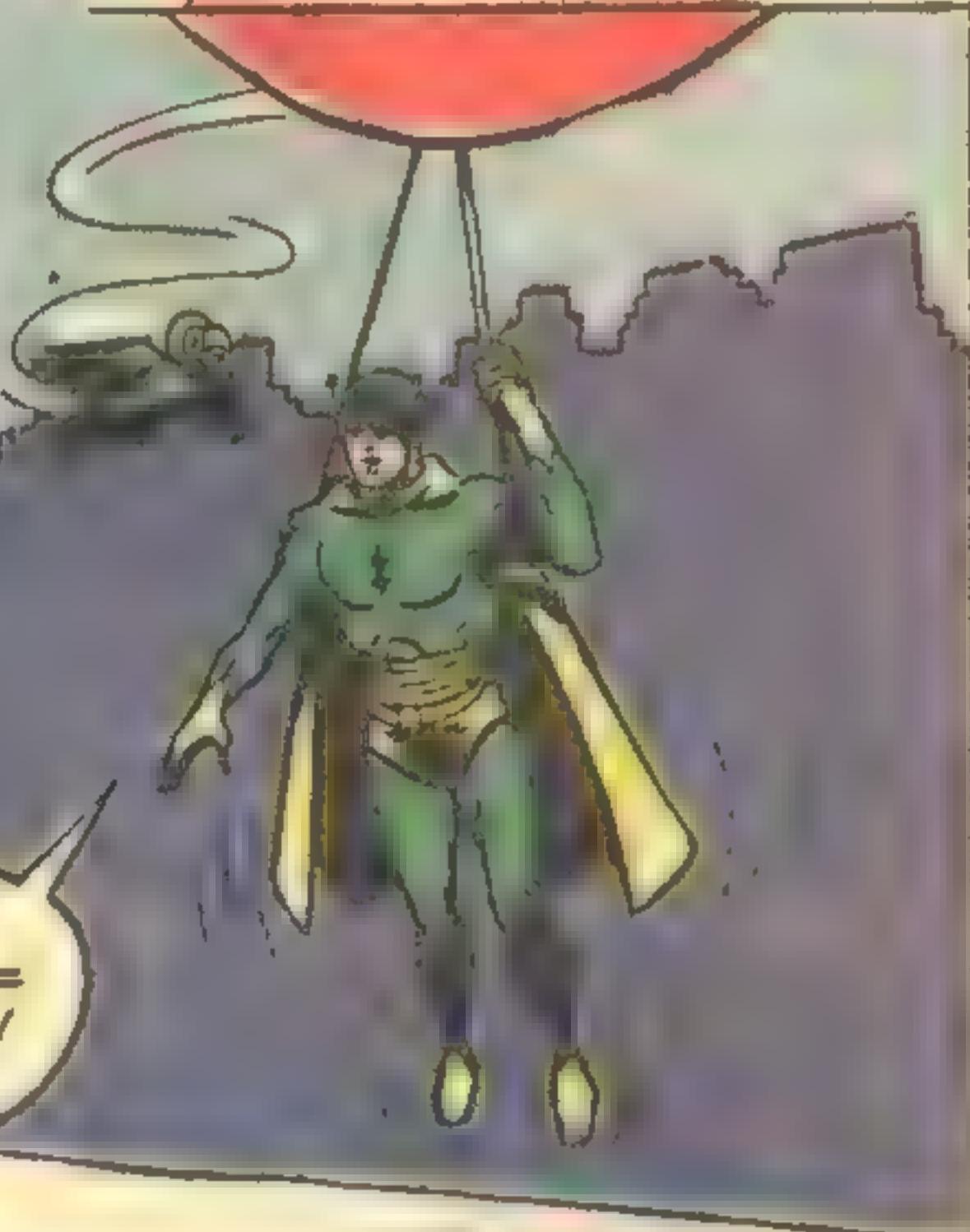
I'M FALLING! I'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!



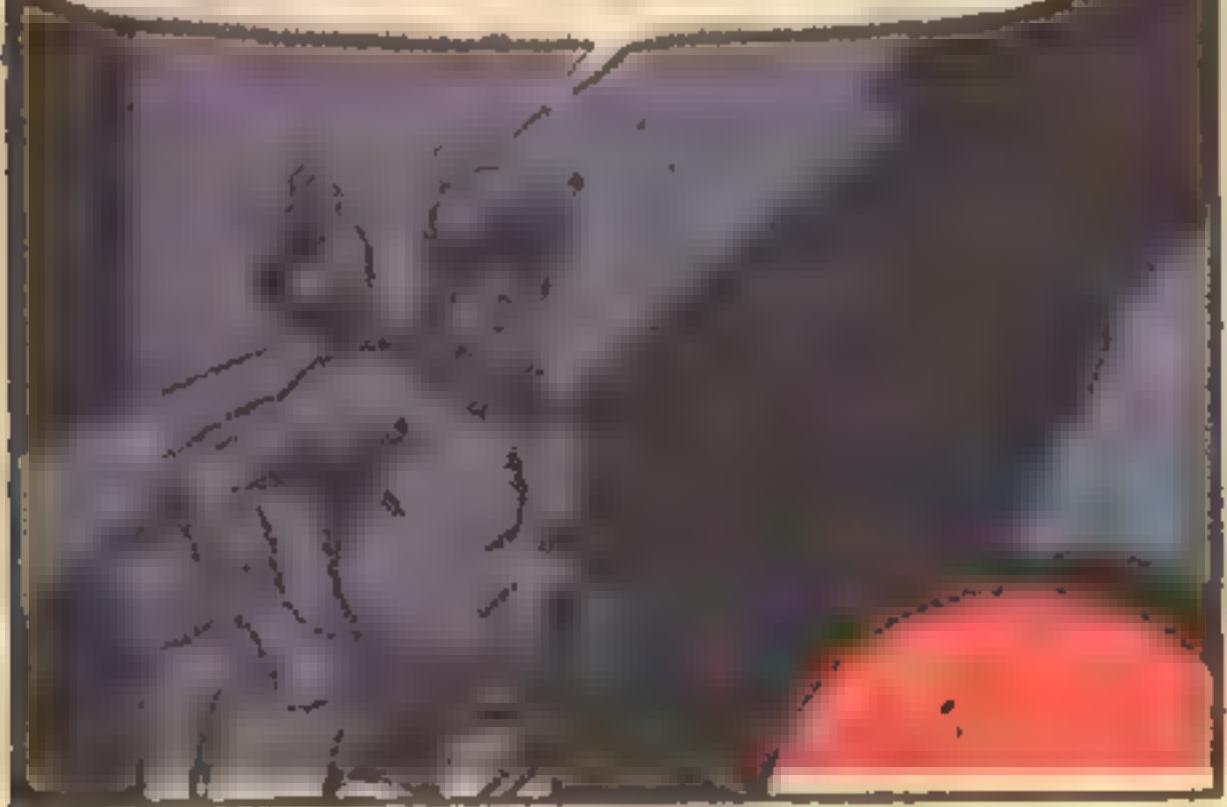
UNLESS THIS BALLOON IS RADIO CONTROLLED, I'LL USE MY OWN SET TO JAM THE SIGNALS!



AIR WAVE WORKS FEVERISHLY, AND THEN....



NOW TO GO AFTER THOSE THUGS! THEY'VE GOT TO LEARN THE DANGERS OF WIRELESS -- FROM AIR WAVE!



BUT WHEN AIR WAVE REACHES THE GANG'S HIDEOUT---

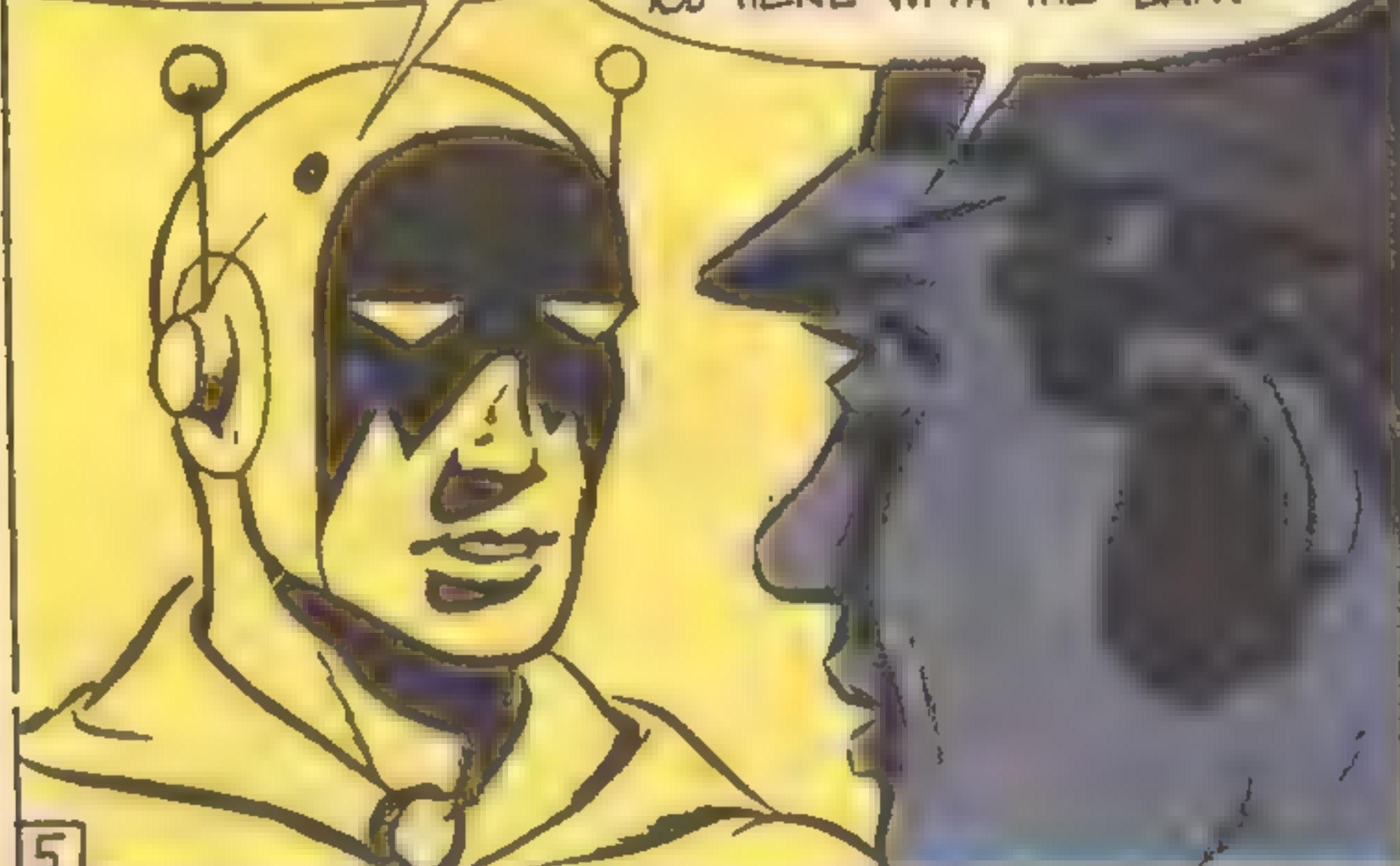
NEIGHBORS REPORTED A FIGHT GOING ON, AIR WAVE, SO WE RUSHED OVER BUT THE PLACE IS EMPTY!

THE RATS HAVE FLOWN! BUT, FORTUNATELY, THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO REMOVE THE LOOT!



SO MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE ANOTHER TRY AT IT!

OKAY, AIR WAVE, IF THERE'S A CHANCE OF THAT, WE'LL LEAVE YOU HERE WITH THE BAIT!

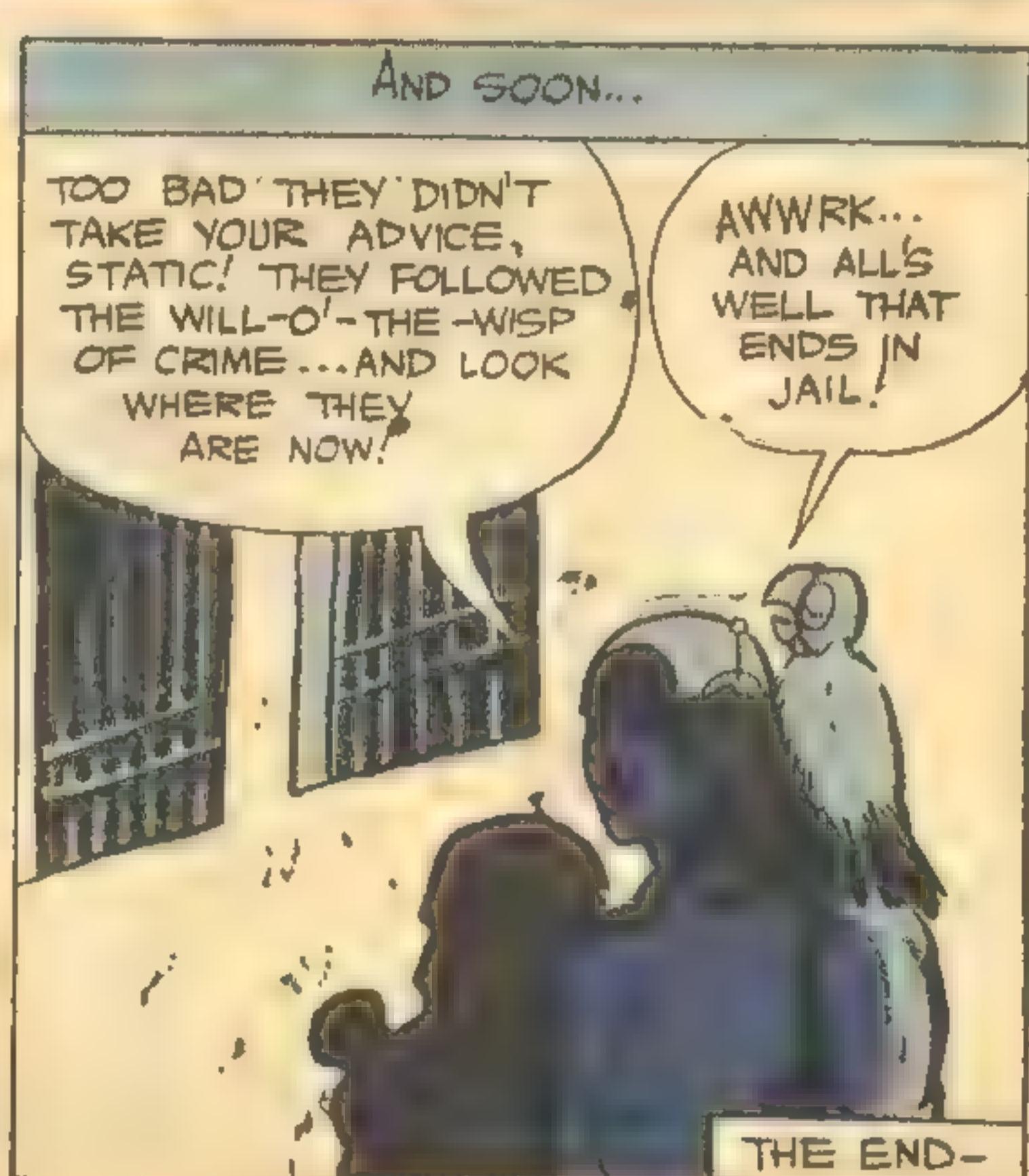
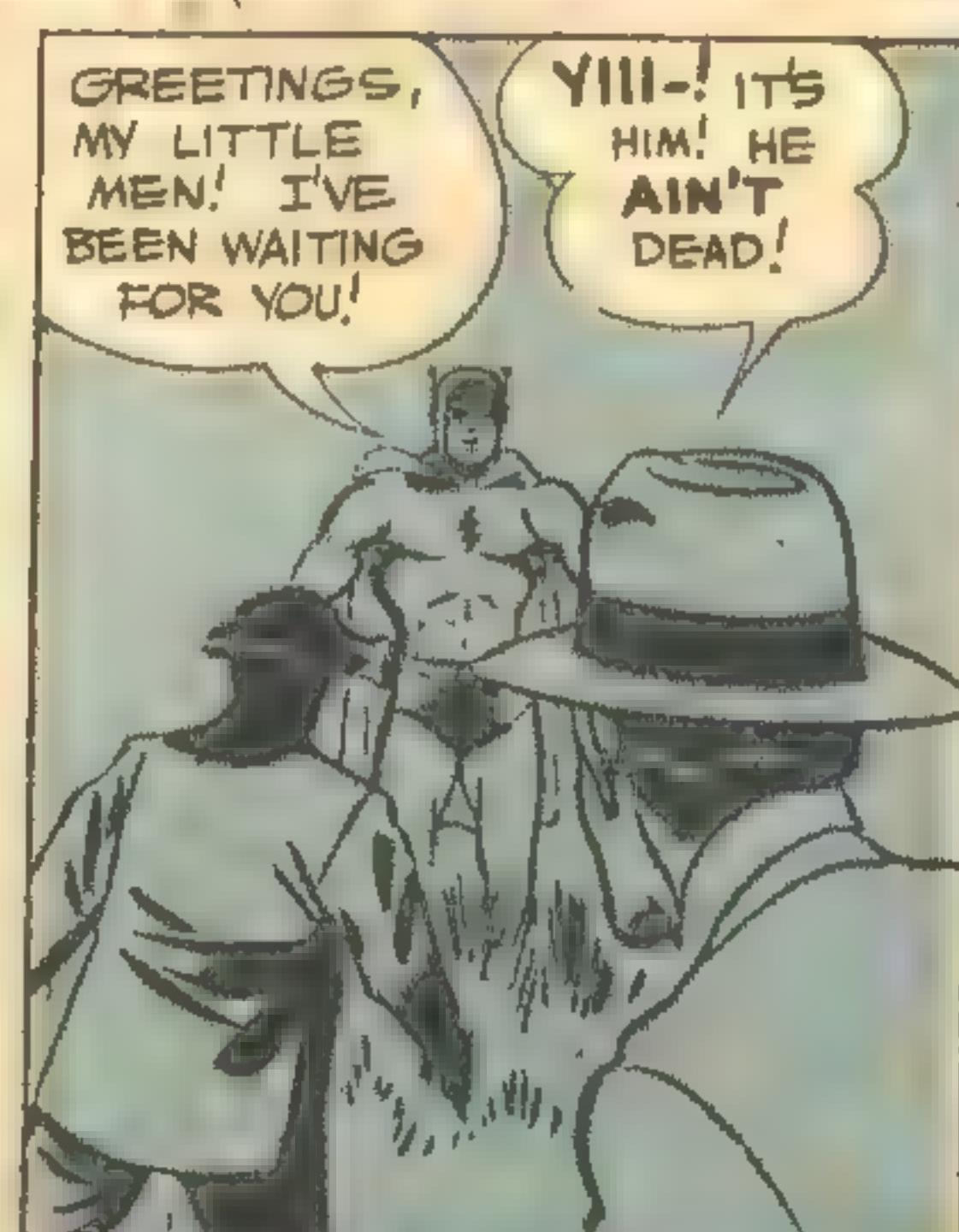
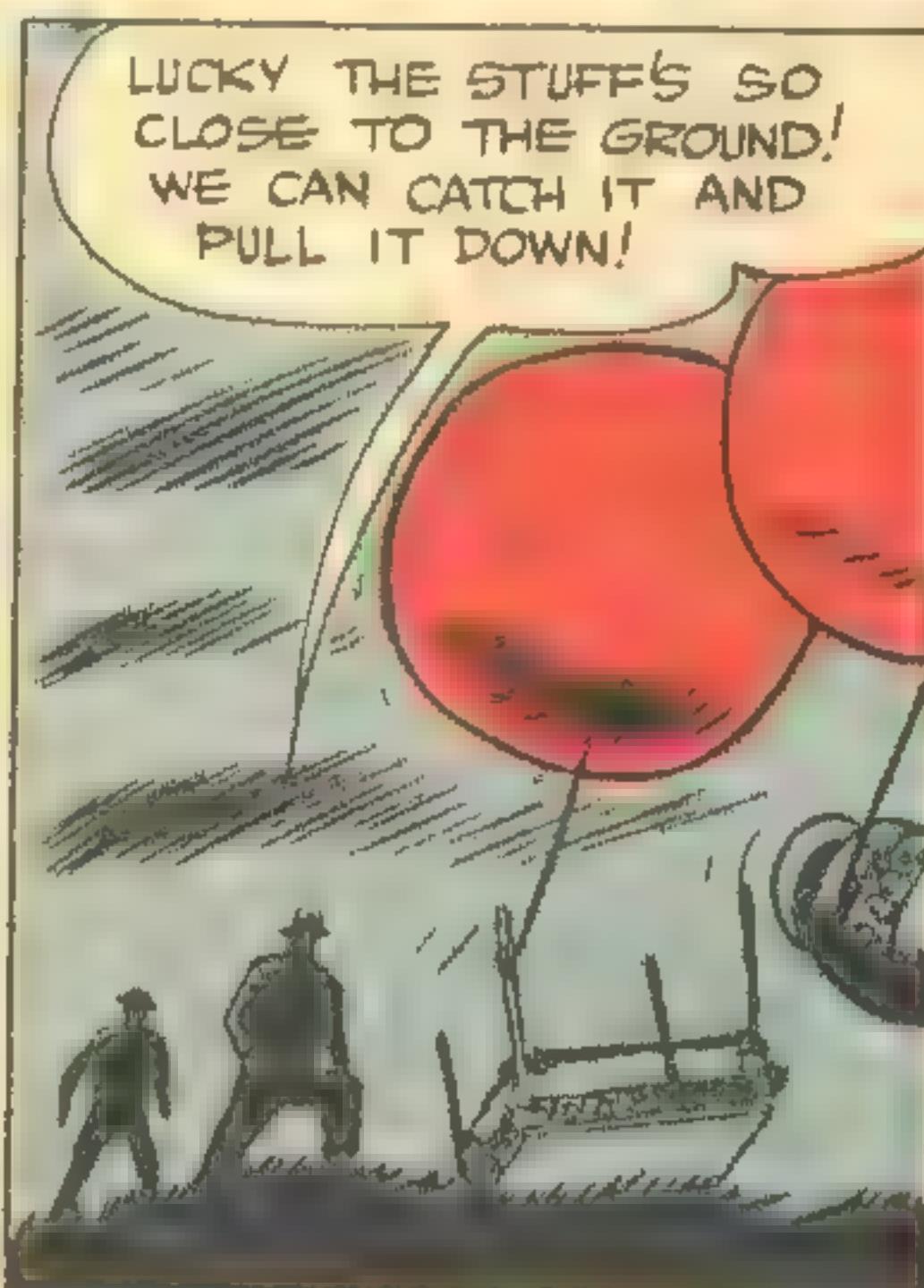
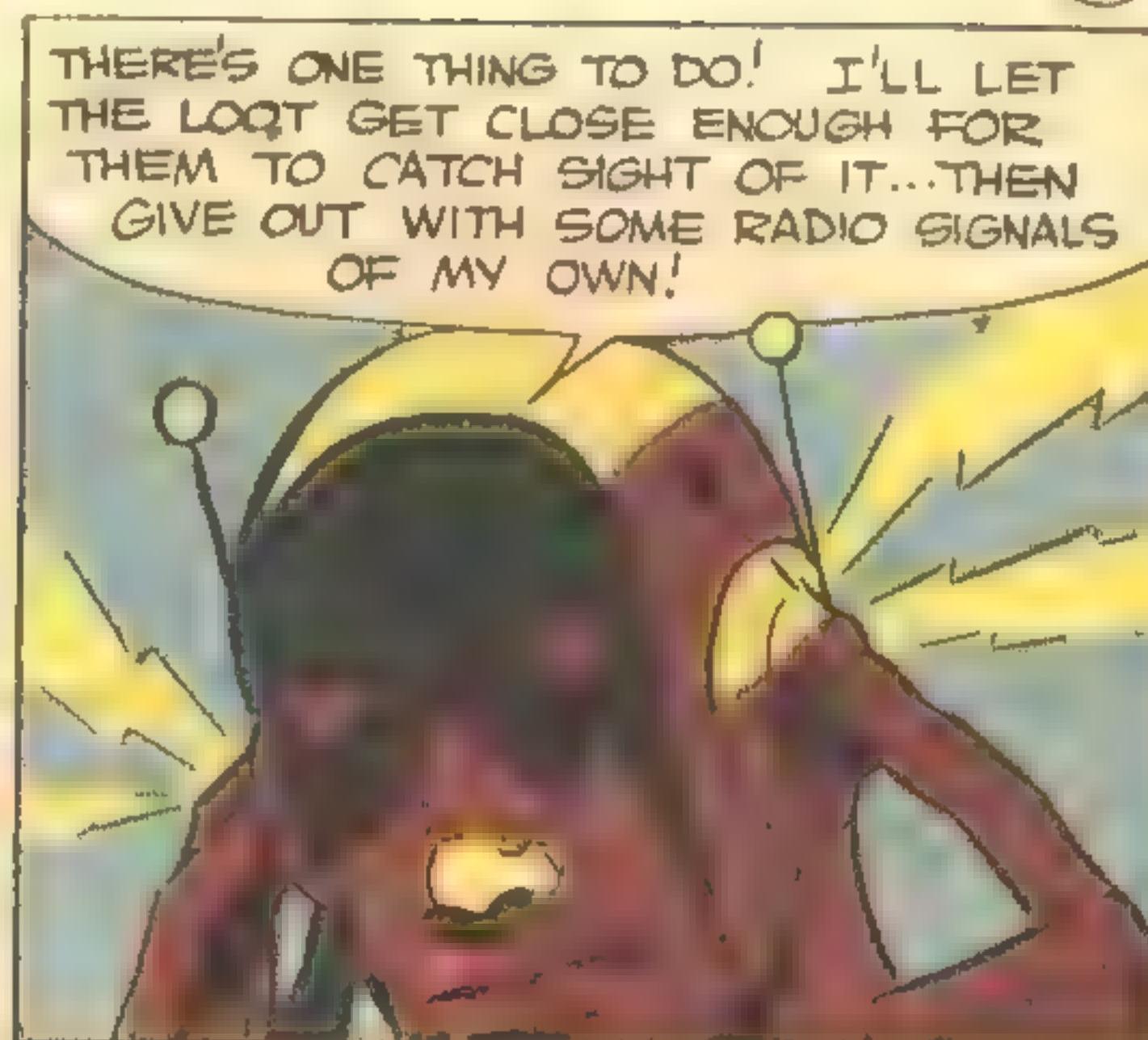
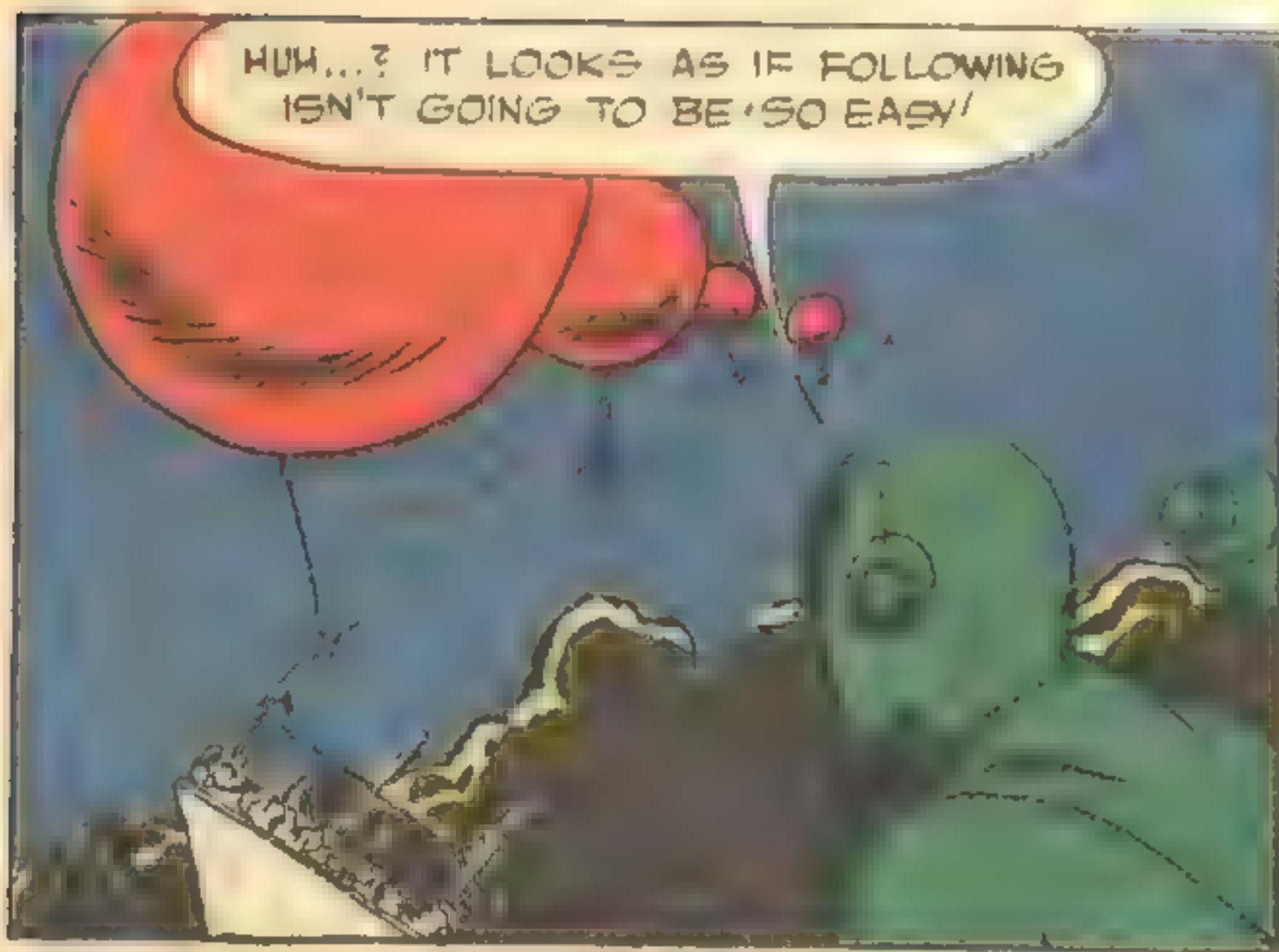


LATER THAT NIGHT....

AS I SUSPECTED! DON'T PURSUE A COME ON, STATIC, WILL-O'-THE-WISP, MY LAD, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS WIN THE RACE!



DETECTIVE COMICS



CLEAR SAILING.

by Alton Black

FOR three days now, Hans Klauber managed to elude the dragnet that had been thrown out for him. Klauber was quite proud of himself, although he knew he had a long way to go before he could rendezvous at the spot he believed the U-boat would be.

He hadn't read the papers, or he wouldn't have been so sure about the U-boat. They just weren't coming over any more. Unless as flotsam and jetsam.

But such things did not, at the moment, disrupt the orderly mind of Klauber, a mind that had been disciplined to such an extent that it followed a pattern, much as any soft substance poured into a mold. In his head at the moment was the day-to-day chart of escape.

It had been taught him many months ago. Yet he remembered every tiny detail. At Stettin, in Saboteur School, he had been a prize pupil. Eagerly, had he quaffed the knowledge imparted there—wisdom so far reaching it included plans for escape, even if a saboteur was caught in England and sent to faraway Canada and a concentration camp.

Moving almost effortlessly through the night, Hans Klauber picked his way by the stars. He sniffed contemptuously as he thought of how cleverly he had effected his escape, just as his instructors back in Germany had said he might.

"The Americans and their Allies do not think coldly and clearly," the instructor had said. "And because they do not study every possible facet of a situation, we are their masters."

"And indeed it is so," Hans Klauber breathed gratefully to himself. "The precise mind will always triumph over the slip-

shod thinkers." And to Hans Klauber, all his enemies were slip-shod thinkers, including Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley Clancy, whom he had not yet met.

Klauber was not to meet Patrolman Clancy until a week later. Therefore, we can pass by Denis with one "n" for a short space, and return to Hans Klauber who now lurked on the outskirts of a reasonably big town, and was ready to put into execution Lesson 119.

The subjects of this lesson, a young man named Charles Parish and a girl named Helene Mooney had just spent a quiet evening in the movies. And now, on their way home, they had decided to stop a few minutes, as young people will, to look at the moon.

Parish swung the car into the grove. A smile played in his eyes as he noticed that on this clear, cold night, the grove was devoid of the usual collection of cars. But Helene Mooney did not object to this loneliness.

"Charlie," she giggled, "we are all alone. We shouldn't be here really, you know." She breathed deeply of the crisp, fall air. "It's heavenly, and so still."

In that she was wrong. Had she been listening intently, she might have heard the slight noise as a perturbed Hans Klauber, stifling a curse, stepped on a twig. But Miss Mooney didn't want to hear any such rustic interruptions. She wanted to hear only the voice of Charles Parish.

When she heard it, the voice was only a groan. Skillfully, just as he had been taught to do, Hans Klauber struck the back of Charles Parish's head with a rock. And Charlie only

groaned as he slid into unconsciousness.

Helene Mooney did not scream. She couldn't. Not with Hans Klauber's strong hand over her mouth.

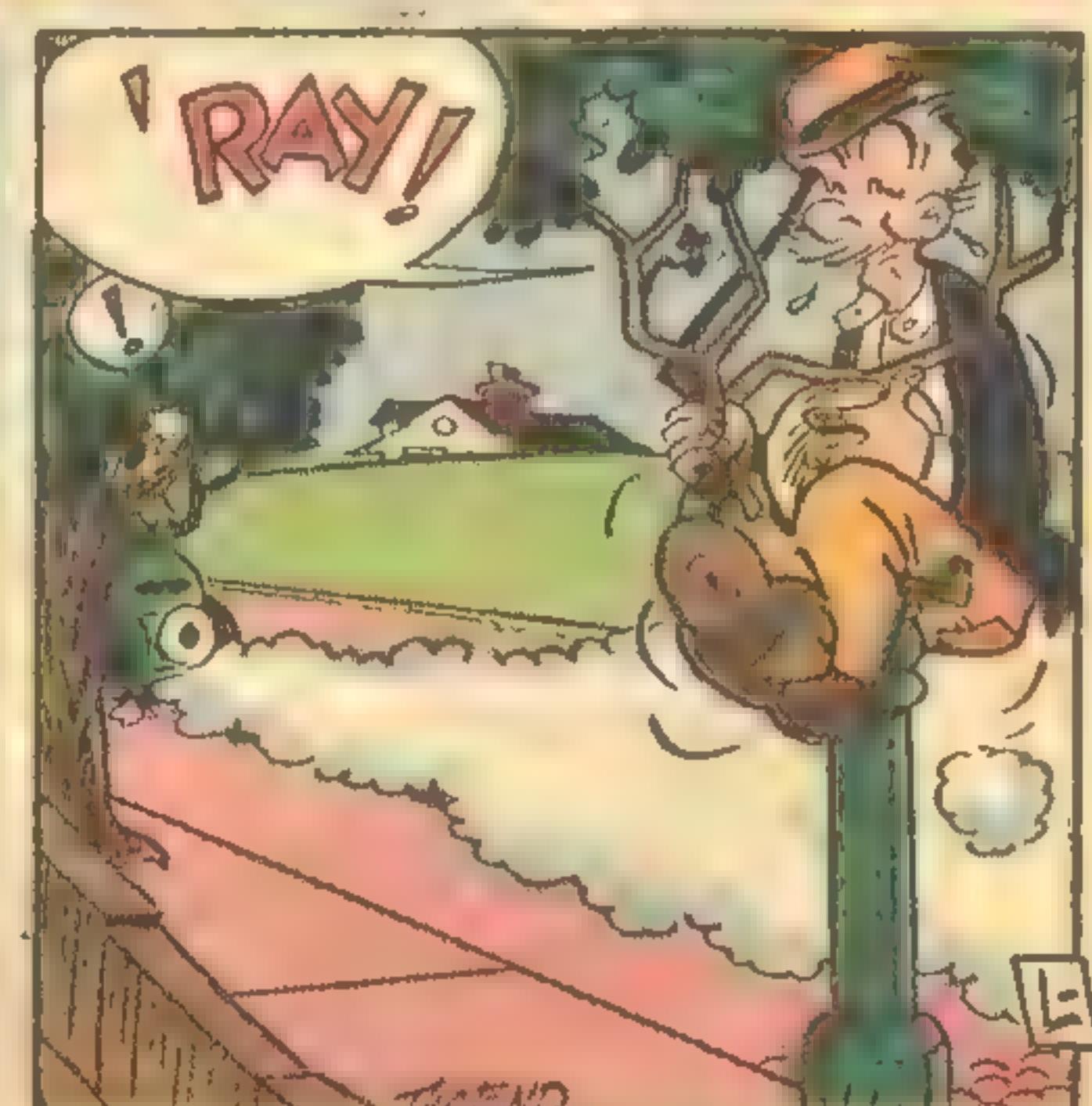
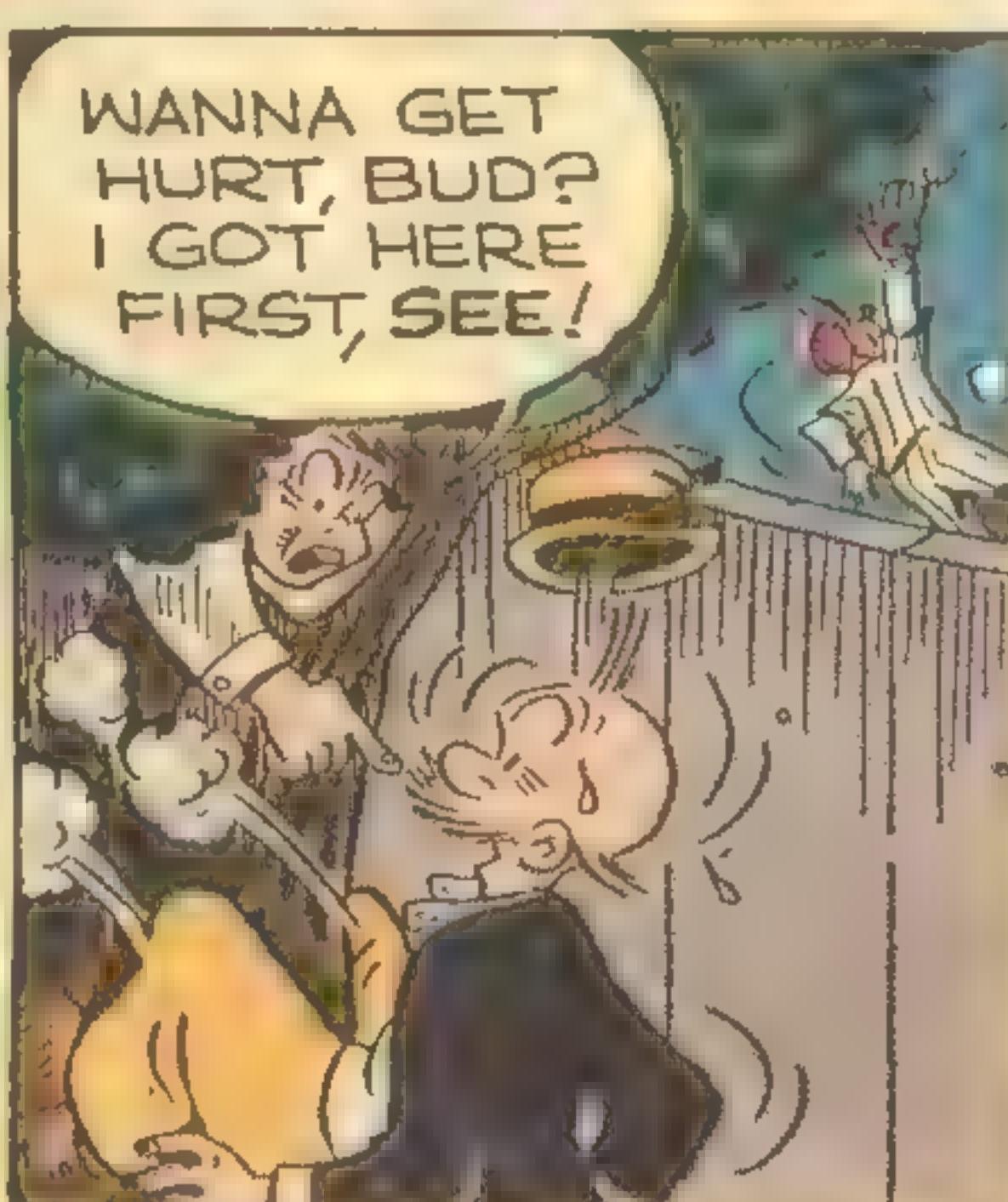
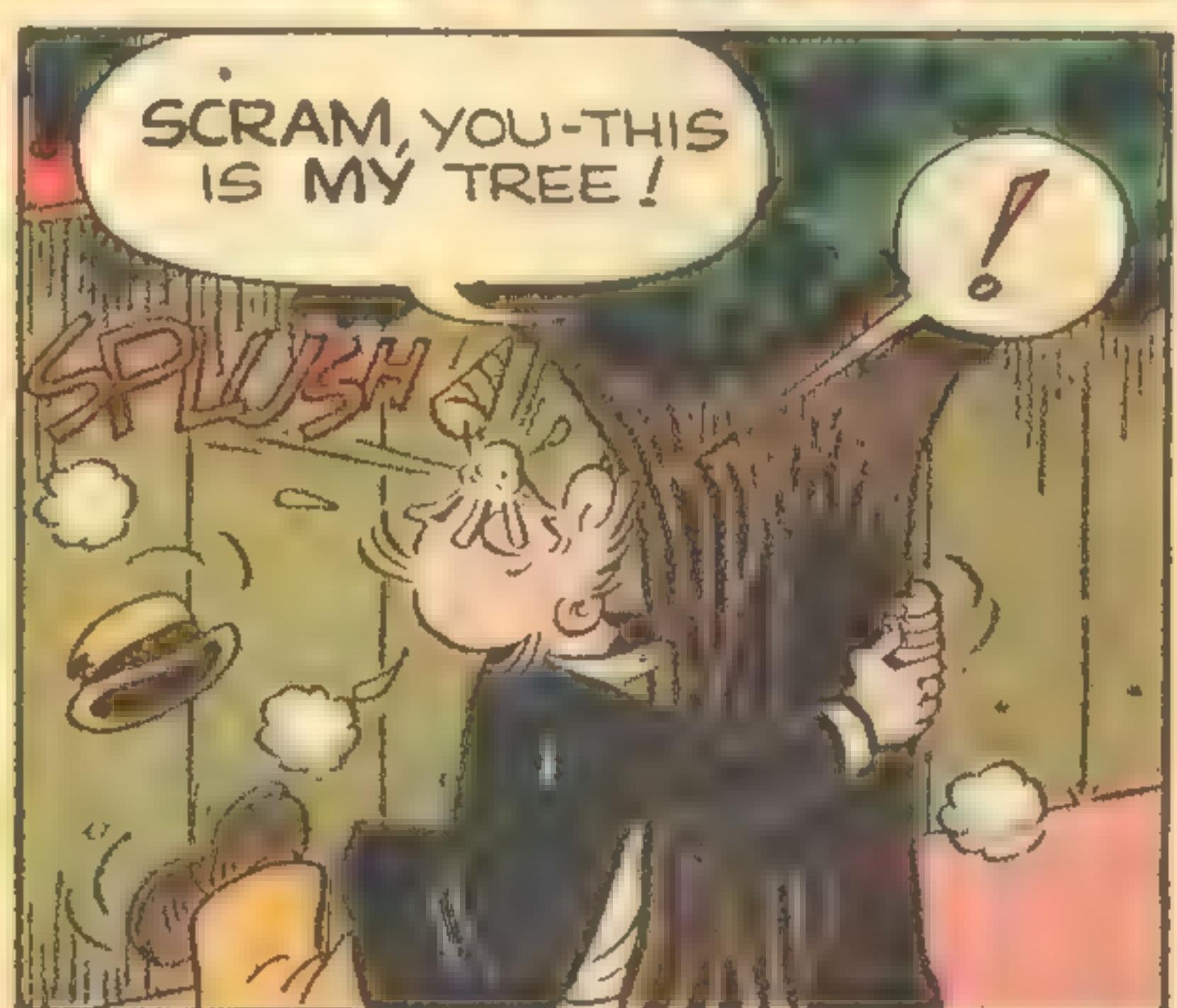
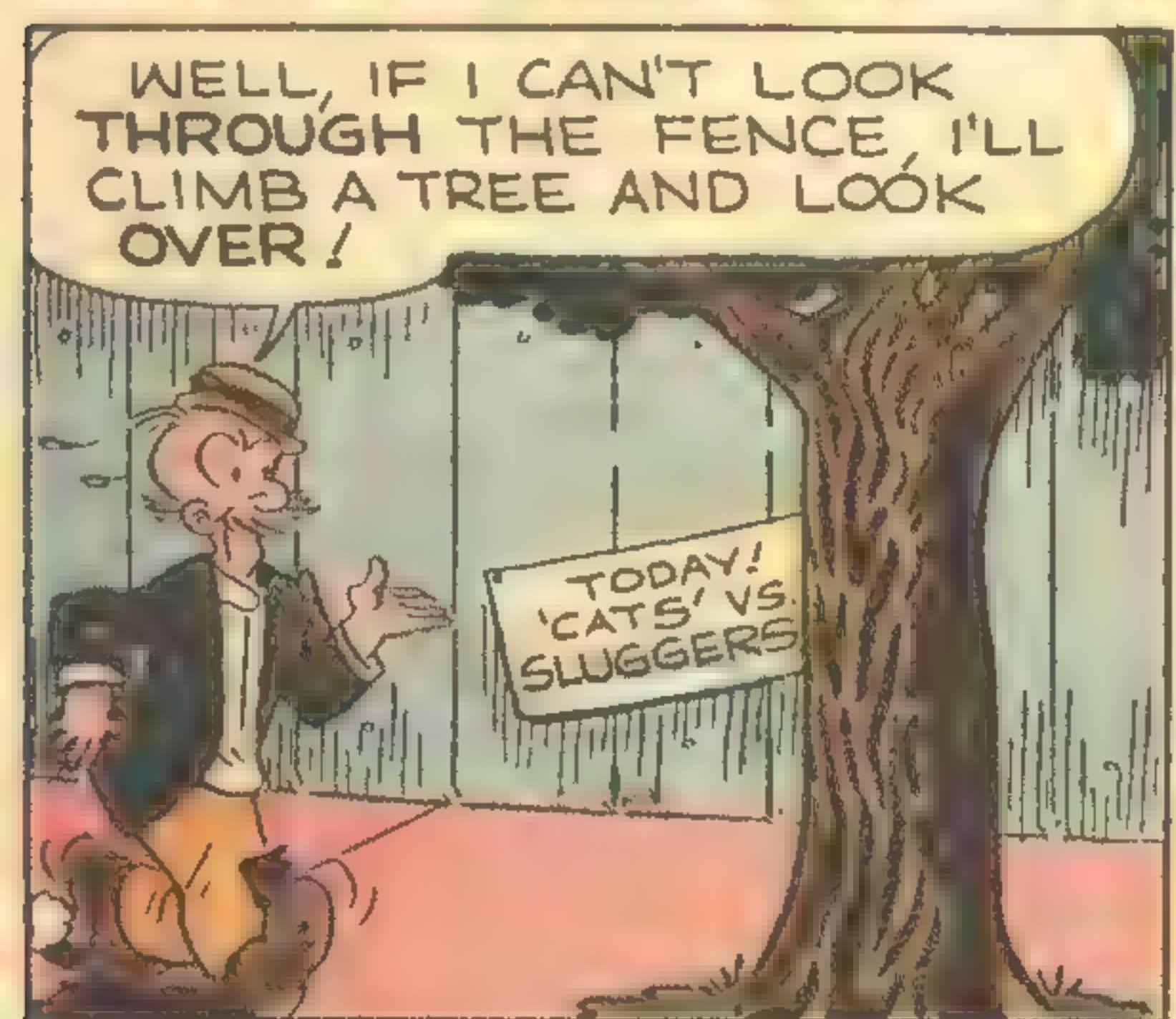
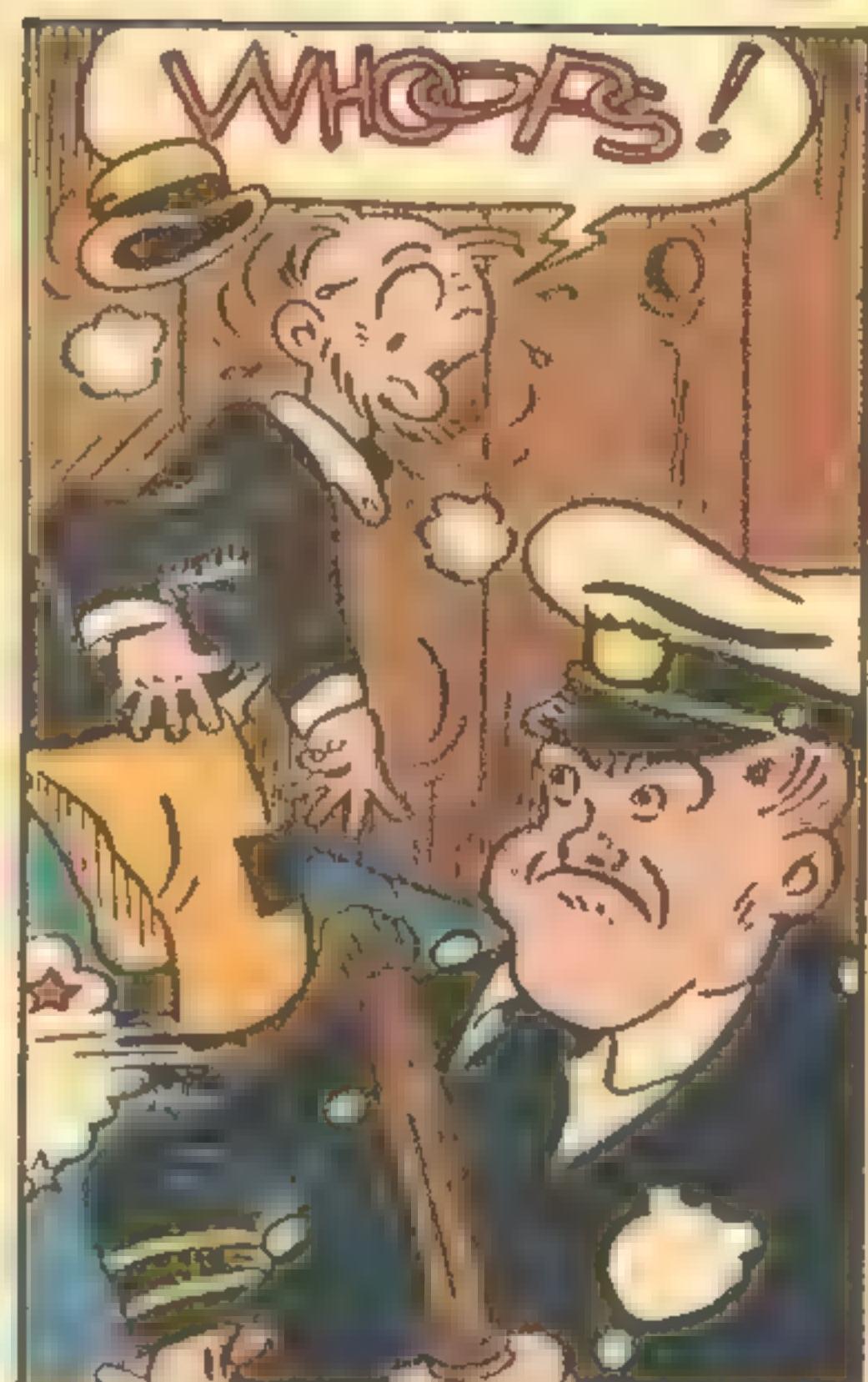
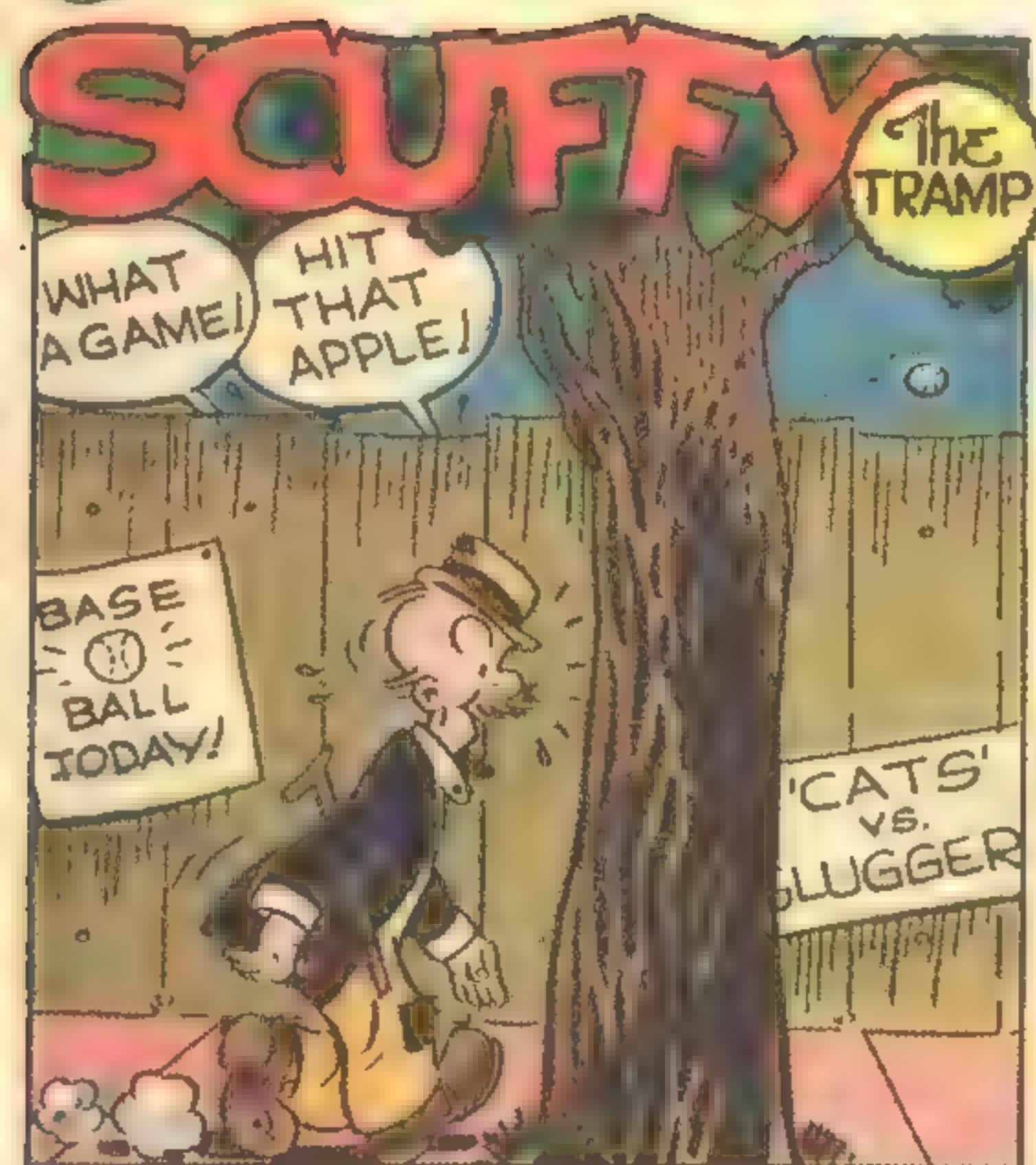
She fainted, thus making it easy for Hans Klauber to bind and gag her. Unhurriedly, secure in the knowledge an approaching car would be his warning to flee, Hans Klauber methodically went through his male victim's pocket's. He took only Parish's wallet, his watch, and a knife. He didn't take the victim's recently purchased suit. Hans Klauber was, for the present, satisfied with the shoddy clothes he had picked from a scarecrow. All he wanted now was money, a draft card, and a watch.

He got them. There wasn't much money, true. But it was enough to keep him moving forward. He still had thousands of miles to go before reaching Key West. This would pay part of the travel by bus during the day. He'd travel by day now, just as his instructors had said he must. "The chances of anyone checking the busses during the day are remote," Professor Schmidt had said. "They would not expect an escaped prisoner to travel by day." Hans Klauber remembered vividly how Professor Schmidt had shrugged, and added: "They think us so stupid over there. It is they who are stupid."

And as six days rolled by, Hans Klauber, now carrying a box of mechanic's tools to bolster his story that he was going to work at some distant point, concurred. He felt no fear; indeed, he was very much at ease as he chatted with a soldier sharing the double seat on the bus.

As he had been taught, Hans Klauber betrayed no anxiety,

(Continued on inside back cover)



YOUR COACH:

Bernie Bierman



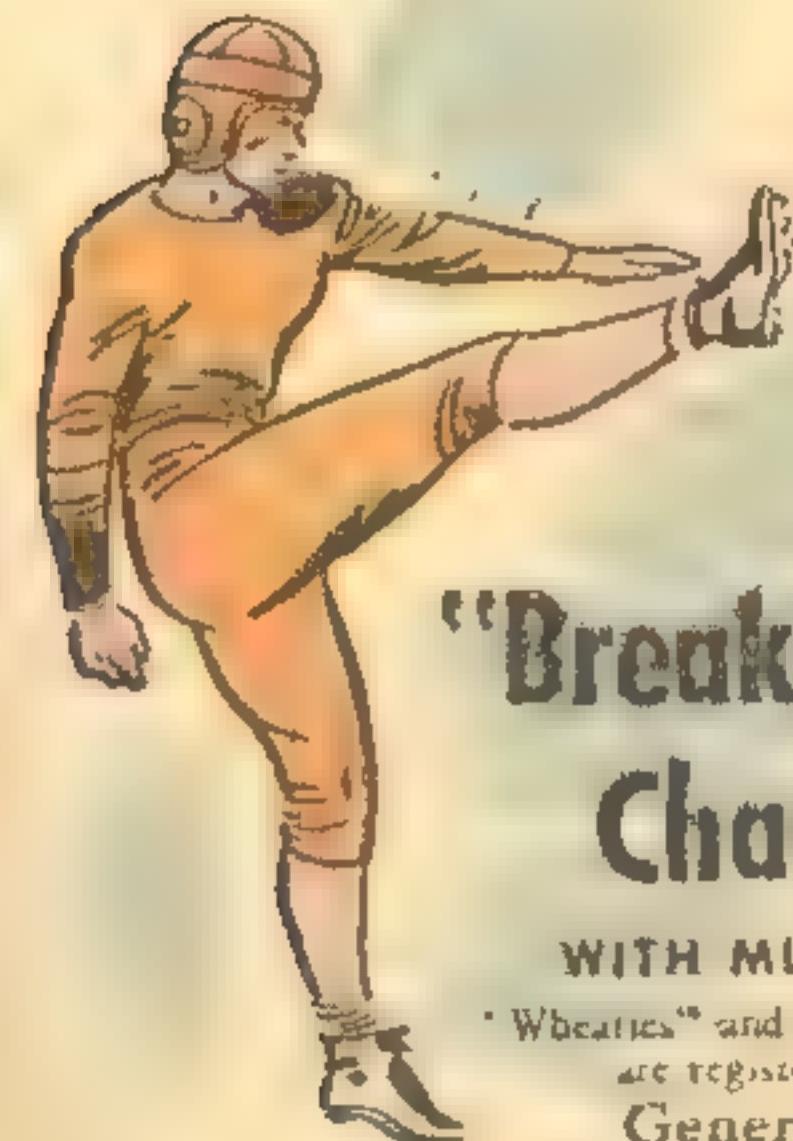
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The BOY COMMANDOS in "The CROOKED GHOST!"



ORDER OF THE DAY:

Food saved for hungry kids has appeared on the Black Market and we're going after the black-guards who stole it!

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

WHEN BROOKLYN FINDS A SWEET TOOTH EASY TO FILL—WHO WILL HAVE TO FOOT THE BILL? IN THIS CASE, IT'S THE STARVED KIDS OF NAZI-RAVAGED EUROPE! BUT WAIT! YOU KNOW THE DASHING BOY COMMANDOS ARE NOT THE KIND TO STEAL FROM BABIES! WHO, THEN, IS THE MEANEST THIEF IN THE WORLD? TO KNOW THAT—FOLLOW CAPTAIN RIP CARTER AND HIS BOY COMMANDOS INTO DANGER AND DOUBLE-TALK, WITH LOTS MORE THAN JUST A STOLEN SACK OF CARAMELS AT THE END OF THE TRAIL.



HERE'S THE SWEETEST THING LONDON'S OFFERED BROOKLYN SINCE HIS LEAVE BEGAN...

HI SYE, YANK. PSST... WANT TER BUY SOME CHOCOLATES?

HUH..?

DID YA SAY CHOCOLATES? BRUDDER, LEAD ME TO 'EM.

COME ALONG TO ME SHACK, YANK. I GOT ALL YER WANT.

YOUSE GUYS CERTAINLY ARE CHARGIN' ME PLENTY.

THERE'S A WAR ON, YANK. THESE DAYS EVERYTHING COSTS A PRETTY SHILLING.

DIS IS ONE TIME ME SWEET TOOTH IS GONNA GET FILLED-AND GOOD. GEE, I WONDER HOW DOSE GUYS GOT ALL DAT STUFF...

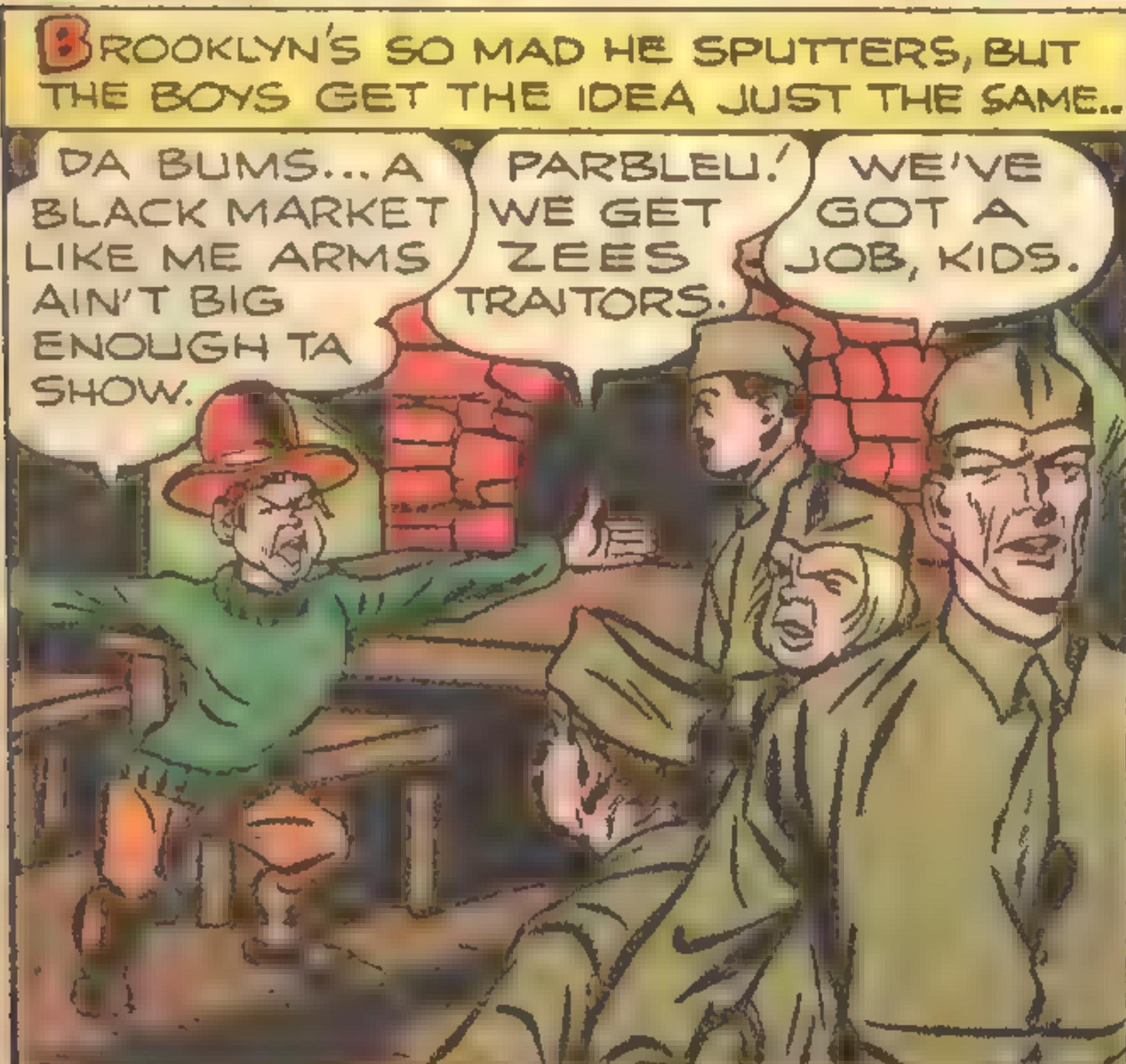
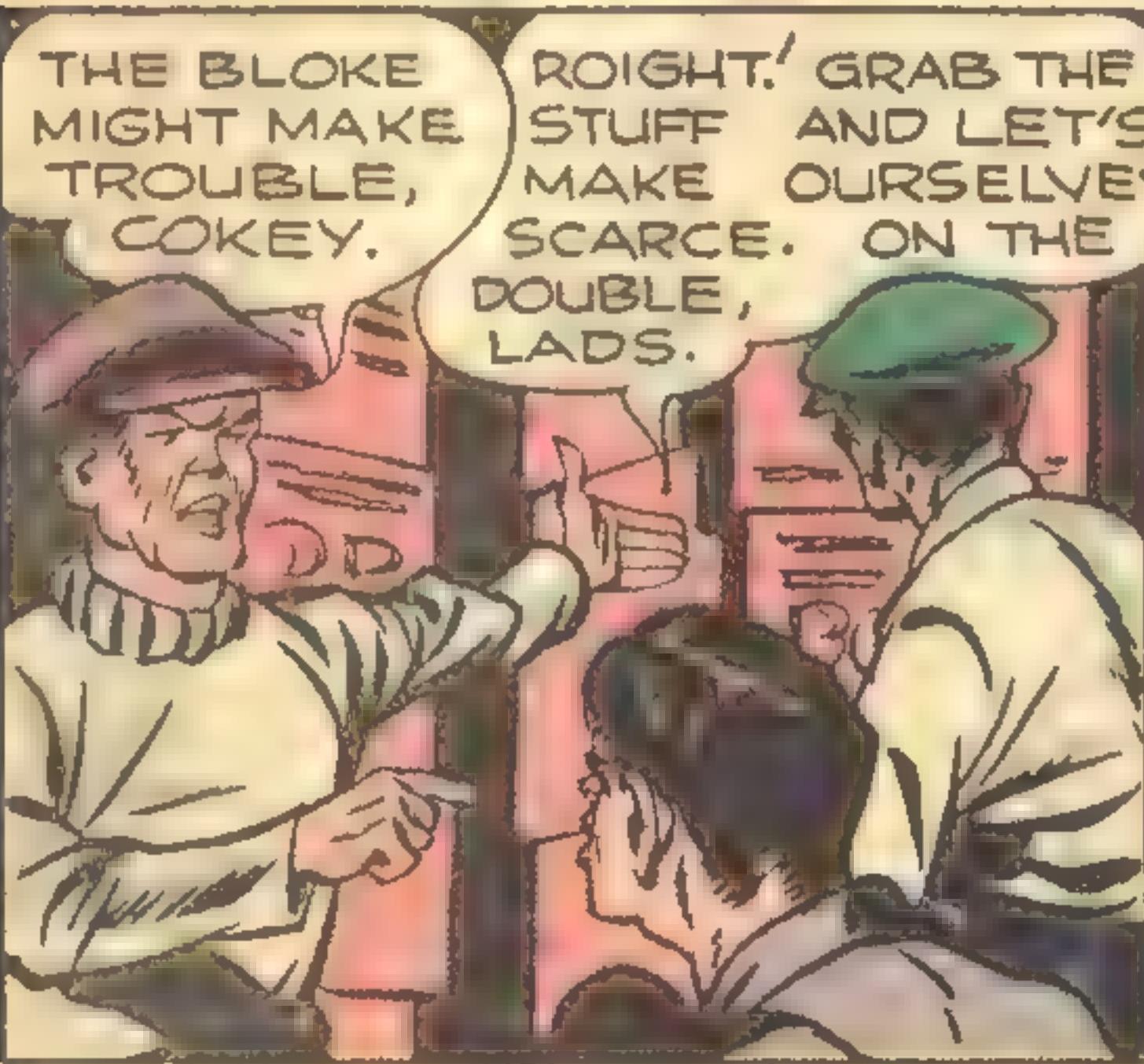
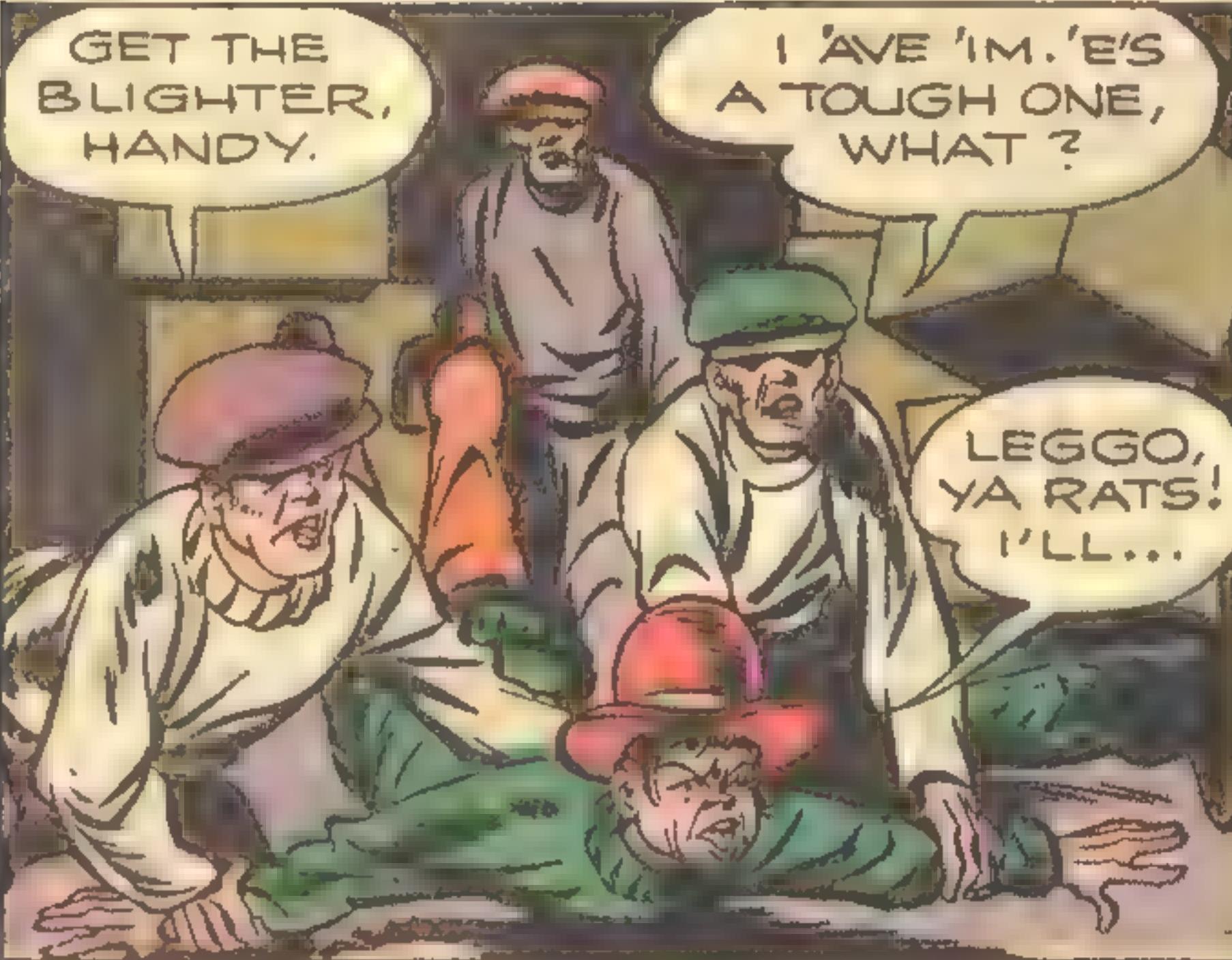
GULP... DA BLACK MARKET! WHY, DA DOITY BUMS!

BACK TO GET MORE - ALREADY, YANK?

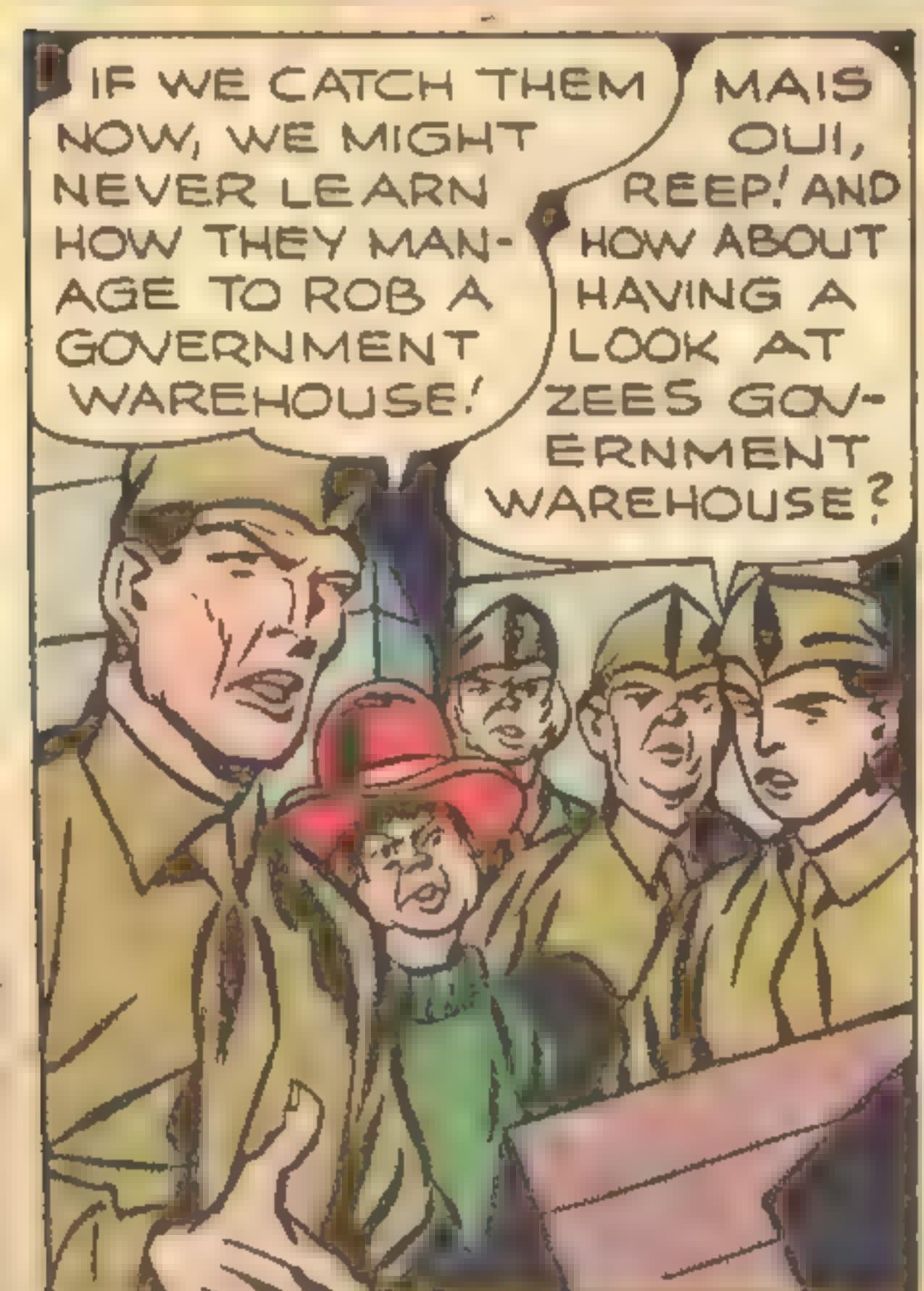
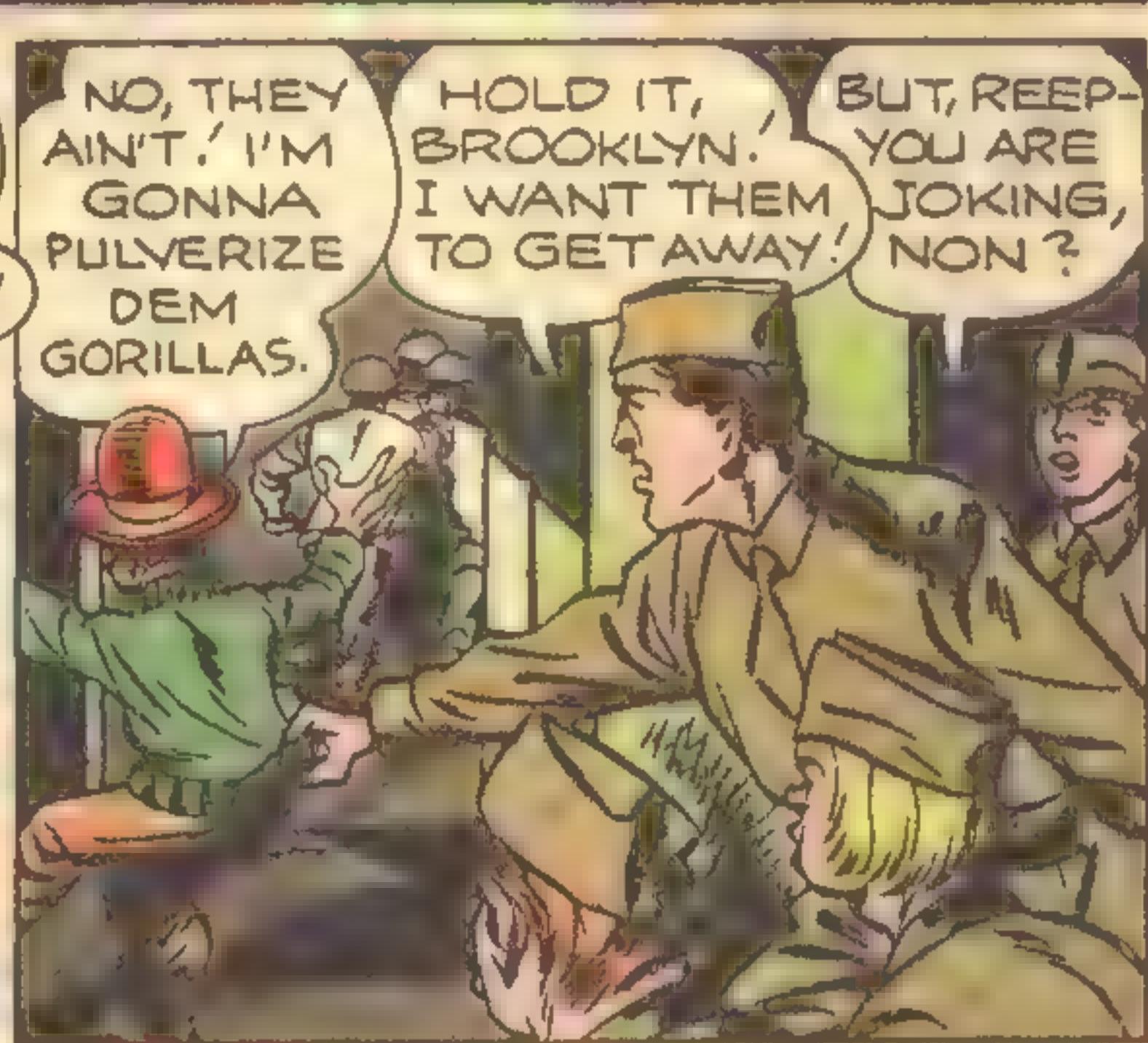
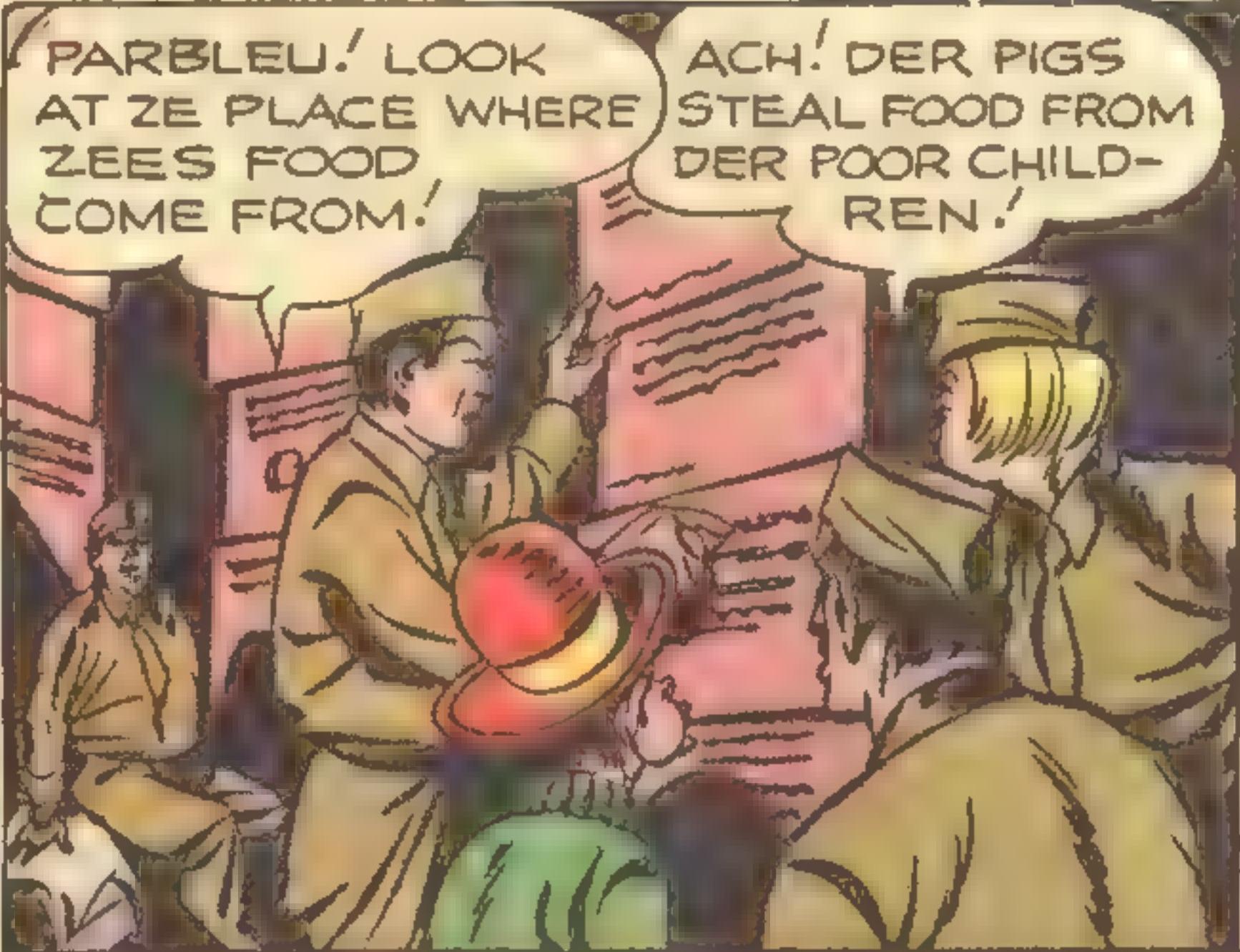
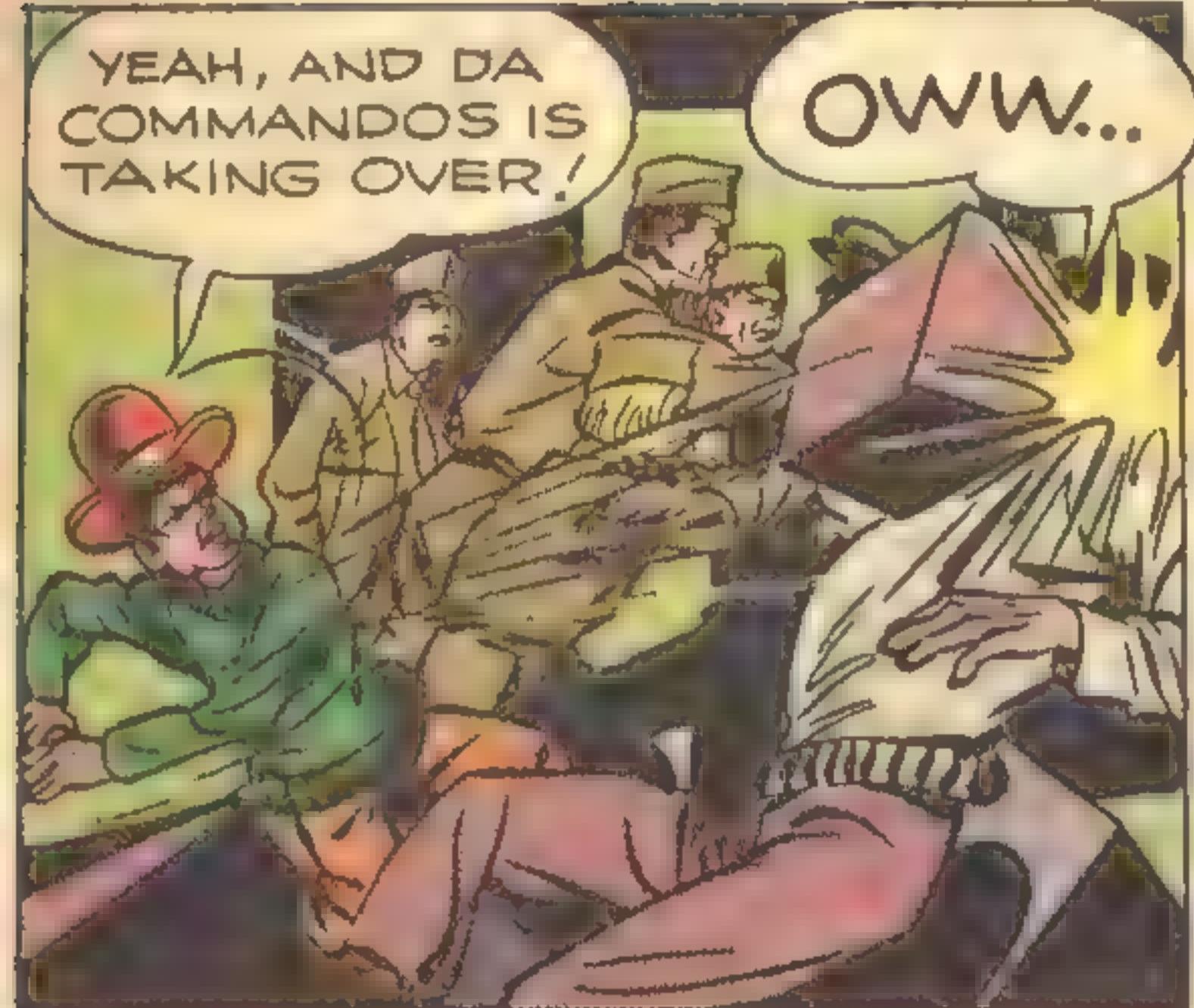
NOT DIS TIME, CHUM. I COME TA DISH IT OUT.

SLURP!

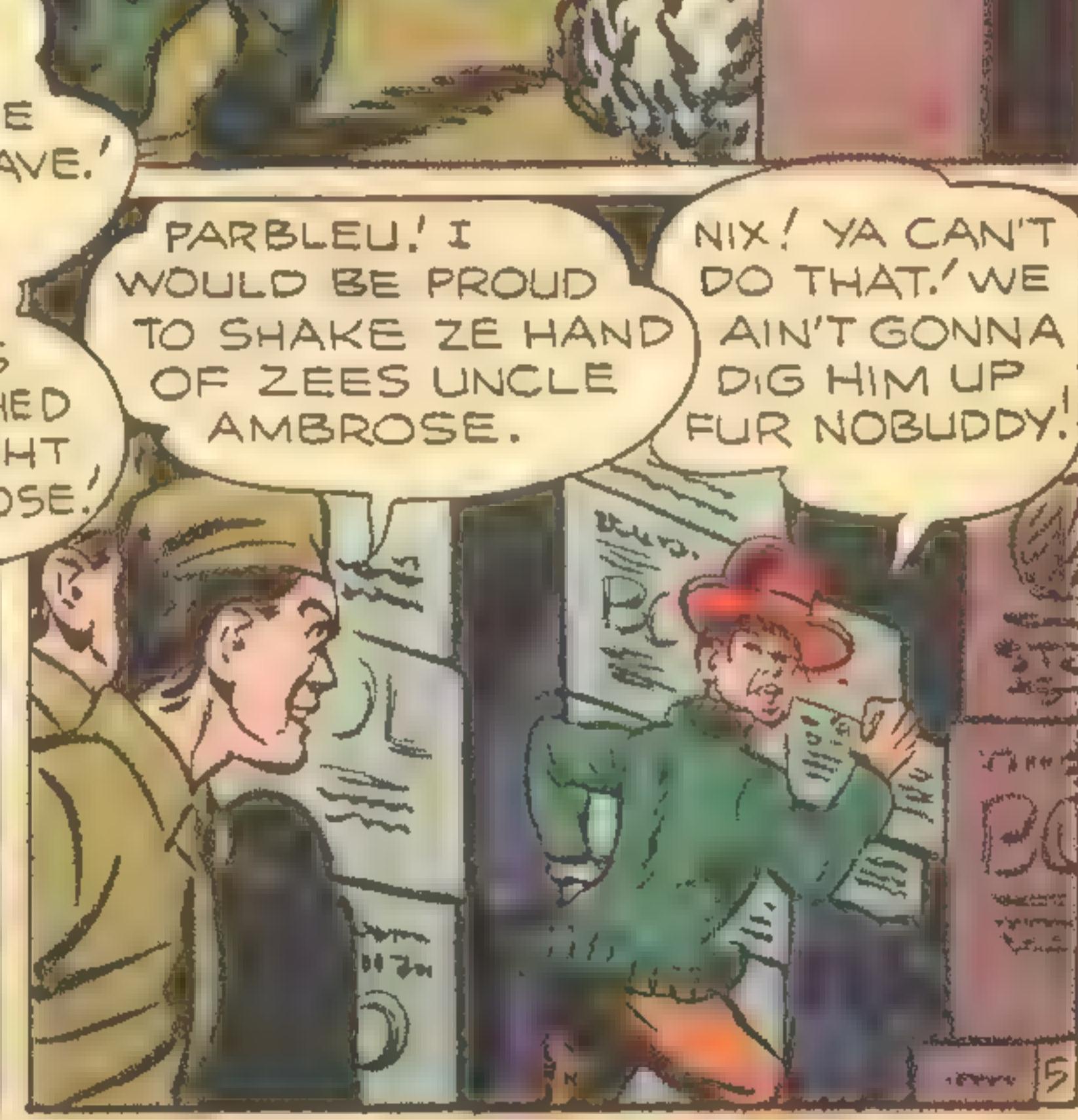
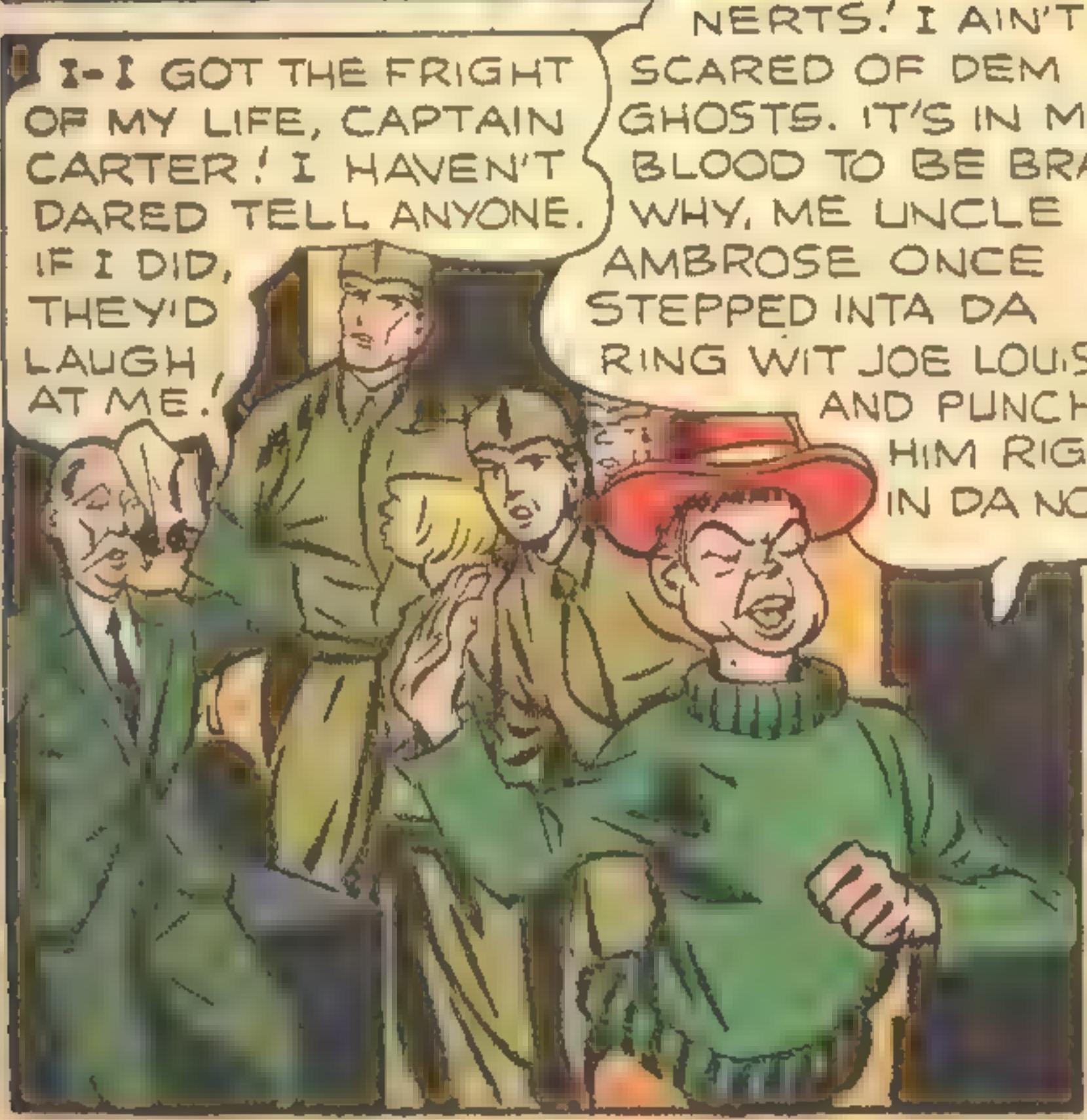
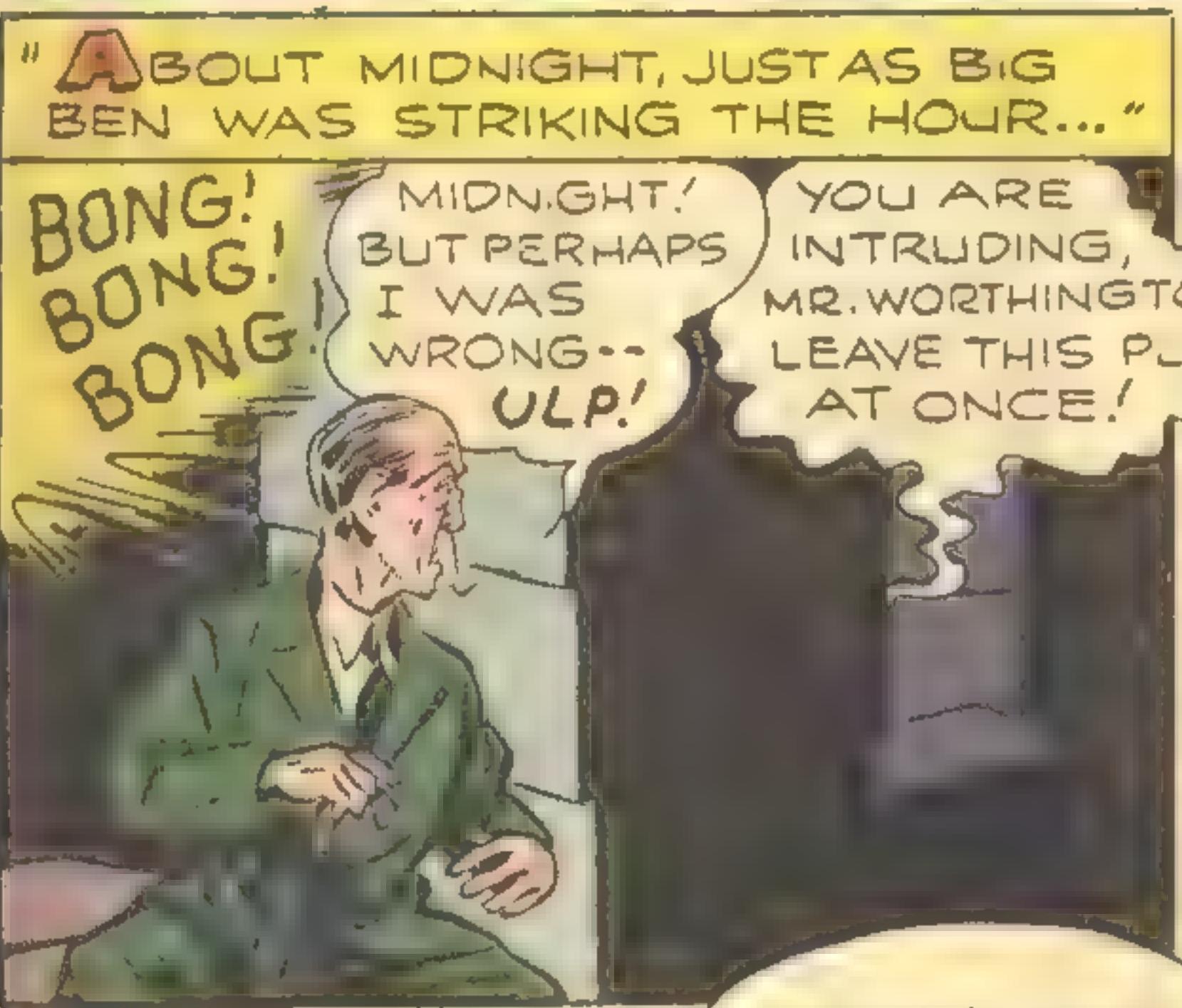
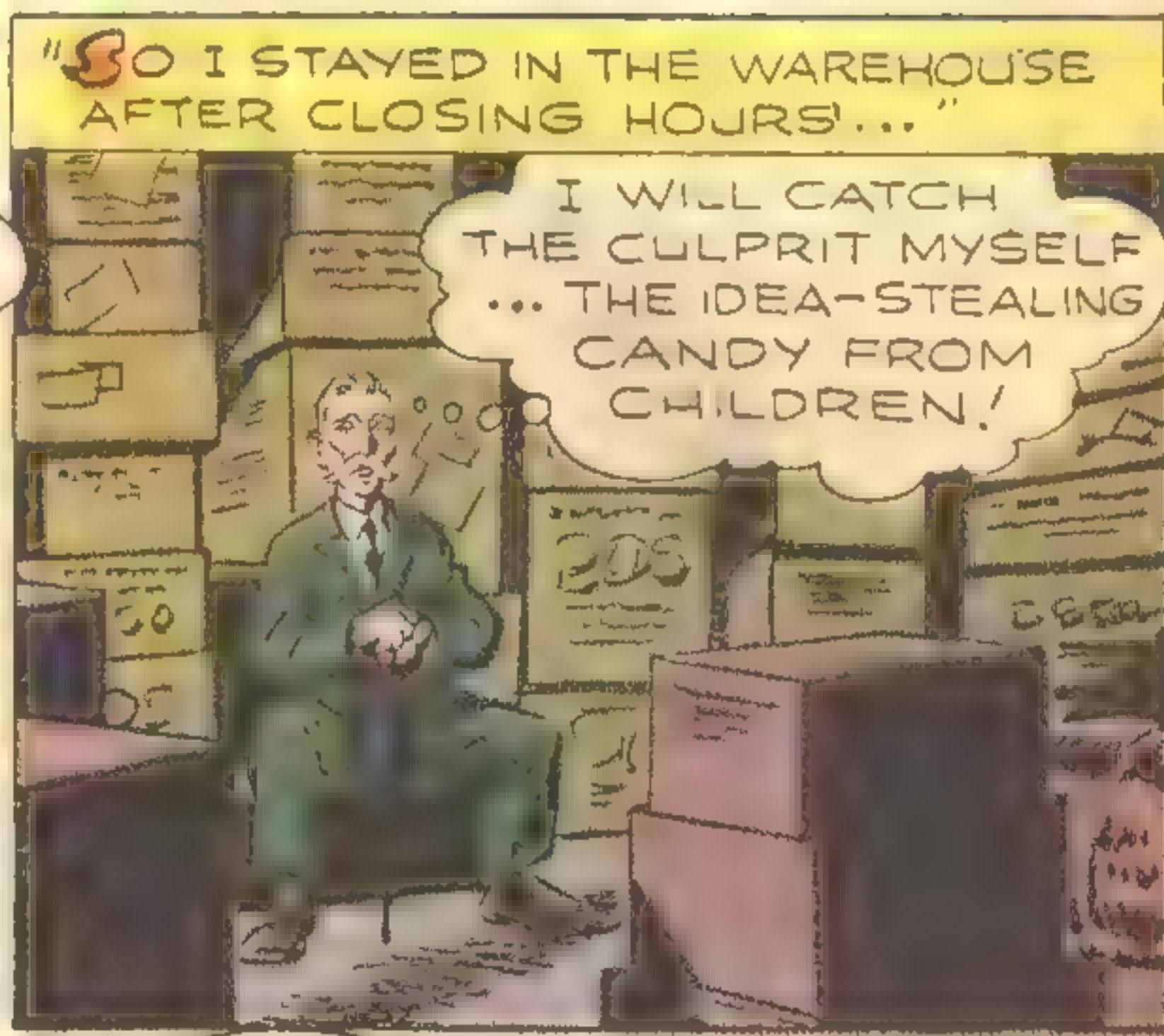
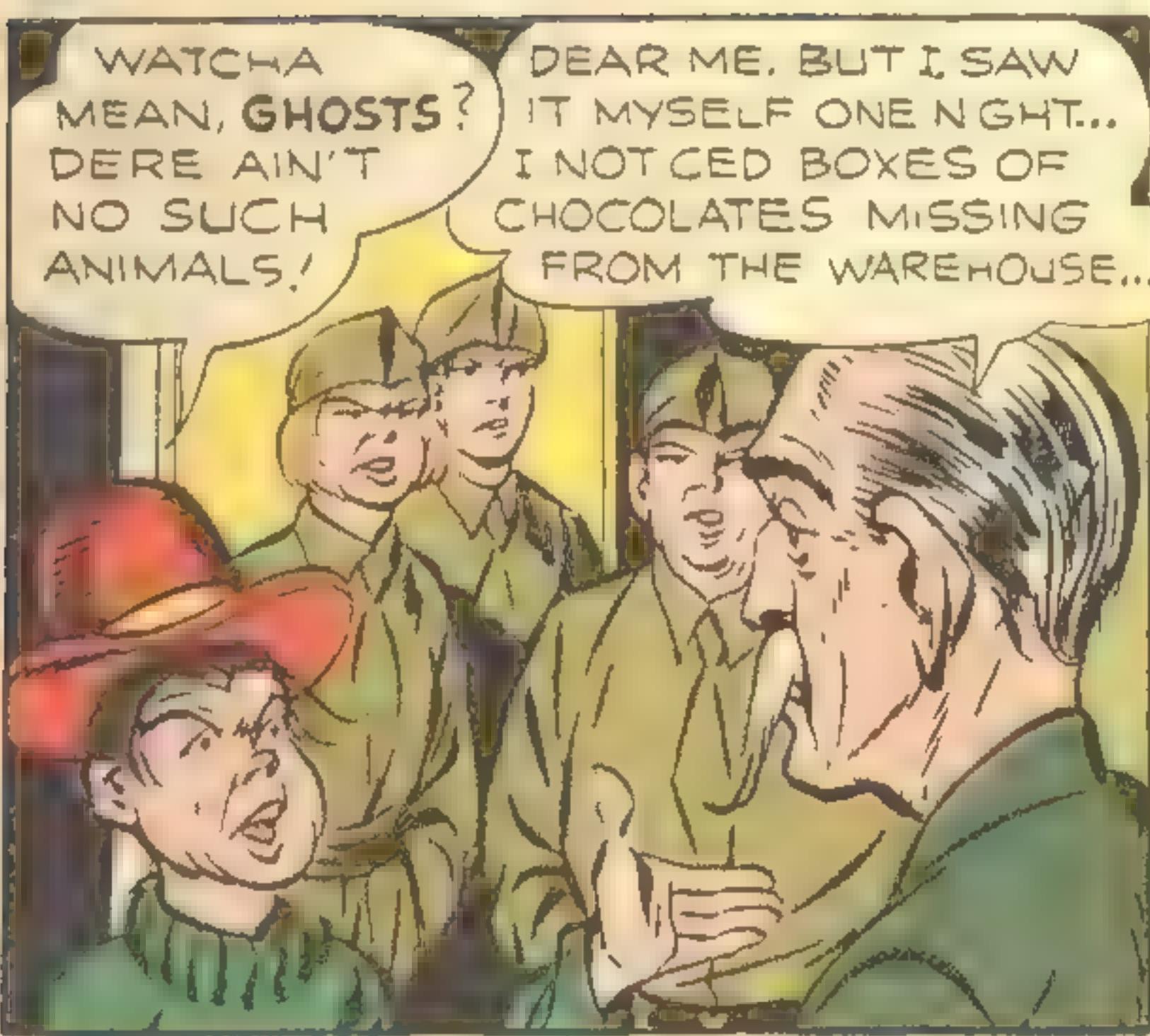
DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

ALL RIGHT, KIDS! TONIGHT WE SET A LITTLE TRAP. AND SINCE WE KNOW THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS, BE PREPARED FOR TROUBLE!

ROIGHT!

YA
SAID IT,
RIP!

THAT NIGHT...

SO LONG, MUGGS! ME AND ALFIE IS GONNA TIE A KNOT IN DA GHOST'S TAIL!

YOU TWO BE CAREFUL! REMEMBER, WE'LL BE PATROLLING THE GROUNDS OUTSIDE, AND IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, CALL US AT ONCE!

BONG!
BONG!
BONG!

WOT
WAS THAT,
BROOKLYN?

NUTTIN! IT'S ONLY
DAT BIG CLOCK
STRIKING MIDNIGHT!

NOW LISTEN, PAL! I GOT AN IDEAR! IF ANYTHING PHONEY STARTS, GO AFTER RIP AND DA BOYS! I'M GONNA STICK AROUND AN' SEE WHAT'S COOKIN'!

ROIGHT!

AT THAT MOMENT IN THE CHILL OF THE DRAUGHTY OLD WAREHOUSE...

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

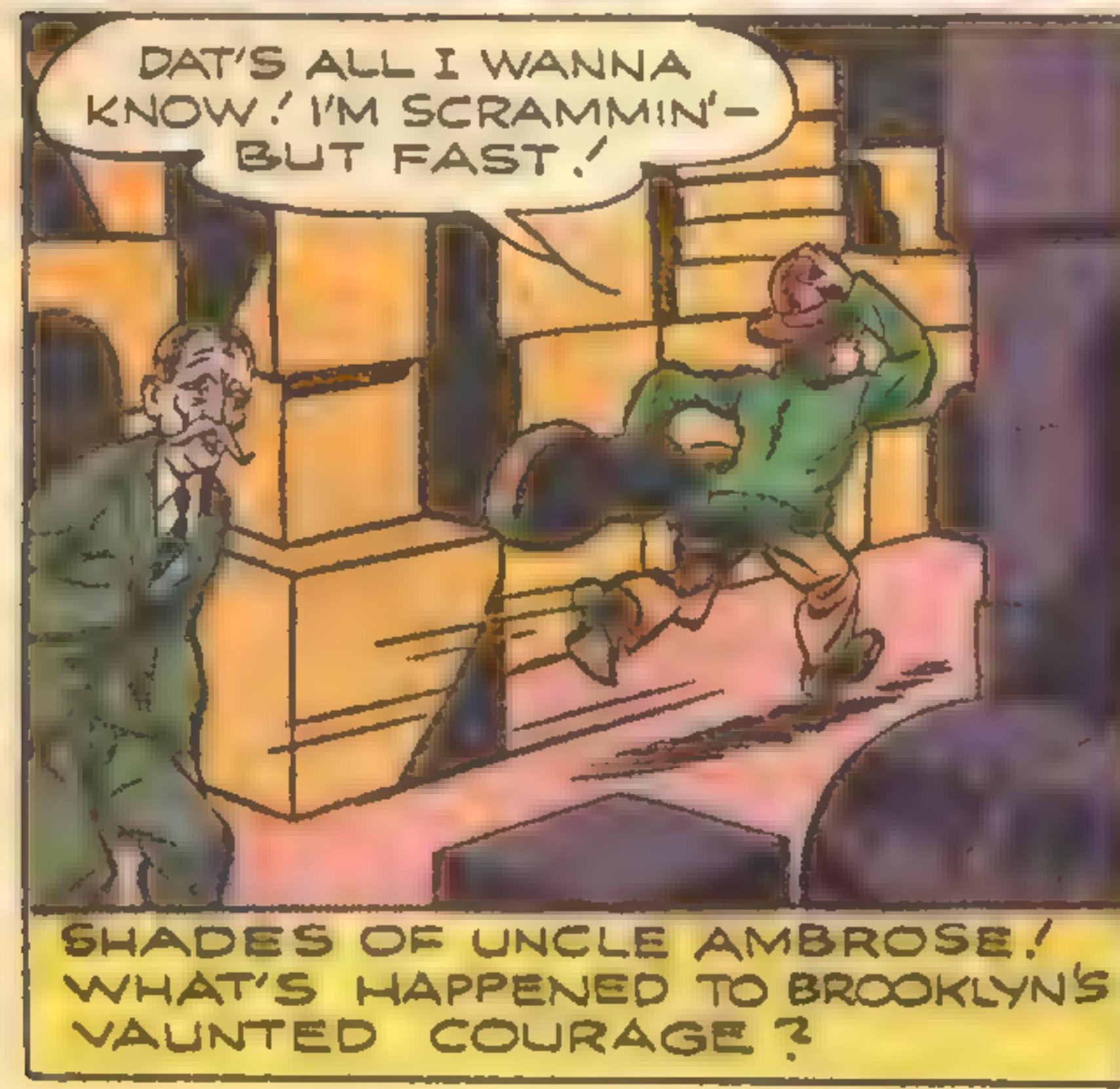
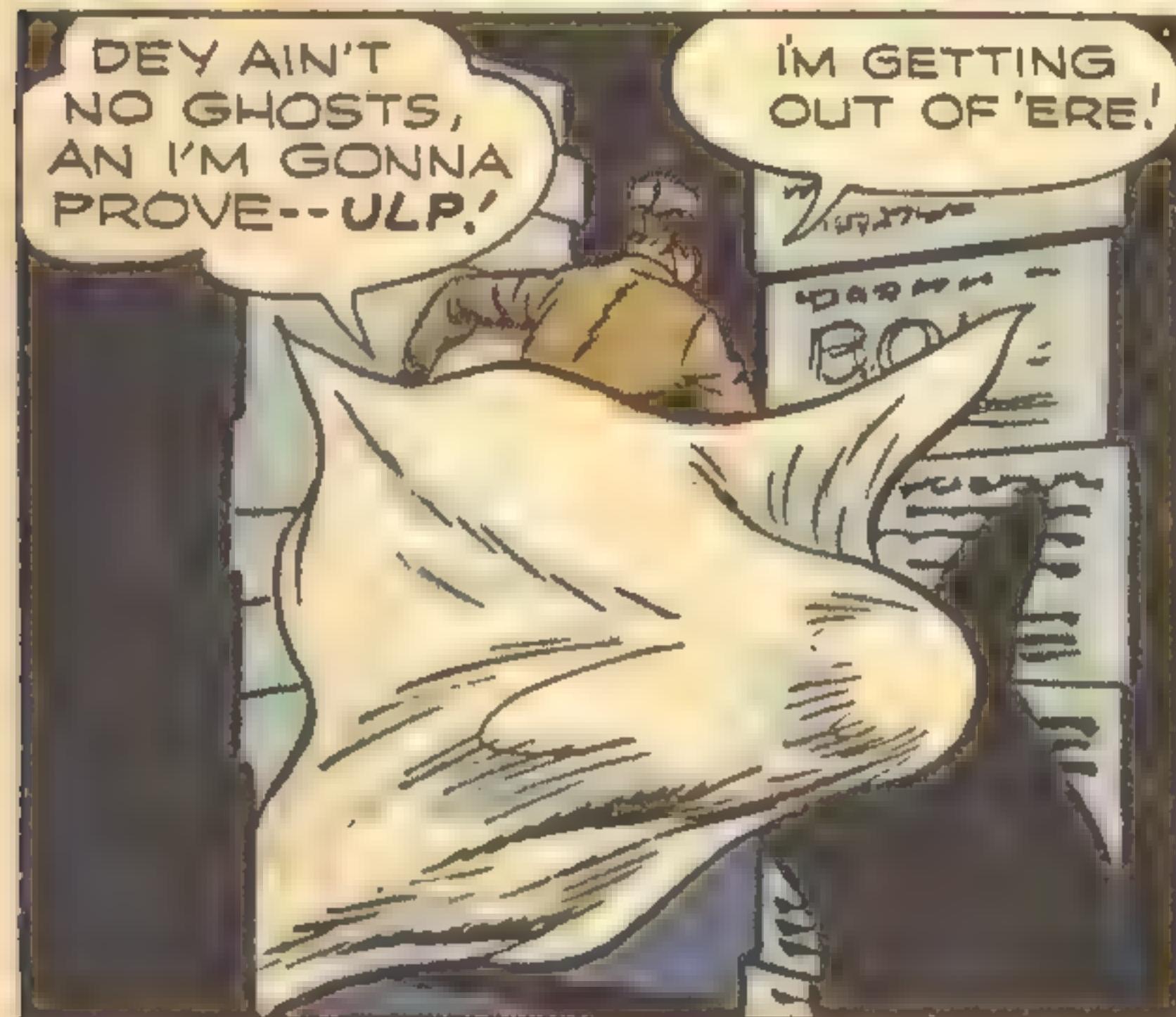
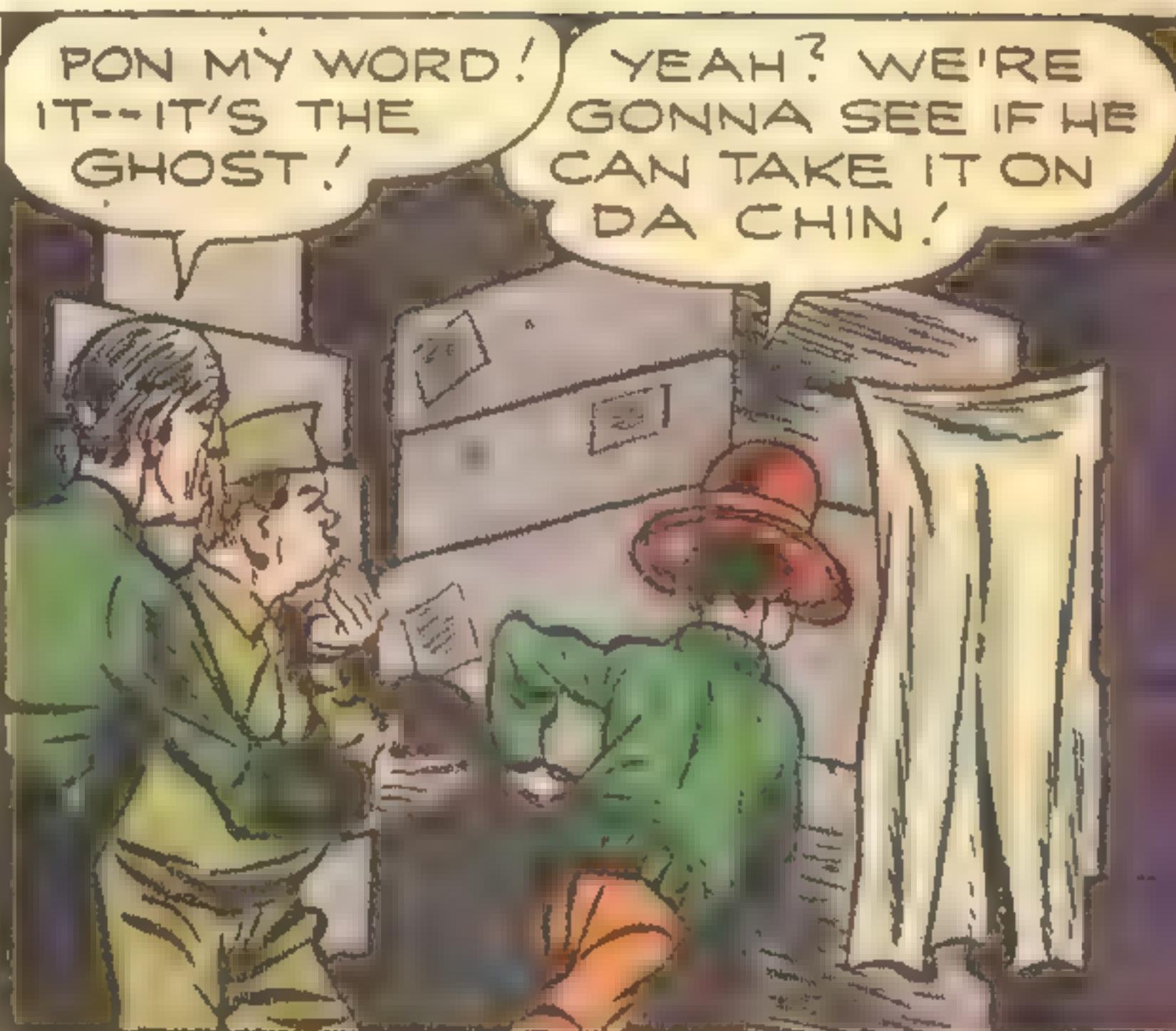
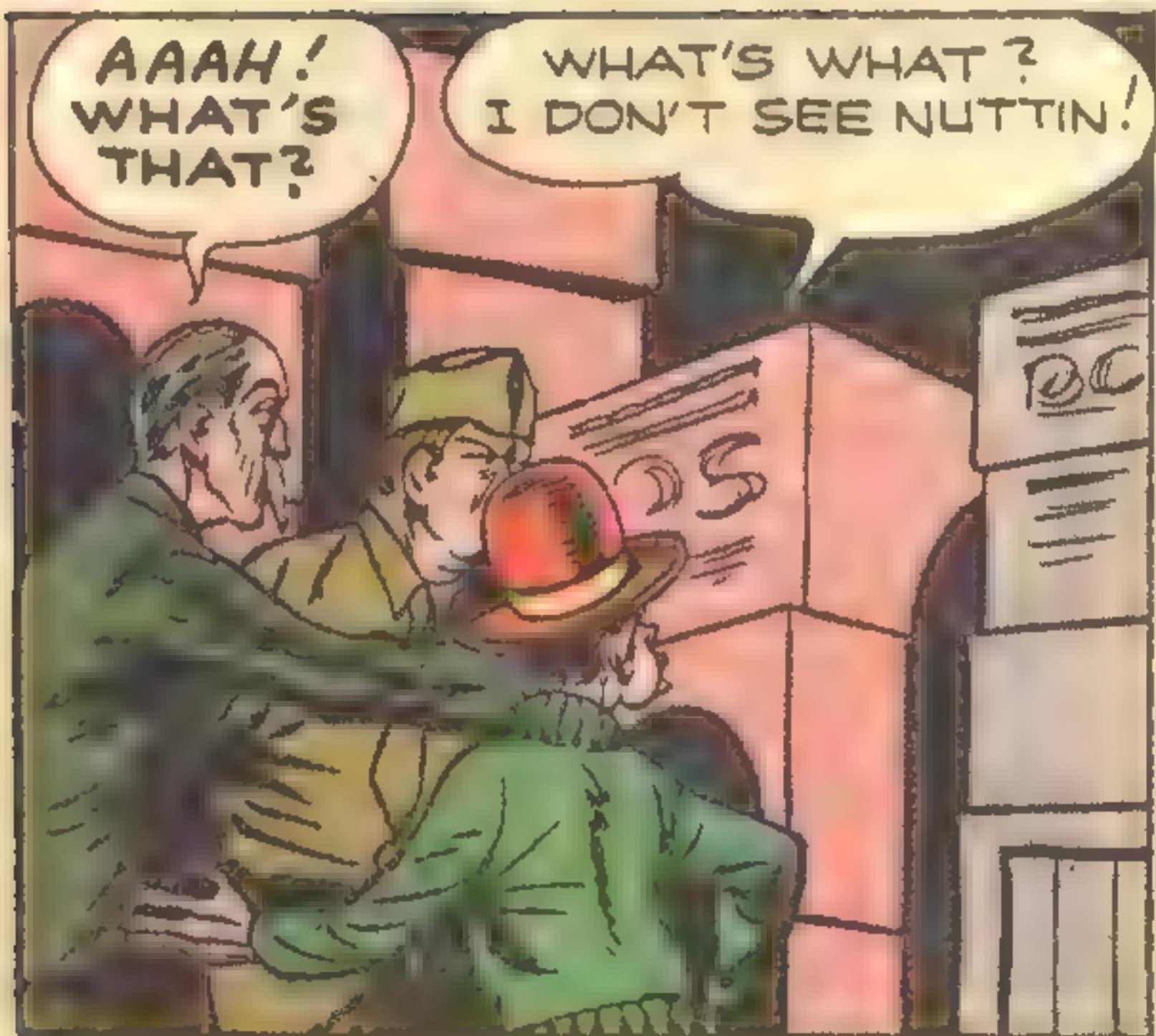
I THINK
I EAR A
KNOCKING!

M- MAYBE
SOMEBUDDY'S
AT DA DOOR...

HEY!
WOT'S DA
IDEAR OF
SCARING
US?

GOOD EVENING,
MY LADS! I
DROPPED IN TO
SEE HOW YOU
WERE GETTING
ON.

DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

HURRY, MEN! THOSE BOY COMMANDOS ARE LIABLE TO BE BACK ANY MOMENT!

ROIGHT, GUVNER! OUR BOAT'S ALMOST FULL ALREADY!

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR TONIGHT! GET GOING -

REACH, YA BUMS! SO YOUSE TINK A WHITE SHEET IS GONNA SCARE DA COMMANDOS, EH? WELL, YA BETTER START TINKIN' ALL OVER AGAIN!

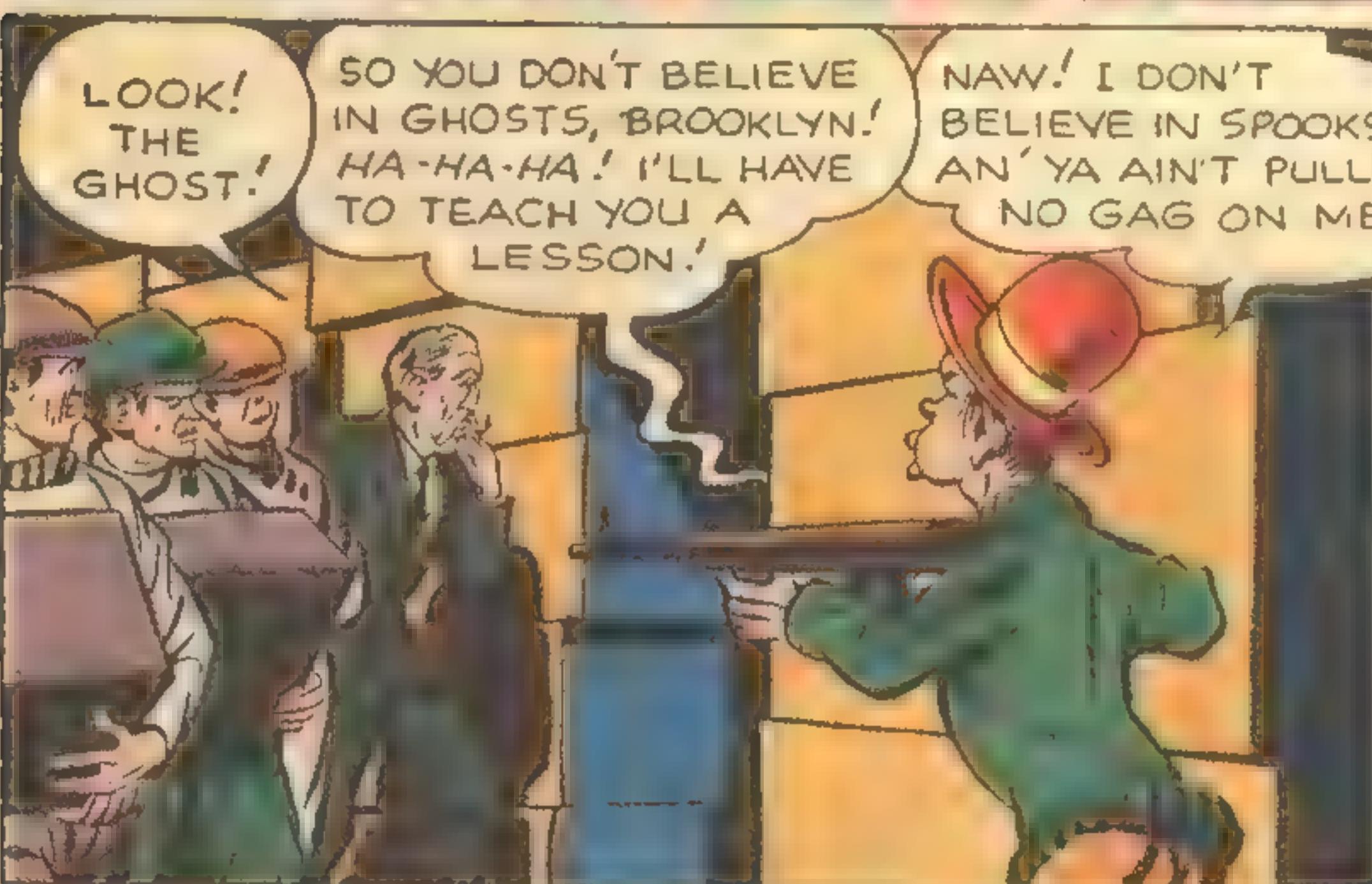


LOOK!
THE
GHOST!

SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BROOKLYN!
HA-HA-HA! I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!

NAW! I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPOOKS-
AN' YA AIN'T PULLING NO GAG ON ME-

WOT!



THE SPLIT SECOND BROOKLYN DROPS HIS GUARD PROVES FATAL!

GOOD WORK,
GUVNER! WE GOT THE NOSEY YANK!

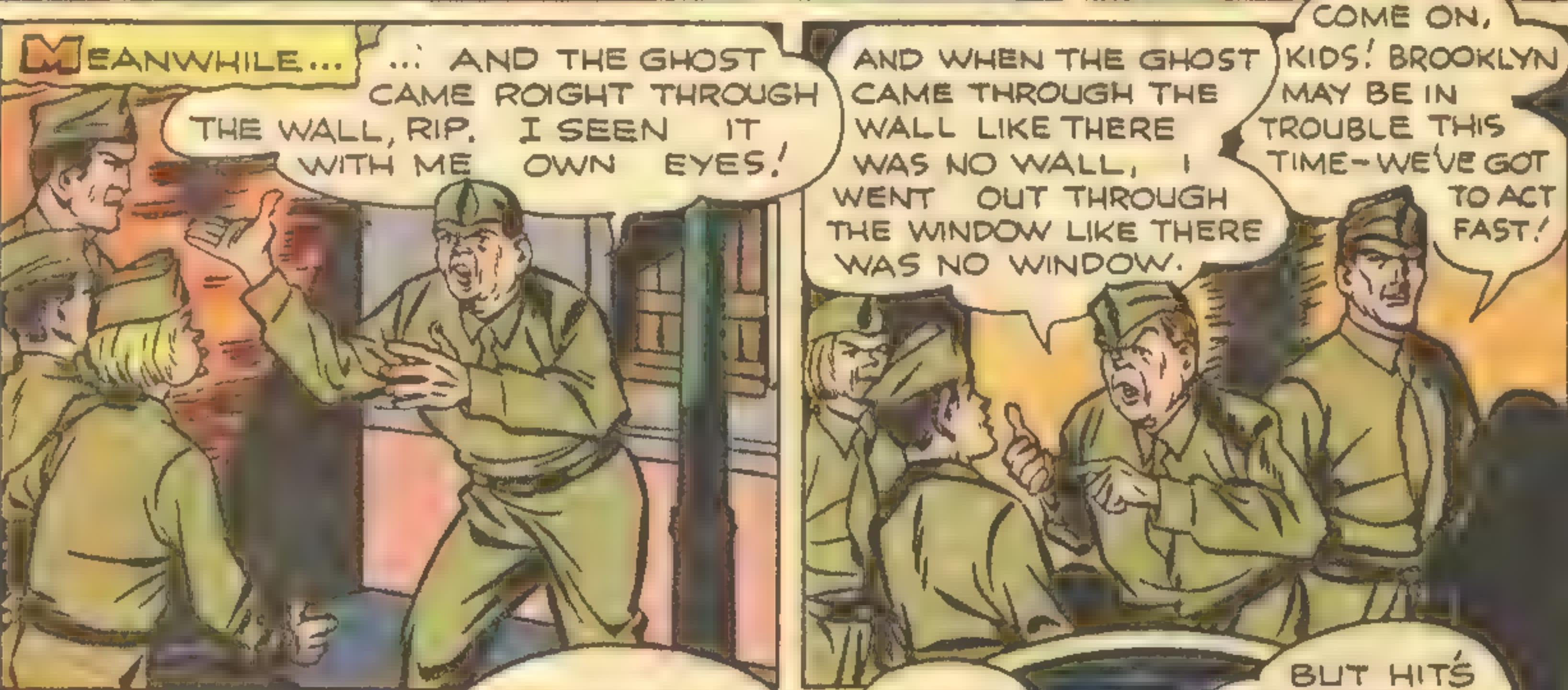
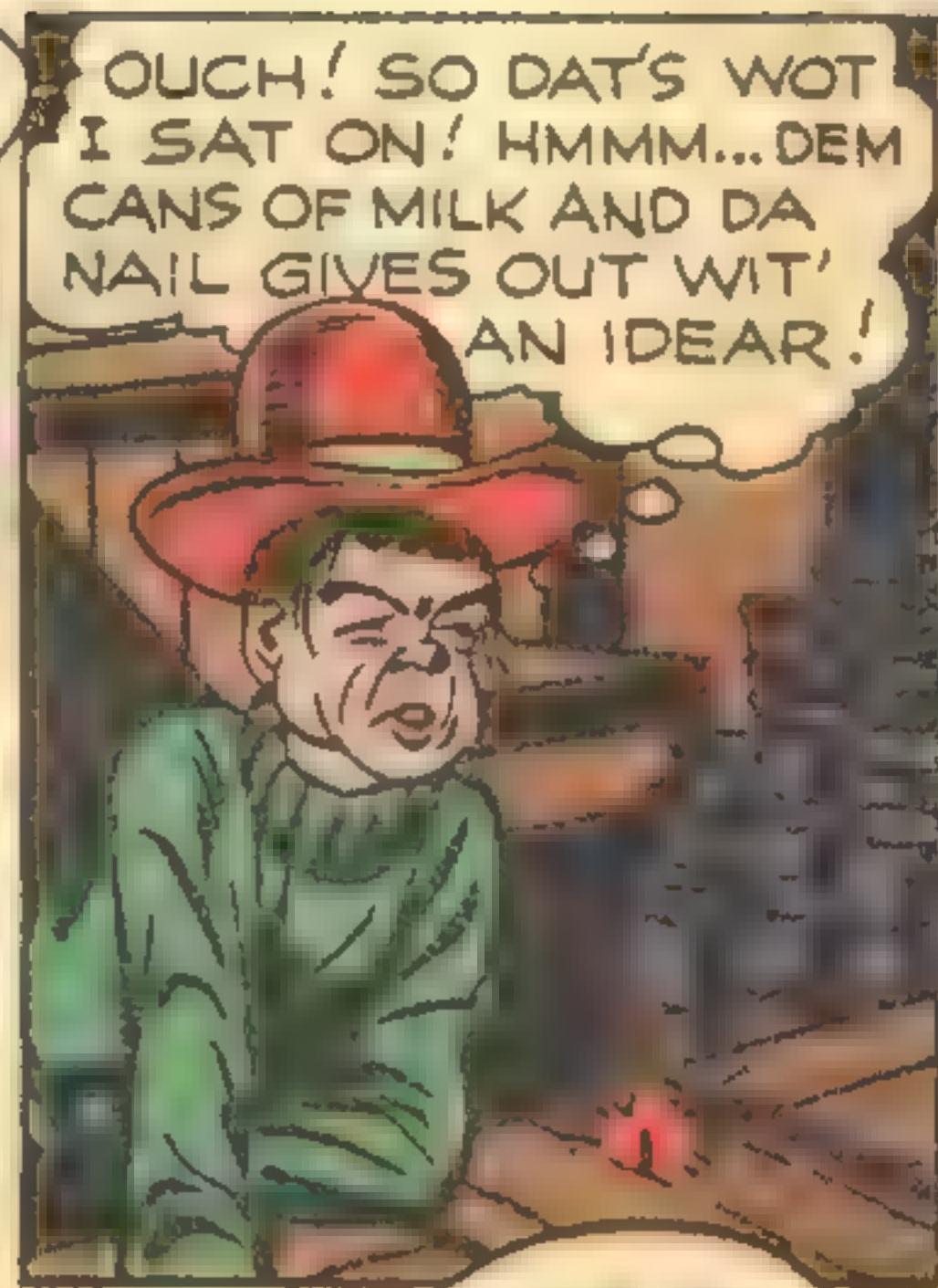
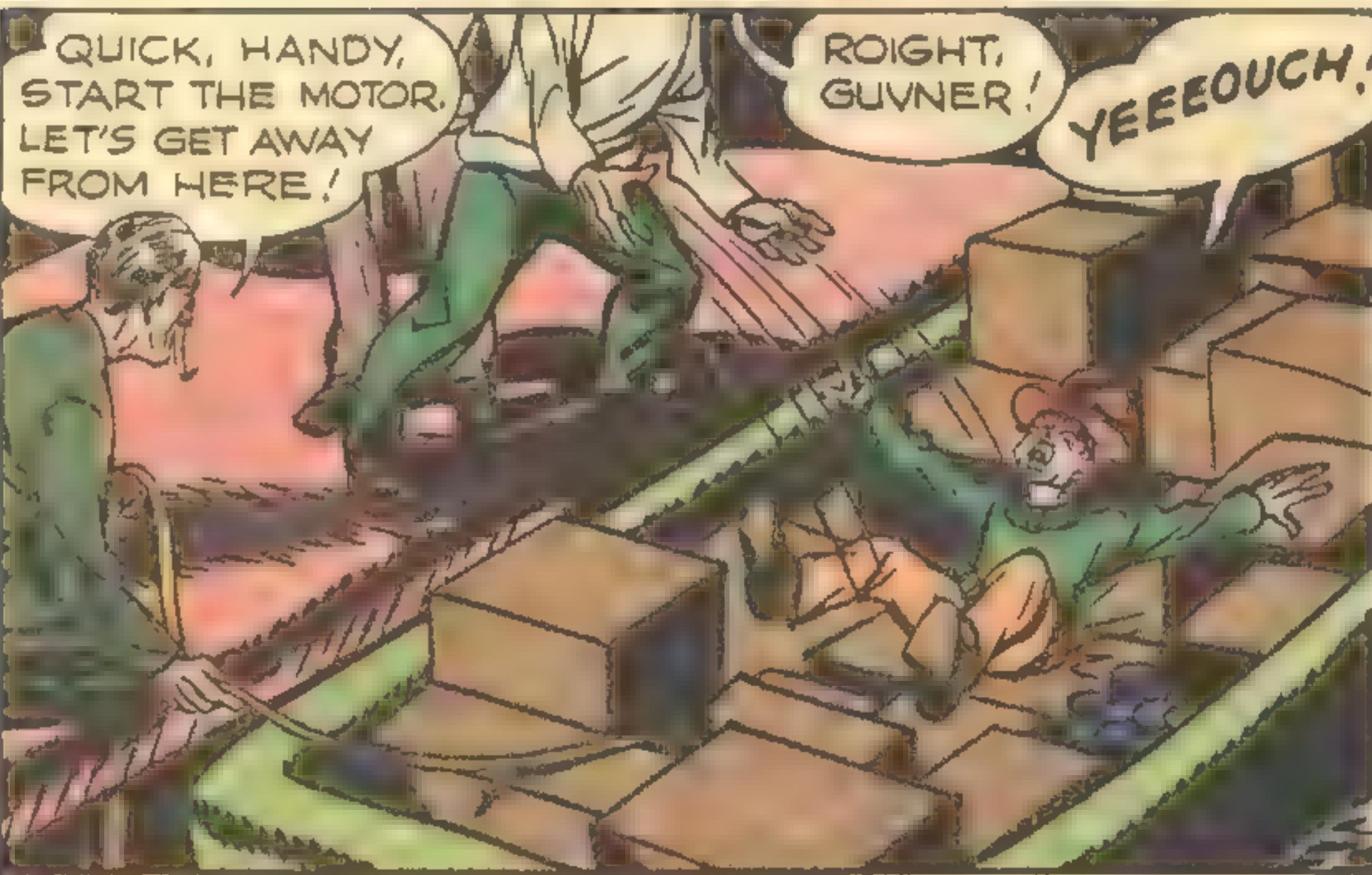
UGGH!

PUT HIM IN THE BOAT! WE'RE TAKING HIM TO OUR WAREHOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT OUR GAME!

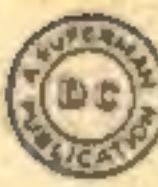
YA AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WIT' DIS, WORTHINGTON! DA BOYS'LL BB HERE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUSE TRAITORS!



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT IN THE WAREHOUSE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER - THE TIME GROWS SHORT FOR BROOKLYN!

HI SYE, GUVNER, 'E'S STALLING FOR TOIME, 'E IS!

ONE TING THAT'S GOT ME WORRIED, WORTHINGTON!

WHERE DID DA GHOST'S VOICE COME FROM?

DERE'S JUST

MR WORTHINGTON IS AN AMATEUR VENTRiloquist - AND A GOOD ONE! EH, WOT? AND NOW INTO THE RIVER YOU GO.

YEAH! I'LL SAY YOUSE IS GOOD! BUT I'M GOOD, TOO!



YOUSE BUMS AIN'T GONNA KNOCK ME OFF SO QUICK!

THEN WE'LL SEE IF A BULLET WON'T STOP YOU!



SECONDS LATER...

BUT, REEP! PARBLEU! OVER WATER AND YOU TAKE US RIGHT TO ZEES SPOT! HOW WAS EET DONE?

THOSE MILK CANS FLOATING IN THE RIVER SET ME ON THE TRAIL. ALL I DID WAS ALLOW FOR THE CURRENT - THE REST WAS SIMPLE...

SUDDENLY, AN INTERRUPTION ...

HIYA, BOYS! DESE BUMS AIN'T SO TOUGH AFTER ALL! GIVE EM DA WOIKS - AND FAST!

ROIGHT, PAL!

BUT-- HOW-- HOW--!



I KNEW YOU COULD FIGURE DAT ONE OUT, RIP! IN WARTIME, NOBODY TROWS OUT EMPTY CANS - EXCEPT WHEN IT'S TO TRAP A BUNCHA BLACK MARKET CROOKS!



How THOM McAN WITH HIS MAGIC



SAVED
THE FLAMING 40°
"BAZOOKA-SHOES"

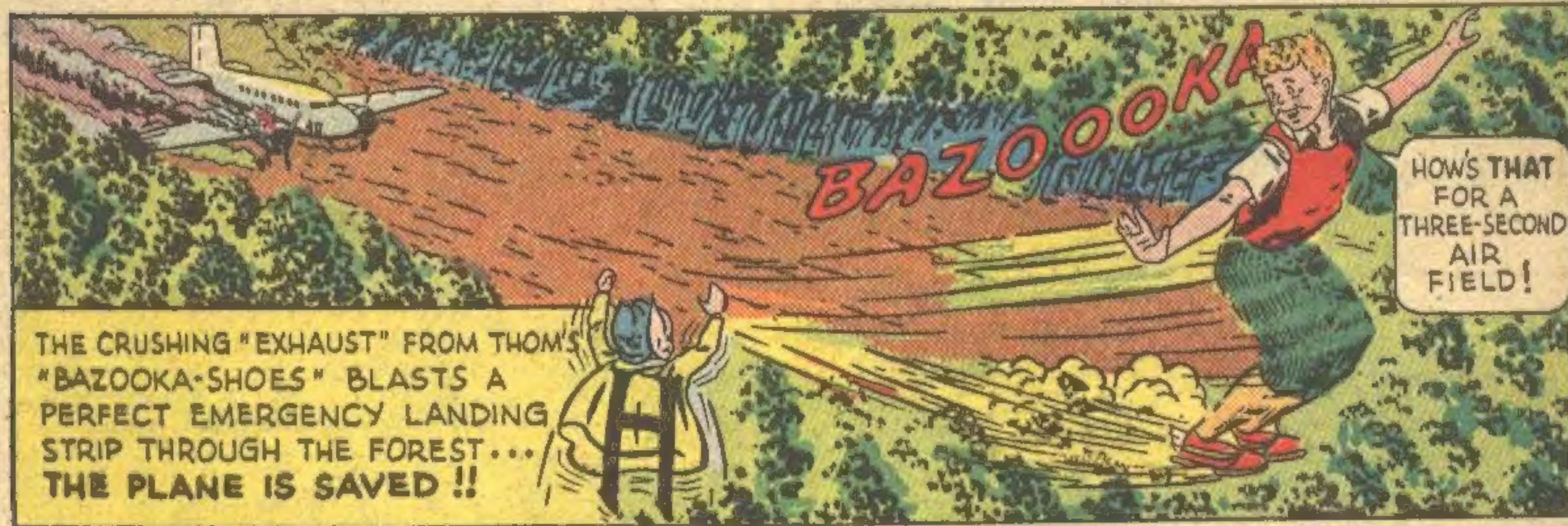
THE "40" IS ON FIRE! WALKING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST BELOW, THOM McAN AND HIS SILENT LITTLE PAL "H" SEE THE GIANT 40-PASSENGER PLANE SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A CLEAR PLACE TO LAND.



GEE, "H", I'VE GOT TO
SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS!
WAIT, I HAVE IT - PUT
THOSE SMOKE-MAKING
CAPSULES IN MY
"BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



THE CRUSHING "EXHAUST" FROM THOM'S
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WELL, LIKE THE WAY THOM
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FEET!



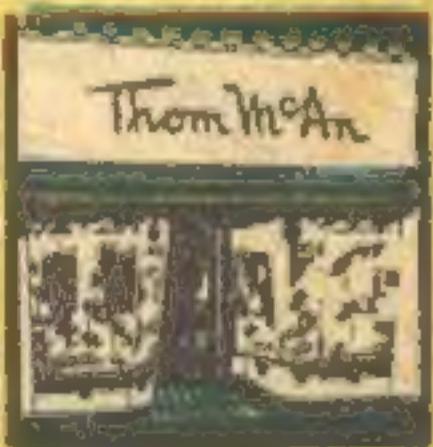
- AND THOM MCAN SHOES WILL AMAZE YOU TOO!

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WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK?
BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM
MCAN" - ALWAYS SILENT! (THE 'H' IS
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asked no needless questions, nor pointed ones. He was not interested in obtaining military information verbally. To his sharp eyes, things spoke of themselves as he followed his instructions to the letter. There was only one trifling thing that annoyed Hans Klauber, his money was running out. He would have to effect another hold-up if he were to continue his journey.

Hans Klauber's mind churned furiously, but his face had the look of a day-dreamer as he listened half-heartedly to the soldier's talk. Grudgingly, he admitted that the Americans certainly kept their military organizations in neat appearance, and his trained eyes gave unvoiced approval to the knife-like crease in the soldier's trousers, the glistening brown shoes, and the neat, orderly tunic. It was then the soldier, who was on his way home, said something that caused Hans Klauber's mind to swing into focus. "One thing about the transportation for servicemen," the soldier said, "is the swell break they give us. Here's me with only a few bucks, but it's enough to get me home and back." He grinned. "If I was one of you civilians, I'd have to pay full freight. So I don't envy you, brother."

Hans Klauber smiled back. "It's little enough to pay for the great job you men in uniform are doing," he said, making a mental note. Inwardly, he told himself, "I can make this money do." And he thought of Professor Schmidt, who had always said, "Don't take unnecessary chances."

Well, Hans Klauber thought, doing a second robbery might be construed as an unnecessary chance. So why take it, when it would be so simple to procure, in a second hand clothes shop, a military uniform. That, he resolved, he would do in the next city.

And why a city? Simply this: by purchasing in different Army and Navy stores different parts of the uniform, no suspicion would be aroused.

Piece by piece he would obtain a garment. He chose the Navy's uniform when he arrived in the city, because he saw many sailors. He would be lost in a crowd of them. Before he started his search for the different pieces of attire, however, he visited the railroad station. He was smiling as he turned away. Once again Professor Schmidt's judgement had been vindicated. Many sailors, and few soldiers, were purchasing tickets. One spurious sailor would not be noticed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Hans Klauber suddenly, as a voice cried, "Ouch, me foot."

It was the voice of Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley Clancy, on duty at the station. He wiggled the member Hans Klauber had accidentally set foot on. Being good-natured, he just said, "Shure, and it's all right. It was an accident," as Hans Klauber apologized.

Then, Patrolman Denis (with one "n") promptly forgot about Hans Klauber, who just as promptly forgot about the officer. For Hans Klauber had a lot of work to do if he was to leave on the train as scheduled the next day.

It was nine in the evening when, his assorted purchases under his arm, Hans Klauber found the furnished rooming house in which he'd sleep. He was doubly pleased when he discovered the landlady had an iron, and wasn't averse to lending it to a defense worker on his way to a southern shipyard.

In the safety of his room, while the iron heated, Hans Klauber examined his purchases. He certainly wasn't going to make a mistake of being possibly stopped by any military authorities for wearing shabby or unpressed clothes.

He worked two hours over his uniform, using iron and needle and thread. At last he was satisfied. His jumper and trousers were neatly pressed, his second-hand black shoes glistened. Satisfied, Hans Klauber removed the garments. He looked every bit as neat as the soldier with whom he had spoken on the train. Every wrinkle in his clothes had been neatly pressed out. No one, either, could complain about the knife-like crease in his trousers. Like the soldier's, it was sharp enough to cut with.

Hans Klauber went to bed. Tomorrow, when he boarded the train, at the special military rate, he would be on the last stage of his journey. He chuckled as he slid off to sleep, and the smile he wore at bedtime was still there next morning—although not quite as apparent, when he confidentially purchased his cut-rate ticket.

So confident was he, so pleased with himself, that Hans Klauber failed to notice the disapproving glance Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley Clancy bestowed upon him. It was an odd glance for Patrolman Denis (with one "n") to use on a sailor. He loved them. He had two sons in the Pacific.

And that's why he sidled up to Hans Klauber and said: "You're shure one foine imitation of a sailor, you are, mate."

Two Shore Patrolmen, who had been looking the other way, turned round on hearing what Clancy said. They came over quickly.

"We're taking a look at this guy's leave papers and identification card," one of them said, cold and business-like.

"Look at the way he's got his pants pressed," said the other—and with an indignant finger, he traced the outlines of the knife-like crease in the trousers. "The Army presses them that way, in the front. But us guys in the Navy press them on the side!"

"I tried to tell you they were pressed wrong," Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley said, hurt. "My kids never made that mistake."

It was the last mistake Hans Klauber would make, too. For a long, long time.

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